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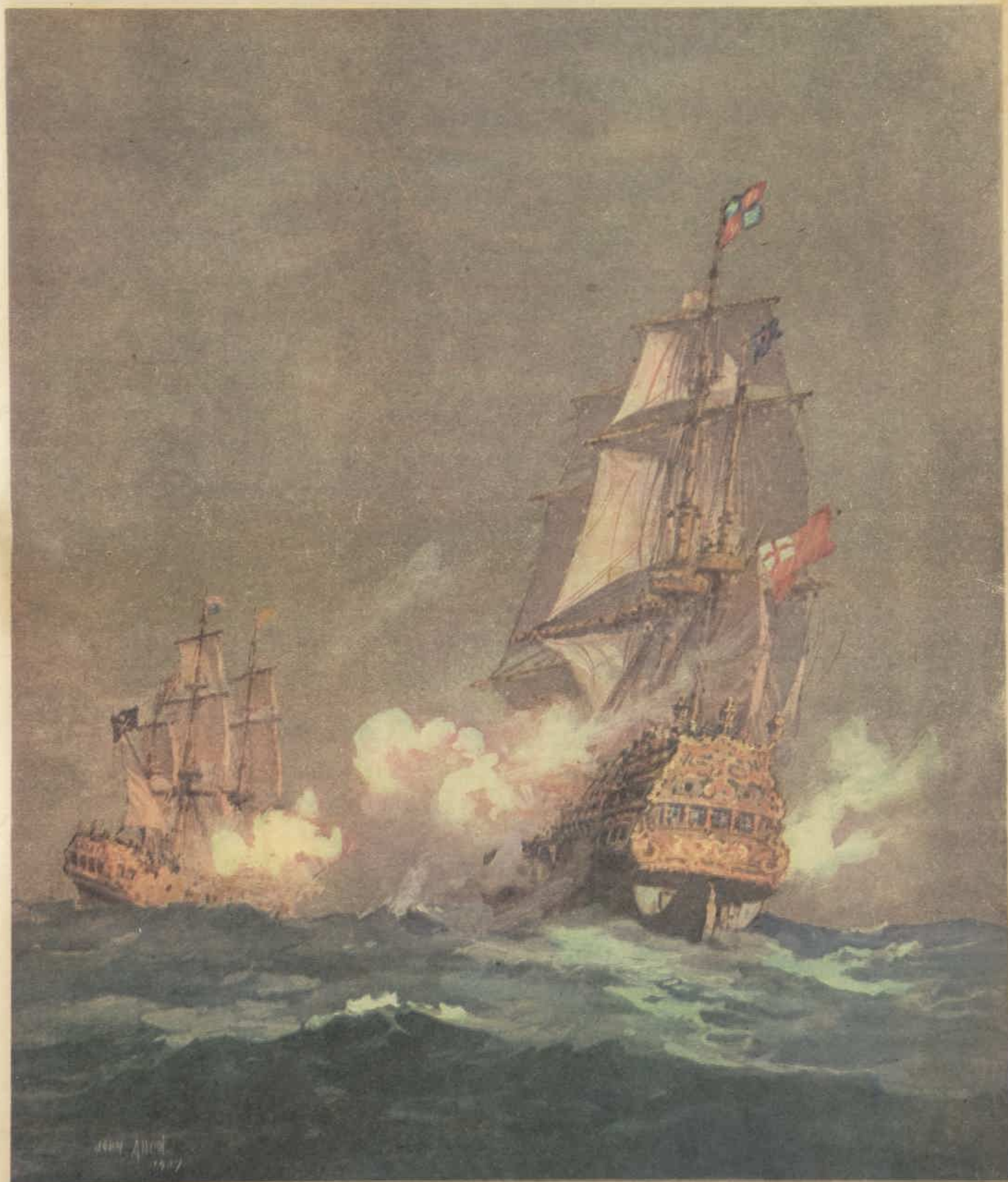
# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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*The Spanish Main* - Painting by JOHN ALLCOT

A new Captain Blood series by  
Sabatini commences this week.



# WOMEN Are Savage CHILDREN

## Says PSYCHOLOGIST

### Modern Conditions Unleash Their Primitive Emotions BUT WHAT ABOUT MEN?

"A man suspected of rebel sympathies was set upon and killed by 'Red' women in Barcelona.

"He was left lying with his face and body so hacked about and mutilated that the least callous men soldiers covered the body with a greatcoat."

—Cable from Madrid

THE above instance, with many others, is made the text of an astounding attack on woman as the more primitive and savage of the human sexes, by Dr. Donald Laird, a famous American psychologist.

Most persons (says Laird) have been astounded at reading about the fearsome exploits of cruelty performed by women fighting in the present civil war in Spain. But psychologists are not surprised.

As a psychologist, Laird explains this incarnate fury which lurks in the mildest woman, to emerge when roused, as a sign of the greater primitiveness of the female nature.

Woman's body-build and emotional make-up are both more like the savage and the child.

### Childish Wives

EVERYDAY instances of woman's primitive mentality quoted by Laird are her anger when offered slight criticism, and her overweening sense of her own importance—both expressions of her constant inferiority complex.

It is the housewife who alams the door in the solicitor's face, the society matron who calls the store manager to complain about a salesman. The customer who has to be handled with kid gloves is the woman buyer.

Husbands make the painful discovery

that wives are childish in their emotional outbursts, and childish in their seeking for revenge. Divorce proceedings are often turned to melodrama by woman's efforts to show up and get even with the person she formerly loved.

And women will go to ridiculous extremes to show that they are better, braver, and more important than men—and better than most women.

In the latter regard their inferiority complex expresses itself by unconsciously accepting every other



THEY'RE IN THE ARMY NOW! Types of women who have been fighting for months in the Spanish conflict.



A CLOSE-UP STUDY of young Spanish girls and a youth to whom war has become a fearsome game. Spain's youth of both sexes are as enthusiastic about war training as Australians are about sport.

woman as a rival. "This comes plainly to the surface," says Laird, "in the hand-to-hand fighting at bargain sales."

### Envious of Men

STILL harping on woman's inferiority complex, Laird says it leads to envy of doing many things men do; when they get a chance to do so, they always overdo it.

This is why when women join a strike it is likely to be violent and prolonged; and when they join a civil war, as in Spain, it is an omen that it will become a brutal and protracted one.

"All the artifices and training of civilisation merely conceal woman's kinship with the savage; they do not destroy it.

"Their acquired charming ways and manners hide it from most persons, who are consequently totally unprepared for the critical moments when the unleashed fury of an infuriated woman does break forth!"

This remarkable American outburst may elicit a sympathetic shiver from henpecked husbands or an angry snort from large overbearing wives. Most Australians will recognise it as an example of arguing incorrectly from more or less correct premises.

### Men Fail, Too

FAIR-MINDED women will acknowledge the truth of much of this professor's criticism; but actually it amounts to a measure-up of woman's failings, omitting her virtues—the yardstick being man.

Invert the criticism—measure man by woman's scale of values; cannot an equally bad case be made out against him also?

Who, by the way, invented marriage, divorce, bargain-sales, and fighting generally, including the savage's tribal battles, now evolved into the horror of modern "civilised" war?

The whole tirade boils down to this: the Professor, among a welter of words, has discovered the primal truth that men and women differ.

Probably a higher being from another planet, free of sex prejudice, could balance the failings of each

and make a good job of it. Human beings are fettered by being men and women; each sex takes itself as a standard.

Could we get the viewpoint of a Martian or a demigod we would find that the failings and virtues of the two human sexes fit each other like a jigsaw puzzle or a lock and key.

As for the "childishness" of any one sex—well, ask the average woman what person she habitually considers—and treats—as a wilful child!

## GIRLS!

Pay Heed To

Doctor Hay

Airmail from our London Office

DR. HOWARD HAY, ex-pounder of health diets, hits out at the office girl who eats sandwiches.

"She mixes all her starches and proteins by eating sandwiches," he says.

"My ideal for her would be a very light breakfast—coffee, or, better still, milk, and fruit. Then a nice light salad for lunch.

"Perhaps not a stimulating diet—but you get used to it. It takes you two or three years to get the right adjustment; might feel a little weary or stupid at first, but it passes, after a few months."

Hay, too, shudders at puddings or cakes—calls them a "boggy form of starch." Christmas dinner is his idea of poison.

Heavyweight dietitian, Dr. Hay eats only one meal a day—sometimes not that.

"No breakfast, no lunch, usually a light evening meal," he says. "I eat when I am hungry. Sometimes, of course, I have a date, then I just make a gesture, sit in front of an empty plate. Food does not tempt me now. Others can eat around me—I know my health is worth the control."

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



### To Arrive in March

ESSIE ACKLAND, gifted Australian contralto, famous the world over for her gramophone records, is a "best-seller" here and abroad.

Left Sydney more than ten years ago in search of a career, and now having established herself in the musical world abroad is returning next March for three months' visit under contract to the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and will give public concerts in six States.



—Rembrandt

### Orchestral Leader

STANISLAUS DE TARCZYNSKI,

leader of the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra, which includes most of Adelaide's brilliant men and women musicians, is a Polish violinist who, though his home is in Warsaw, has lived in Australia for many years.

His wide experience as a teacher at Melbourne Conservatorium, and efficiency as an orchestral leader as well as a violinist, caused pupils to come to him from all over Australia.

Tarczyński studied with Barcewicz in Warsaw and Henri Marteau in Berlin.



### Made History

MISS FLORENCE HORSBURGH, Conservative "senior" Member for Dundee, made Parliamentary history in the British House of Commons not long ago by moving the Loyal Address at the opening of Parliament.

Miss Horsburgh was the first woman to undertake this ceremonial duty.

MARILYN.

SWEET DECEIVER . . .

creates the loveliest illusion about her complexion. It's not really so divinely satiny and youthful at all, but her precious Revelry face powder makes it look that way . . . adorable!

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that artful, flattering Face Powder

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Also Revelry Face Creams, Revelry Talc and Revelry Perfumes . . . achieving the same exciting fragrance.

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Hagthorpe — escaped from slavery with Captain Blood to pursue the only career their outlawry made possible.

# CAPTAIN BLOOD RETURNS

*Fiction's most delightful and amazing buccaneer is back in a series of heroic adventures. No. 1—*

## THE DELIVERANCE



**T**O Nathaniel Hagthorpe, the West-Country gentleman of whom the force of adversity had made a buccaneer, it may well have seemed by a mercy of Providence that Mr. Geoffrey Court stepped aboard the

travestied Arabella at St. Thomas. Hagthorpe had been one of those who, convicted of rebellion at the Bloody Assize, transported to the plantations, and there sold into slavery, had escaped from Barbados with Peter Blood, to pursue the only career their outlawry made possible. To his abiding sorrow, his younger brother, Tom, transported with him, had no longer been in Barbados when the escape took place. Sold to a Colonel Court, who was subsequently appointed deputy in Nevis to the Governor of the Leeward Islands, he had been conveyed thither by his owner, and continued there in slavery.

The chance, which to Nathaniel seemed like an answer to his most fervent prayer, presented itself at a time when word that Captain Blood had at last been caught by the Spaniards and hanged at San Juan de Puerto Rico was sweeping like a hurricane across the Caribbean, from Hispaniola to the Main.

In every Spanish settlement there was exultation at the removal of that most formidable agent of restraint upon Spain's

ferce predatoriness. For the same reason there was some secret if unavowed regret among the English and French colonists. Both were premature.

The report, for all its apparent authority, was based upon an error, and of this Captain Blood was not slow to seek advantage. To profit by Spain's consequent relaxation of vigilance, he set out from the buccaneer stronghold of Tortuga on a projected descent upon the Main.

**T**HE Arabella took the seas with a broad white stripe painted along her waterline, so as to dissemble her red hull, and with her name changed to the Mary of Modena. With the blue, white, and red of the Union flag at her main-trunk she put in at St. Thomas, ostensibly for wood and water, actually to see what might be picked up. What she picked up was Mr. Geoffrey Court.

Over the water sparkling in the morning sunshine, in a boat rowed by four gleaming negroes, came that florid, consequential gentleman in golden periwig and a brave suit of mauve taffetas with silver buttonholes.

He climbed to the deck and stood there, fanning himself with his plumed hat, inviting Heaven to rot him if he could support this detestable heat, and peremptorily demanding the master of this pestilential ship.

The adjective was merely a part of his habitual and limited rhetoric,

The deck on which he stood was scrubbed clean as a trencher, the brass on the scuttle-butto and the swivel-guns on the poop-rail gleamed like polished gold.

A negro steward led him by a dark gangway to the main cabin astern, spacious and luxurious, where three men sat at a table spread with snowy napery on which crystal and silver sparkled. One of these, a man of a spare, commanding height, very elegant in black and silver, his sunburned face framed in the flowing curls of a black periwig, rose to receive the visitor. The other two, if less imposing, were yet of engaging aspect; Jeremy Pitt, the shipmaster, a fair, slight lad, and Nathaniel Hagthorpe, older and broader and of graver countenance.

Our gentleman in mauve lost little of his assurance under the calm eyes that considered him. His self-sufficiency announced it—

"I am cousin to Sir James Court, who is Deputy in Nevis for the Governor of the Leeward Islands. You will have heard of him, of course."

"Of course," said Blood stolidly. "And you want us to carry you to Nevis?" cut in Hagthorpe.

**I**F your course should lie that way, I came out from home on a plaguey half-rotten ship that met foul weather and well-nigh fell to pieces. Her seams opened under the strain, and she was leaking like a colander when we ran in here for safety."

"And you're in haste to get to Nevis?" quoth Blood.

"In desperate haste. I've been expected there this month past."

"You're in luck," said Captain Blood, and Mr. Court missed a certain grimness in the smile on that

"With all my heart, Captain . . . He waited for the name to be supplied him; but Captain Blood did not appear to heed. He was giving orders to the steward."

Rum and limes and sugar were brought, and over their punch they were reasonably merry, all save Hagthorpe, who was sunk in pre-occupation. But no sooner had Mr. Court departed than he roused himself to thank Blood for the intent foreshadowed by his ready assent to carry this passenger.

"It's not myself you should be thanking, Nat. It's fortune. The jade's just tumbled Mr. Court out of her cornucopia into your lap." He laughed as he mimicked Mr. Court. "The price of the passage shall be what you will. What you will, Nat; and I'm thinking it's Sir James Court we'll be asking to pay it."

That same Sir James Court, a tall, spare man of fifty, as vigorous still of body as he was irresolute of mind, sat at that very moment at his breakfast table with a satchel of letters that had just arrived from England. The ship that had brought them, driven out of her course by gales, had exceeded by two months the normal time of the voyage.

Sir James had emptied the contents of the satchel on to the table. Among them a package bulkier than the rest was the first to receive his attention. He scanned the superscription with a frown that gradually drew together his heavy, crinkled brows. He hesitated; then, as if abruptly taking a decision, he broke the seals and tore away the wrapper.

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By RAFAEL SABATINI

self in the tone in which he desired to be informed whither the Mary of Modena might be bound, even though he supplied a reason for the question.

"My name is Court, Geoffrey Court, to serve you, sir. I am in haste to get to Nevis, where my cousin commands."

Hagthorpe, in the background, could not stifle the "Lord save us!" that was startled out of him. Mr. Court, however, without heeding him, babbled on.

dark face. "We weigh at eight bells, and if this wind holds we'll land you at Charlestown to-morrow."

"I'm in luck, indeed. I am so, stab me!" The florid face was all delight. "By your leave I'll fetch my portmanteaus at once. The price of the passage shall be what you will."

Blood waved a graceful hand. "Och, that's a matter of no moment at all. Ye'll take a morning whet with us?"



Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

Complete Short Story  
by

DICK  
MORELAND



# THE TRAMP

A delightful story of how a small boy and his dog crash into the films.



It was time for the great John Dax to make another picture. And he was worried. Since "Sawdust," two years ago, he had done nothing. The public demanded another Dax comedy.

It was late at night and Dax was motoring alone through silent streets. He drove automatically, for his mind was deep in the problem of his next picture.

There was a yelp from under the wheels. Brakes screamed as the roadster slid to a stop. John Dax leaped out and ran back to see what had happened.

He had run over a dog. It was a dirty little dog, a tattered, whimpering, pathetic puppy. It lay on its back with one leg dangling limply.

Dax was struck by a sudden compassion for the creature.

"Some boy's dog," he thought. "Should have watched where I was going."

He picked up the dog very tenderly and deposited it on the seat beside him. Then he drove swiftly to the Ambassador Dog Hospital.

The Ambassador resembled a large hotel. It was beautiful, scientifically run, and very, very expensive. It boasted private rooms for the patients with an attendant nurse. The dogs of famous movie stars all went to the Ambassador when indisposed.

Dax turned the dog over to the night doctor. "Give it the best," he instructed. "Broken leg, I think. Fix it up and then advertise for the owner. Send the bill to me."

"Certainly, sir. Yes, sir. The animal will have the best attention, sir. We will let you know when we find the owner, sir." The night doctor recognised Dax, and was anxious to please.

On his way home he got to thinking about the dog. His mind drew pictures of the owner. A boy

and his dog—a man and his dog. What was the peculiar relationship between a man and a dog? Companionship. Trust. Loyalty. A man shared that feeling with no other animal.

When he got home Dax sat thinking for a long time. Then he began to jot down notes. Gradually the story took form. "The Tramp," that would be the title. The Tramp had a dog. The two shared many adventures together—travelled all over the country. Many a time when the Tramp was hungry the dog would go foraging and bring back a crust, perhaps a bone.

THE Tramp had found the dog—saved it from drowning, perhaps. He didn't know that his pup was the son of a great international champion. Dax began to get the feel of the story. He was enthusiastic. He could see the angle now.

The Tramp is told that his dog is very valuable. A kennel owner wants to buy the dog at a big price. The Tramp refuses to sell. Later there would be complications. The Tramp's little cripple sister would need an operation—perhaps his old mother at home would be starving. Something sympathetic.

"That's my dog, Mister!" Dax looked up and found a boy standing before him. "Turn him loose. You can't have him."

Dax reached for the telephone and called the studio manager. "That you, Jim? We start production in the morning. Title of the new picture is 'The Tramp.' Get the staff together and be ready to work at ten o'clock."

The studio manager was overjoyed. The staff (twenty-six people, including a script girl), had been waiting two years, on salary, for just this moment.

The next day Dax began to cast. The first thing he wanted was the dog. The call went out. Dogs began to arrive at the studio. Big dogs. Little dogs. Police dogs. Poodles. Dogs that could count up to ten. Dogs that barked answers to questions. Dogs that could walk like a man. Dogs that took direction either by voice or arm signals. Muttis. Thoroughbreds. Low-salaried dogs and high-salaried dogs, each accompanied by its master or trainer, sometimes by an agent with a legal contract.

By noon Dax had selected a dog. It was a high-class, high-salaried, highly-bred, high-sounding animal. Sir Henry of Dunsmuir was the name of the dog. It was a wire-haired fox-terrier and its ancestry could be traced back through ten generations of aristocrats.

Dax explained the idea of the story to the dog's owner. "We'll have to dirty him up a little. The dog is a champion, but I'm not supposed to know it at first. I think he's just an ordinary dog." "This dog," said the owner, "has

twelve points on his American championship. He was sired by

"Rub some dust into his coat," replied Dax. "Muss up his whiskers. We don't want his pedigree to show in the first part of the picture."

THAT afternoon they made the first sequence. Dax was happy; happy, for the first time in two years. Even the make-up on his face felt good. When he put on this outfit it transformed him from a serious, greyed man into a delightfully whimsical little fellow with a funny hat, loose coat, long baggy trousers, big shoes. He became the great John Dax, the idol of millions of people, the beloved comical figure which brought laughter and tears to all the races of the world.

They made the rescue scene first. The dog could act. He had a grave, courtly, dignified manner and did exactly as he was told. Jim, the studio manager, went around rubbing his hands together with delight. Bill and Oscar, Dax's two cameramen, grinned at each other. They knew a story when they met it. This was it. This was the big picture. Human interest. A theme which would appeal to everybody. Who didn't love a dog? Was there an audience in the world which wouldn't react to this story? Dax had done it again.

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# THE Best Man WINS

A Complete  
Short Story

Illustrated by  
Boothroyd



Johnny was lunching with a lady—they were holding hands like lovers.

A bright story,  
written by a famous author,  
on a romantic theme.

**F**OR twenty years Roger J. Plank, unless out of the city, had not failed to lunch at the Union Club. He was a member of the Table Round—twelve ageing, prosperous gentlemen whose wealth and predatory instincts had brought them together and imbued them with the firm conviction that they knew exactly what was wrong with the country and could cure its ills promptly if the politicians would but listen to them.

On a day in Spring Mr. Plank violated this hitherto inviolate rule and popped into Patterson's Coffee House for a quick bite. Upon walking in with a friend, he gazed about him, and was considerably interested to discover his only son and heir, Johnny, lunching with a lady for whom Roger J. Plank had such very high regard that instantly he started as if bitten by a snake. Further, they were holding hands like lovers.

It was not until after seven o'clock that night that Mr. Plank found time to put into operation his plan for the permanent control of Johnny and his charming luncheon companion of that day. He leaned back wearily in his tall, comfortable chair, sighed, and said to Miss Jane Wingate, his secretary:

"Whew—w-w! This has been the

very devil of a day, and I'm worn out. You must be exhausted also, Miss Wingate. I'm sorry to have kept you so late."

"Needs must when the devil drives," Jane murmured. "I'll have you understand that I'm not the devil in the Plank family, Miss Wingate. All the devilry rights are held by my son, Johnny." He paused a moment, to congratulate himself on the adroit manner in which he had twisted her innocent remark into an opening for what he had to say next.

"**S**PEAKING of Johnny," he went on, "I saw him lunching in Patterson's Coffee House to-day with a lady much too good for his society."

Jane met his gaze bravely. "I was not aware, Mr. Plank, of your son's general unfitness to buy your secretary a luncheon. He seems to me a charming young man."

"Johnny," Mr. Plank charged, "is a confirmed waster. He hasn't a serious thought in his head. He is incapable of earning his own luncheon money. He sponges on me. Did my eyes deceive me or was Johnny holding your hand?"

"He held my hand." "I could not, of course, hear what he said to you, and I would not have eavesdropped if I could, but it struck me that he exhibited an earnestness amounting practically to fervor."

"I can well believe that, Mr.

Plank. Your son was asking me to marry him."

"I'll be jiggered!" breathed Roger J. Plank. "On what, I wonder?"

"Your money, I dare say, Mr. Plank."

"I shall not," said Mr. Plank fiercely, "give him a penny for any such purpose. Imagine a man's own son trying to steal from him the only secretary he ever had that knew black from white."

He clipped the end off a cigar. "I am glad, Miss Wingate, that you have been so frank with me in this matter. It further justifies the high opinion I have always entertained for your common sense, a commodity of which Johnny has none. Well, well, out with it. What did you say?"

"I told Mr. Johnny that he was just too late, that I am engaged to another man."

"Good for you. Did he take it on the chin like a man?"

"Very much so."

"I knew he would," Roger J. Plank declared proudly, and added parenthetically, "He's my son. When you marry this other

"I'm sure he will make no such effort, Mr. Plank."

"If he does not I shall disinherit him," Roger J. Plank almost roared. "Would you wish me to be ashamed of my own son? He came in about three this afternoon and interrupted me for ten minutes. Wants to come to work in this office. To save time and argument I granted his request. Who knows? He might get interested in business and amount to something after all. I desire that you shall treat him coldly and formally if and when you come in contact with him. If, due to this treatment, he loses heart and goes back to his old useless existence—well, I don't know what about that, but it will mean something or other."

"I am not remotely in love with your son Mr. Plank. He's not my type."

"You're right. He isn't. Indeed, I doubt if, in all this world, there is a man worthy of you. Well, I've cut off Johnny's allowance and placed him on a reasonable salary. We shall see that which we shall see, but remember—"

"I shall forget nothing," said Jane Wingate, "and this subject has been discussed for the last time."

to-morrow we'll tackle the income-tax return. The accountants have closed my books for the year, so the information for the tax return will be available. Good-night."

When she had left him Mr. Plank smoked contemplatively for five minutes and then pressed a button. In about a minute the door opened and his son walked in. The two men gazed with profound earnestness upon each other.

"Sit down," rasped the elder Plank, "and listen to what I have to say!"

"**I**VE waited long enough to listen to it," his son answered. "Why do you work so hard and keep such ungodly office hours? Do you want to kill Miss Wingate? Do you think she is a machine?"

"You don't mind if your father kills himself with hard work, but Miss Wingate must be spared, eh? I know why. You want me to spare her for you. Don't blame you, Miss Wingate, Johnny, is the finest girl in the world and much too good for an idle, worthless vagabond such as you are. You had colossal nerve proposing to her, but I forgive that, because your infernal impudence must have moved her to tell you some wholesome truths about yourself. If I'd told them to you (and how often I have!) you wouldn't listen to me. Now you're listening and want to go to work—to be worthy of Miss Wingate. I approve—but unfortunately for you, Miss Wingate does not."

"So she informed me." "She had the impudence to tell me the same thing—in a nice way. I was tempted to sack her on the spot, but reflected that that wouldn't get either of us forward with our respective jobs. I'm delighted for you to go to work anywhere, but I am particularly delighted for you to come to work for me."

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By **PETER B. KYNE**

fellow, will you continue to work for me?"

"If you desire it, Mr. Plank."

"Thank you, Miss Wingate. Hereafter your salary shall be eight pounds per week—with this understanding: You are not to permit my son to argue you away from the other man and thus deprive you of a very worth-while position with a singularly appreciative employer."

"All right, all right, Miss Wingate, but just the same, I know my own son. He's a winning devil. Be careful. He doesn't take a licking easily, and he believes that a man cannot be disqualified for trying. Well, that's all for to-day."

"I thank you for the substantial rise, Mr. Plank."

"Better take to-morrow off, Miss Wingate. You've had a hard week and you're tired. The day after



# MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

• THE LADY IN RED wears a frock with a flared skirt, basque and full-topped sleeves, and much dyed fox.

• THE SMART lass in black wears a coat of clipped carracul bordered with smooth black facecloth.

• THE THIRD lass favors forest-green broadcloth for a suit.



## The Approach of Autumn . . .

**A**UTUMN will bring new silhouettes—and what a variety. I doubt if there have been so many different outlines. The Princess silhouette, a slim-fitting beltless line, is contradicted by the broken line of basques and tunics of every description, short, long, flared, and pleated.

Suits are, as ever, popular, and are more varied than ever before. They range from the strictly tailored, mannish line to every type of pocketed, full-backed, short and long basqued, fitted, and swagger; some even feature very full, flared skirts.

The newest materials are smooth. Facecloth and broadcloth take the limelight. Colors are every autumn shade, and the hats are higher than ever.



# The Fashion Parade

sketches by Petrov



## New Life for Old Frocks

• **THE FIRST** illustration suggests possible renovations for two afternoon or cocktail frocks. A colored frock may be revived with a black skirt and trimmings, while a black dress may be toned up with a printed silk tunic.

• **IN THE SECOND** case a white frock has been brought up to date with a smart hip-length jacket in one of the new gaily-printed silks. The short puff sleeves, plain black silk collar, and large revers give it a jaunty air.

• **THE THIRD** frock of black has been brightened with a coat of pillar-box red cut on military lines and worn with a black scarf. This and the previous frock can be interchanged with the costume coat of each.

• **THE FOURTH** frock has been smartened with the use of a new front of white and three large colored flowers.

## Fashion Pointers

**WAISTLINES** are in their normal position.

**SKIRTS** are tight and reasonably short, and can be worn in two or three tiers.

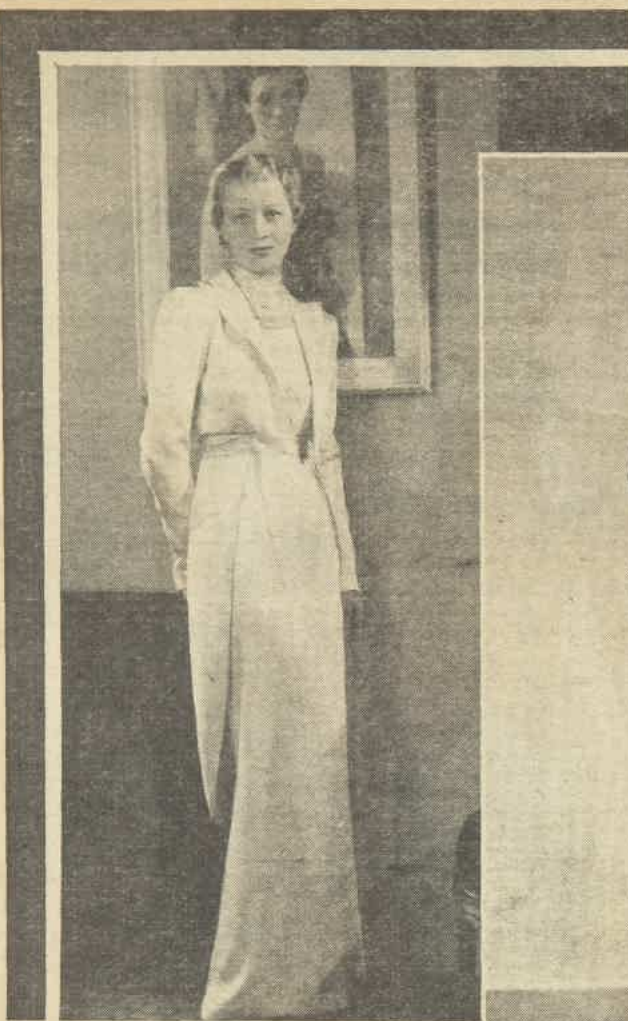
**GOLD** lame "Dorothy" bags are "the thing" for evening wear.



# Through Fashion's Lens

## DINNER ENSEMBLES . . . .

by Three Famous Designers



• **HEIM'S IDEA** of a dinner ensemble wavers between the Regency style and the man's swallow-tails. This model is made in white, dull-finish satin. The under-bodice and sash are of silver lame. The high waist gives a long, graceful line to the skirt, which is slightly longer at the back than the front. The shoulders are padded, the sleeves perfectly plain and not too tight.



• **ABOVE:** This dinner frock from Seradi is of black tucked georgette and lace. White neck, back and shoulders show up the dainty pattern of the lace. The sleeves can be made either puff or elbow. Lace appears in the floor-length skirt as two very wide godets.



• **ABOVE IN CENTRE:** This is Seradi's idea of the ideal wrap for dinner wear. It is a perfectly plain piece of face-cloth in deep cerise, and can be used as a shoulder-shawl, or cape and hood, at will.

• **AT LEFT:** Teddy Tintling's dinner-gown for the debutante, made of white cashmere over white taffeta, decorated with dozens of tiny blue powder-puffs and finished round neck, sleeves and hem with flat frills of sky-blue taffeta. A simple sash of blue ribbon tied with a lover's knot in front.



## Your daughter's future lies in advertising

Women's intelligence is wanted in the Advertising world. Advertising offers the greatest career of all for women—and it is refined, pleasant work.

The possibilities which open up to-day are such that there is no other walk of life which has such opportunities—the field is so wide, the work so absorbing, the earnings so large—and not enough people to fill the positions which offer. Many people are under the impression that you have to be an artist—have to be able to draw! You don't! Though it may sometimes be an advantage, it is definitely not a necessity, and many most successful advertising men and women cannot draw. Advertising is a profession—and it must be taught. You have to study and learn—but you can do it at home under the H. & R. method.

For forty years H. & R. courses have enabled ambitious Australians to reach the top of the tree. The H. & R. training is thorough, complete, and employers everywhere have confidence in it.

**Hemingway & Robertson**

MELBOURNE: 15 Bank House, Bank Place, C.I.  
SYDNEY: 15 Barrack Street, Barrack Street.  
Offices in Melbourne, Sydney, Newcastle, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart. H. & R. Nearest Capital City is sufficient address.

Give your daughter a career she will love—one that never fails—and have her trained by H. & R.

Write for our handbook, "The Guide to Careers in Distribution." It tells you all about H. & R. courses in Marketing and Advertising, Marketing and Selling, Practical Retail Selling, Modern Merchandising for men and women. Age is no handicap in this wonderful new career.

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# TALISMAN RING

*A further gripping instalment of our splendid adventure-romance serial...*

## SYNOPSIS

The search for the talisman ring is on in deadly earnest.

Ludovic and Bundy have gone to Beau Lavenham's house to search for the secret panel. All is quiet when they arrive, but it is the silence of preparedness and swift action follows their entry.

By...

Georgette HEYER

Illustrated by FISCHER



WHEN he had circumnavigated the house he returned to Abel Bundy, to find that that worthy, having covered his lantern with a muffler, was seated placidly beside it on a tree-stump.

"There's no light showing in any window that I can see," reported Ludovic. "Now, the Beau told my cautious cousin that the bolt was off one of the library casements, and as that's the room I fancy I want, we'll risk a trap and try to get in by that window." He drew the pistol from his boot as he spoke, and said: "If there is a trap, this is our best safeguard. In these parts they believe I can't miss, and it makes 'em wary of tackling me. If they mean to capture me, they'll try to take me unawares."

"Well," said Bundy, judicially, "I'm bound to say I disremember when I've seen you miss your target."

Ludovic gave a short laugh. "I missed an owl once, the fool that I was!"

He counted the windows, made up his mind which room must be the library, and indicated it to Bundy with a jerk of his head. Bundy stepped across the path on to the flower-bed and laid his ear to the glass. He could detect no sound within the room, nor any light behind the drawn curtains, and after a few moments of intent listening he put down his muffled lantern and produced a serviceable knife from his pocket.

While he worked on the window Ludovic stood beside him, on the look-out for a possible ambush in the garden. His hat cast a deep shadow over his face, but the moonlight caught the silver mountings on his pistol and made them gleam.

A CLICK behind him made him turn his head. Bundy jerked his thumb expressively at one of the windows, and shut his knife. Having forced back the latch he gently prised the window open with his finger-nails. It swung outwards with a slight groan of its hinges. Bundy picked up his lantern in his left hand, unvelled it, and with his right grasped a fold of the velvet curtain, and drew it aside. The muzzle of Ludovic's gun almost rested on his shoulder, but there was no need for it. The lantern's golden beam, travelling round the room, revealed no lurking danger. The room was empty, its chairs primly arranged, its grate laid with sticks ready to be kindled when the

master should return.

Bundy took a second look round. "Will you go in?"

Ludovic nodded, slid the pistol back into his boot, and swung a leg over the window-sill.

"Easy, now!" Bundy muttered, helping him to hoist himself into the room. "Wait till I'm with you!" Ludovic said under his breath: "Stay where you are; I'm not sure whether it's this room I want, or another. Give me the lantern!" Bundy handed it to him, and he directed its beam onto the wainscoting covering the west wall. Bundy waited in untroubled silence while the golden light travelled backwards and forwards over carved capitals, and fluted pilasters, and the rich intricacies of a frieze composed of cartouches and devices.

It came to rest on one section of the frieze, shifted to another, lingered a moment, and returned again to the first. Ludovic moved forward, counting the divisions between the pilasters. At the third from the window end of the room

he stopped and held the lantern up close to the wall, drew his left arm painfully from its sling and raised it, wincing, to fumble with the carving on the frieze. His tongue clicked impatiently at his own helplessness; he returned his arm to the sling and stepped back to the window.

"You'll have to hold the lantern, Abel."

Bundy climbed into the room and took the lantern, directing its beam not on to the wainscoting but on to the lock of the door. He looked thoughtfully at it, and said: "No key."

Ludovic frowned a little, but replied:

"It may be lost. Wait!" He trod softly over the carpet to the

door, and stood listening with his ear to the crack. He could hear nothing, and moved away again. "If I don't find what I want in the priest's hole we'll open that door and take a look round the rest of the house," he said. "Hold the light so that I may see the frieze. No, more to the right." He put up his hand and grasped one of the carved devices. "I think—no, I'm wrong! It's not the fourth, but the third! Now watch!"

Bundy saw his long fingers twist the device, and simultaneously heard the scroop of a door sliding back. The sudden noise, slight though it was, sounded abnormally loud in the stillness. He swung the lantern round, and saw that

between two of the pilasters on the lower tier the panelling had vanished, disclosing a dark cavity.

"The lantern, man, give me the lantern!" Ludovic said, and almost snatched it from him.

He reached the priest's hole in two strides, and as he bent, peering into it, Bundy heard a faint sound, and wheeling about saw a thin line of light appear at one end of the room, gradually widening. Someone was stealthily opening the door.

"Out, sir! Save yourself!" he hissed, and pulling his pistol out of his pocket prepared to hold all corners at bay until Ludovic was through the window.

Please turn to Page 44



Sir Tris-tram stood for a moment considering. Then he drew a long-barrelled pistol from his pocket.



# QUEEN ELIZABETH is a GREAT LOVER of CHILDREN

## Delightful Pen Picture of Her Childhood Charm

The Queen is passionately fond of children, and children, in turn, adore her, says Lady Cynthia Asquith in continuing the life story of Queen Elizabeth.

Everywhere her biographer met friends of the Queen, who told of her happy childhood charm.

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly—No. 5 of a Series.

"I WAS a sentimental, susceptible little boy," says a friend of the Queen in telling of Her Majesty's charm as a girl. "Every month saw some new goddess

dawn over my horizon, some little girl, my favorite friend, whom I used to wait for in Hyde Park, in the morning, or make an anxious rush to sit beside at a party. "They did not all return my affec-

### A Happy Ruse

AS a child the Queen's favorite occupation was making friends. At this pastime she was so successful that visitors, pretending to be superstitious, used, by miscounting, to make Lady Strathmore believe her party to be thirteen in number so that the little Lady Elizabeth should come down to luncheon to make fourteen. "How many will there be in the dining-room?" the butler asked one day. "Fourteen if you count I," answered Lady Elizabeth.

tion. With the austerity of their age, they were wont to prefer a companion of their own sex, but I persevered. At this time I was devoted to M., chiefly on account of her long hair which I considered the distinguishing mark of feminine beauty and I was pursuing her smooth, black plaits through the



A HAPPY PICTURE of the Queen among the children. Her charming interest in them and their games is one of the reasons why children are fond of her, and not shy in her presence.



# LOOK!

Then shut your eyes

Look at the eight articles on the table in this picture. Then shut your eyes. How many of the articles can you remember by name? It's interesting to test your memory in that way.

The reason why most people remember Bushell's Blue Label Tea so well is because they have enjoyed its fine flavor so often. Its bud-leaves are rich and fragrant.

**Bushell's**  
BLUE LABEL TEA

## The Tea of Flavor

slim Adam columns and pale plastered drawing-rooms of Lansdowne House, when my shoulder was seized by a grown-up lady, who said, "I want you to come and talk to this little girl; she is called Elizabeth Lyon."

"I turned and looked and was aware of a small, charming, rosy face, around which twined and strayed rings and tendrils of silken hair, and a pair of dewy grey eyes.

"Her flower-like mouth parted in a grave, enchanting smile, and between the pearly teeth flowed out tones of drowsy melting sweetness. From that moment I never left her side. Forgotten were the charms of M. Her hair might stretch from London to Paraguay for all I cared. Forgotten were all the pretenders to my heart. Here was the true heroine.

"For the next two summers she figured largely in my life.

"I remember her playing in the Park, racing beside her yellow-haired brother, her hair flying in the wind, her cheeks bright with exercise, her clear, infectious laugh ringing out; or sitting demurely at the tea-table; or, best of all, at a fancy dress party dressed as a Van Dyck child, with high square bodice and stiff satin skirts, surrounded by a bevy of adorers.

"I thought she was like the Princess of every fairy tale I had ever read. "Why, she's exactly like one of the children of Charles I," said a lady behind me. From that moment Charles I, about whom I then knew nothing, for I had only got as far as Richard I, became my favorite king in history.

"After those two summers, I never saw the Duchess again until I grew up, except once, when I was ten years old, living in London because I was too ill to go to school. Then she came to tea with her governess. Outside, the short November day was fading to a close. I lay upon a sofa, watching the gale blow about the tops of the plane trees, listening to the patter of the rain on the window and feeling very small and lonely.

### Charm the Same

"THE door was thrown open and a lady came in with a little girl. It was over three years since I had seen her, an age in a child's life, and in the dim light I hardly knew her for a moment. She was taller and paler and darker than I remembered. But her charm was the same; the drowsy, caressing voice, the slow sweet smile, the delicious gurgle of laughter, the soft eyes glowing with sympathy as she

leaned forward in the firelight; they had not altered. At the first silvery words all my depression fell from me. And when she went I felt it worth being ill a thousand times over to be so visited."

"This conquest was not the only one made in these early days. It was at Lady Leicester's party that the Duke of York first saw his future wife and, amidst all the distractions of crackers and iced cakes, the little girl—then aged five—made so deep an impression that at their first grown-up meeting he immediately recognised her.

The routine of the Duchess' life was several times joyfully interrupted by visits to Italy, where she went to stay with Lady Strathmore's mother, Mrs. Scott, at the Villa Capponi. The Duchess vividly remembers the thrill of night travel and restaurant-car meals, and at the end of the journey the glamor of being "abroad," and all the color and beauty of this Italian home.

To the child of eight years old the marriage of her eldest brother, Lord Glamis, to the Duke of Leeds' daughter, Lady Dorothy Osborne, came as a great excitement. "Me and Dorothy's little brother are going to be bridesmaids," she wrote.

Two years later there was another family wedding, when the eldest daughter, Lady Mary, married Lord Elphinstone, and the Duchess, in Romney dress, was again bridesmaid.

### Aunt "Elizabuff"

THERE still remained one unmarried sister, and of her much-appreciated companionship the Duchess was not deprived for many years for it was not until 1916 that Lady Rose married Commander Leveson-Gower, R.N. She tells: "Elizabeth was an ideal younger sister; always original and amusing and, as now, full of fun and sympathy—whichever you happened to need at the moment."

Early supplied with a bevy of nephews and nieces, the Duchess always showed great talent for Aunt-hood.

As instructress in the art of making daisy chains, organiser of hide-and-seek, promoter of make-believe and dressing-up, Aunt "Elizabuff" reigned supreme.

Also as a possessor of pets, for, as well as birds, she kept rabbits, frogs, chickens, roats, tortoises and pigs. Not many aunts keep pigs, and the nephews and nieces were duly grateful.

Next Week: Holidays at Glamis



# VITAL ISSUES in COURT DRAMA



MRS. PURVES outside the court in Sydney last week. She came from Melbourne specially to attend the hearing of her husband's petition.



MR. AND MRS. PURVES, principals in the unusual court drama last week, when Mr. Purves unsuccessfully sought to prevent his wife leaving Australia. This photograph was taken on the occasion of their wedding in Melbourne in September, 1935.

## Public Concerned Over Minister's Powers as Revealed in New Case

The action taken in the High Court last week by Mr. Charles Matthew Wallace Purves, of Sydney, to restrain his wife from leaving Australia is likely to rank in legal importance with the famous Freer case.

In both cases the Minister for the Interior, Mr. Paterson, was called upon to exercise his discretionary powers—in one to prevent a woman from landing in, and in the other to prevent a woman from leaving, Australia.

THESE cases have considerably disturbed the public mind in regard to the Minister's powers. How far are they likely to affect any person entering or leaving Australia?

A second question of wide public interest arising out of the two cases is: What are the legal responsibilities of husband and wife in the event of one desiring to leave the country against the wishes of the other?

The Minister's discretionary powers mean that expensive litigation is likely to stand between the application for and granting of a passport. The matter cannot be finalised in the passport office itself.

In the Purves and Freer cases domestic matters were involved, but

there is evidently no limit to the causes that might involve an application to the Minister to prevent people freely coming to and going from Australia.

This highly unsatisfactory state of affairs calls for a clarifying of the Minister's powers.

MR. PURVES asked the Court for a writ of mandamus directing the Minister for the Interior to cancel a passport issued to Mrs. Purves.

This was refused by Mr. Justice Ewatt. He also refused an alternative application for an injunction restraining Mr. Paterson from issuing a passport to Mrs. Purves until the determination of her husband's suit for restitution of conjugal rights.

The result of this action shows that, contrary to general belief, it is possible for a wife or husband to leave the country without permission from the other party to the marriage.

The woman may seem to be in a position stronger than that of the man, for a woman has always the claim over her husband, when he leaves her, that he must maintain her.

Actually the position might easily be reversed. A husband might secure a passport against his wife's wishes, make no voluntary provision for her future, and thus remove himself from the jurisdiction of the court which has power to deal with his marital obligations.

### Normal Procedure

INQUIRIES by The Australian Women's Weekly as to the normal procedure in securing passports showed how the usual procedure had been varied in the Purves case.

The first step in securing a passport is the filling in of an application form.

Separate forms are provided by the Department of the Interior for:

- Single woman, single man, or widower.
- Married woman travelling alone, or widow.
- Married man travelling with wife.
- Married man travelling alone.

The form in which the husband gives his consent to his wife's departure reads:—

#### COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA Department of the Interior

I, ....., do hereby consent to the granting of a passport to (or renewal of the passport in favor of) my wife enabling her to travel beyond Australia.

Dated this ..... day of ..... 193..

(Signature of husband.)

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the foregoing was signed in my presence, and that to the best of my knowledge and belief the person who signed the same is the lawful husband of the abovenamed .....

(Name of wife.)

(Signature of witness.)

(Address.)

According to the evidence of Mr. Purves he did not sign any authority of this kind. Nevertheless, Mrs. Purves secured her passport through Mr. Paterson's department.

In the case of all passports the charge is £1, which must accompany the application, and all applications must be accompanied by a certificate of recommendation.

Any magistrate, Justice of the Peace, barrister, solicitor, legally qualified medical practitioner, minister of religion, bank manager, prominent citizen, or person holding Government or municipal position is authorised to furnish this certificate.

Every application must be accompanied by two duplicate photo-

graphs showing head (without hat) and shoulders of the applicant.

One photograph must carry on the back the signature of the person recommending the application, signifying that it is the genuine photograph of the applicant.

One photograph is attached to the passport and the other retained with the application.

Then, in all cases, it is necessary to secure a clearance from the Income Tax Department.



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## FEAST OF FICTION

WORLD-FAMOUS Australian and overseas authors write for you in The Australian Women's Weekly. This week there are stories by:

RAFAEL SABATINI.  
PETER B. KYNE.  
DALE COLLINS.  
DICK MORELAND.  
GEORGETTE HEYER.

Next week there is a long complete novel by the famous British novelist, Ethel M. Dell.

Short stories to appear soon include tales by such popular authors as Taintor Foote, Marian Sims, Peter B. Kyne, Mary Roberts Rinehart, L. A. Cunningham.

Our new serial to begin soon will introduce to Australia the famous British author, A. J. Cronin.



# An Editorial

FEBRUARY 6, 1937.

## SCIENCE VERSUS FATHER TIME



A STRANGE situation is developing in all modern civilised communities owing to the increasing span of active life among both

men and women.

There is a steady increase of persons eligible for retiring pensions in both Government services and in private firms throughout Australia.

The actual cause of this increase is the continuous improvement in health, housing, personal hygiene, sanitation, and control of disease generally, which has been in progress since the later years of the nineteenth century.

To-day, age 65, which is the recognised retiring and pension age throughout Australia, does not represent the same "full stop" as it did when the mark was originally set—in the nineteenth century.

In 1891 the "expectation" of life for the Australian man was only 47 years, for the Australian woman a little below 51.

To-day it is close upon 60 and 64 respectively. At this rate every man and woman in this country will shortly (accidents and infections excluded) have an "expectation" at birth of reaching pension age.

To-day the slogan "life begins at forty"—a life of varied interests and activities—applies equally to both sexes. Tomorrow we may hear the cry "Life begins at sixty!"

Eventually, this increasing longevity must form a serious economic problem in both Government services and business establishments; and in addition it will delay the economic opportunities of young people in various prospective vocations and careers.

This problem must eventually be faced. It is one of the queer sequels of human progress—the reaction of a genuine betterment of human conditions upon the economic standards of civilised life.

—THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

## Medicos and Marriage

DR. R. S. WALLACE recently advised young doctors: "In due course get married, and so complete your life-cycle; but don't be precipitate."

Perhaps he had in view the remarkable fact that most young medics wed early;—in Australia, at least.

Maybe, as a cynic has suggested, these youthful Galens have decided to immediately cure the complaint, Falling in Love, with the drastic remedy, Marriage. Nevertheless, most of these marriages seem successes; a doctor is a rarity in the Divorce Court.

## Record Families

MRS. ANNIE BROWN, of West Australia, mother of 29 children, must surely be the holder of the Australian record. Families round about the score have been occasionally recorded in other States—one can recall the Shone family of 23 in Tasmania, for instance; but Mrs. Brown's is a "topper."

Mrs. Brown is now a widow at 53, and has announced her intention of marrying again. Her experience of life with a huge family around her has been pleasant, according to her own account; and she has always enjoyed the best of health.

After all, in spite of what the eugenisists say, the big family does not necessarily spell a high death-rate among the children. If both parents are healthy, the children should also be so.

Witness Mrs. Jane Longmore, of Junee (N.S.W.), who died recently, leaving 236 descendants, all alive to-day—12 children, 90 grandchildren, 124 "great-sons," and 10 "great-grand-sons."

If the descendants' family-trees expand at a similar rate, the Brown family will soon be able to populate a new State entirely "on its own."

## Flats or "Homes"?

"SOME Australian city slums equal the worst in the world," said a recent visitor, Sir Sydney Robertson, commending the Government campaigns against bad housing now in hand in various Australian States.

Plans include the construction of workers' flat buildings, in line with those constructed in London and other European centres.

Excellent as these may be, many people will consider the alternative plan of "garden settlements" in outer suburbs, combined with cheap transport, a far better solution in a sunny country like Australia.

## Lyric of Life

### Living

The leaves of the trees are fading brown  
And droop in the Summer's heat.

The years on your head are weighing down  
And dragging upon your feet.

The trees in the Spring will be green again  
To flourish the Summer through.

But they are not blessed with souls as men  
And they have not lived, as you.

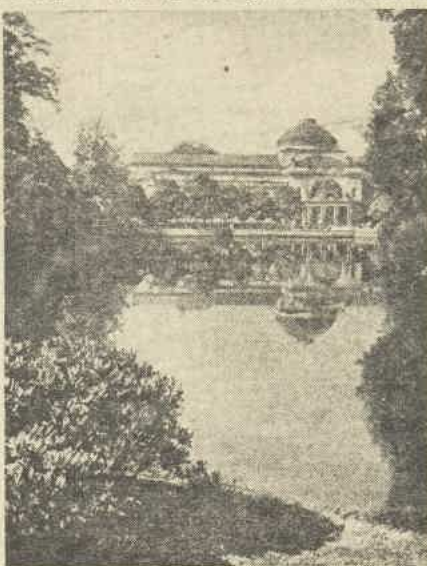
—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

## This Education

AUSTRALIA seems to be in trouble all round lately, in regard to its educational standard. Mr. Stephenson, a litterateur and Rhodes Scholar, has been castigating us for our lack of culture and neglect of the arts.

Now comes Mr. Felix Howland, a visiting American educationist, who states, "Too much attention is paid to the arts in Australian education." He advocates political subjects instead.

With all due respect to Mr. Howland,



THE KURHAUS, or Casino Concert Hall, at Wiesbaden. Close to this magnificent piece of architecture, famed throughout Europe for its lovely ceilings and chandeliers, is the luxurious and exclusive Hotel Bellevue, where the Duke of Windsor may spend his honeymoon.

popular education in politics has not evolved much "culture" elsewhere in the world to-day, except the cult of colored shirts and guns. Europe, in particular, could do with less intensive training in politics, and a good deal more in logic, tolerance, and common humanity.

## Cinderella of Senses

THE cabled report of the foundation of a Smell Society in Britain, which is preparing a new vocabulary of odors, has generally provoked a smile or a jest.

Actually there is room for such a movement; Smell is the Cinderella among the five senses. Consider what time and trouble we all lavish on the Big Three—Sight, Hearing and Taste.

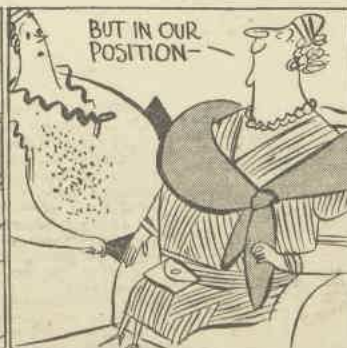
Movies and radio pander popularly to the leading two; while for the cultured eyes and ears there are the fine arts—Music, Painting, Sculpture, Literature, and the Drama.

Taste, on a lowlier plane, holds its place while there is a dinner to be eaten or a beverage to be swallowed. And Touch?

No Cinderella, she, not while there are lips to kiss. And a cynic might add, lipstick to taste as well.

So the poor neglected olfactory sense surely deserves some support these days, before it vanishes entirely before the onslaught of civilisation's petrol-fumes, gas-masks, flu, hay-fever, and colds-in-the-nose.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By Wep



## Where Duke of Windsor May Honeymoon

The beautiful spa and residential town of Wiesbaden, in south-western Germany, is, according to London reports, the place where the Duke of Windsor may spend his honeymoon next May.

WIESBADEN is often described by the Germans as a town, although the population approaches the 100,000 mark. It is, however, known throughout Germany as the queen of watering-places.

It is situated in a beautiful, sheltered valley enclosed by the forest-clad Taunus Hills, and is watered by the Rhine River.

Over 27 hot-water mineral springs gush forth in the Wiesbaden area from a depth of 300 to 6000 feet, and the temperature has been recorded up to 150 deg. Fahr. These waters are available in winter and summer, either at the new Kaiser Friedrich Baths, owned by the municipality, or one may have baths at the main hotels and private establishments.

## Remarkable Cures

MOST remarkable cures are reported for rheumatism, nerves, and such complaints as the latest methods of hygiene and bath technique have been introduced.

Not far away from the baths is the imposing thoroughfare known as Wilhelmstrasse, in which the Hotel Bellevue is situated. It is a building of several stories with private balconies to each suite of rooms, and overlooks a maze of beauty on the opposite side of the street, or Wilhelmstrasse.

The Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales stayed at this hotel and his apartments were pointed out to the writer. Probably he will stay there again, as the surroundings and privacy are unsurpassed elsewhere. There are also many beautiful villas to choose from.

A panorama of lovely gardens, lakes, and swans, rustic bridges, and fountains throwing up tall sprays of water by day and night faces this Continental hotel. Further to the left is the State Theatre, or Grosses Haus, and the Casino Concert Hall, or Kurhaus, both outstanding pieces of architecture.

Surrounding these are large parks, winding paths, flower gardens, and water. Hundreds visit Wiesbaden weekly from overseas, Berlin, Essen, and the northern industrial towns, simply on account of the climate and various kinds of sport and classical concerts—yachting on the Rhine, hiking over the hoar-frosted Taunus Hills, the well-sheltered tennis courts, the magnificent golf links, surrounded by evergreen trees, and the adjacent tracks for horse-racing and motor-racing, together with the famous beer gardens will supply the needs of the most ambitious.

## Royal Rendezvous

IF the Duke of Windsor does eventually go to Wiesbaden it will considerably add to its fame as the rendezvous of Royalty.

The Kings before the Federation of the German States, the late Emperors of Germany, members of the Royal Family of Great Britain, and wealthy Americans, have spent much time and money in years gone by in this health-giving valley of the Rhine.

Many stories of romance and sadness centre round this historical town, where great men and fair ladies, both Nordic and Latin, have taken part in the daily routine, in the dances, garden festivals, battle of flowers, and famous tours down the Rhine.

Some of the Wiesbaden buildings are of Roman architecture, but these are slowly disappearing. Nothing can compare with the design and lay-out of the Kurhaus or its magnificent ceilings and chandeliers, the whole of the structure costing over £250,000, and the concert hall alone can accommodate 1500 persons.



# MAD MANOR Murders—BY GHOSTS



## Lower's Secret Tryst to Find Hidden Treasure

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist  
Illustrated by LAHM

Wep, my partner in crime, has had his gun licence suspended for three months for shooting pedestrians in a non-parking area or something like that. He then, in a fit of pique, deliberately staged a nervous breakdown and departed for the woods. Lahm drew the monstrosity which disgraces this page. A nice lad.

SAYS he's thinking of getting married. So long as he stays in the thinking stage, he's set. Always talking about his soul. If I only knew where he kept it I'd give it a good kick in the face. I'm sick of the confounded thing.

The next nervous breakdown is

Lower, in search of the hidden treasure, is overtaken by a ghost.

MINE. I'm not going to be left out of this racket.

I suppose I've got to explain the picture my new assistant has drawn. That's the trouble; they draw a picture and I have to explain the thing.

Personally, I think it's one he had left over from some other time. Still, as we go to press in about three minutes, and I should have written this two days ago, I'd better start.

It was a cold, dark, boisterous and filthy night when the last of the Lowers (me) unscrewed the draw-bridge of the ancestral castle (see plan). That's it on your left and staggered into the walled room. Cobwebs hung all over the place. Not a spider was to be seen. Even the spiders wouldn't stay in the place because it was HAUNTED!

The black bats flitted eerily through the lofty banquet hall. But then anyone can have bats. What was I doing there? Ha! Ha! said he, savagely twirling his moustache (see plan, moustache centre foreground).

"Don't you talk to me like that, you bouncer!" he croaked feebly.

"You're going the right way to garner a good belt on the chin," I said sternly.

This seemed to quieten him, although I don't know why. He couldn't have been made more horizontal than he already was.

"The treasure," he gasped, "is in the left wing."

"You told me that before," I said tersely. "Get on with it. And don't mumble."

"Her name's Mabel," he death-rattled.

Disgusted, I left him to die.

I found Mabel in the left wing. She was dead. There was tragedy everywhere. The family ghost, I found, had drowned two chambermaids and an under-footman.

Let me see—how many's that? Rastus and Augustus, the housekeeper, the butler, Mabel, two chambermaids, and one under-footman.

That's not bad, taking all things into consideration. It will be enough for this week. This ghostly tragedy will be concluded when I feel better.

### A Tryst

I WAS keeping a tryst. Oh, you were, were you! So that's where all your money goes! And here's me alaving my fingers to the bone, stuck in the house day in and day out. You never take me out, you haven't the slightest consideration for anybody but yourself.

(Pardon the interruption. It's just something that I heard so I thought I'd stick it in. I think it's an old one, though.)

Many years before, a man called Rastus Kennedy was lying on his death-bed. His sorrowing friends were gathered around the bedside wondering how much longer he was going to linger.

I mean to say he was a bit dilatory in passing in his marble. Just before he snuffed it he pronounced the following curse:

"May all your fowls die in their pens, stalls, coops, sheds, yards, or any other possible place within the meaning of the act."

He added, "whereas" just to make it legal, and then passed out, sadly missed.

Well, fowls started dying all over the place. People tried slaughtering a white goat at midnight and crossing their fingers and walking around the table three times saying "Whacko!" and other mystic words, but the curse still held good.

This is where I come in.

I had to keep a tryst with an aged man called Augustus Fitzdolpin, who knew the secret of the buried treasure in the left wing of the castle.

Augustus Fitzdolpin lay steadily dying in the Blue Room. That's the second bloke who's died on this page.

Let's make it pathetic and all have a good cry. Upstairs, the wall-eyed housekeeper had just shot herself with an old blunderbuss commonly used for hanging on walls.

The butler, Corven, dashed in and stood aghast. He then stood another one and then he thought that a final one before he went home wouldn't do him any harm, with the result that he fell down the marble staircase leading to the servants' hall and broke his neck. That's four.

While all this din and confusion was going on I was at the bedside of Fitzdolpin.

"My boy," he said, weakly, "I've always admired you."

"Who doesn't?" I replied. And quite right, too!



HOME massage of the gums with Forhan's has been a professional recommendation for many years... Co-operation from the patient after leaving the dentist's chair has an important bearing on establishing or maintaining oral health. Gum conditions in particular need treatment supplementing the dentist's care.

For this reason regular massage of the gums with Forhan's is routine instruction to patients among many dentists, and has been for many years. Benefits are twofold.

FIRST—Forhan's cleans teeth safely, helping to keep them brilliant. It contains no

harsh, harmful, or gritty ingredients. SECOND—massage with Forhan's gently tones and stimulates the gums, helping to keep them healthy.

Forhan's is the discovery of a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for 26 years specialised successfully in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It contains an ethical preparation which is widely used by dentists for treating this dread disease.

Start to-day brushing your teeth with Forhan's, morning and night. You can make no finer investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

Price 2/-; Extra large tube 3/-

Australasian Agents — The Sheldon Drug Co., Ltd., Sydney

## Forhan's for the gums



PREVENTS PYORRHEA

How did she get so Beautifully SLIM



SHE'S got that attractive, slim figure so much admired by the opposite sex. She's maintained her lovely line, and kept in perfect health, with the aid of her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily eliminate all food residue.

So, if you want to gradually melt away those surplus pounds of fat and have radiant health, just remember to take a couple of Bile Beans at bedtime.

EVERY NIGHT TAKE

## BILE BEANS

AND LOOK YOUR BEST ON THE BEACH

"I recommend Bile Beans for slimming as they have been so successful in reducing my weight. Bile Beans gradually removed all this surplus fat round my bust and hips, and within the month I had lost eight pounds. My energy has returned and, thanks to Bile Beans, I am in splendid health."

Mrs. A. Y.

"What I like about Bile Beans is that one gradually gets rid of the surplus fat without having to diet or do without the foods that one likes. My figure is improving all the while. I am heaps better, too, as regards my general health."

Mrs. C. R.



# Acids in Blood— must be removed by Kidneys Or your system is poisoned



**Your Health is Undermined and You May Suffer from Nervousness, Circles Under Eyes, Lack of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Dizziness, Leg Pains, and Feel Tired, Run-Down, and Worn Out.**

There is nothing that can so quickly undermine your health, strength, and energy, as an excess of acid in your blood. Most people when thinking of Acidity, think of the stomach. However, the type of acidity that undermines health is that arising in the blood and often caused by worry, overwork, fear, late hours or over-indulgence, thus placing a heavy strain or load on the kidneys.

Nature has provided an automatic method of getting rid of these excess acids in the blood. This is accomplished by your kidneys, the most intricate and delicate organs in your body. Each kidney, although only the size of your clenched fist, contains 41 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters. Your blood circulates through these tiny filters 200 times an hour, or so frequently that in a 24-hour period the kidneys actually filter and purify a barrel of blood, so that the acids and poisonous wastes may be removed.

## Causes Many Troubles

Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, U.S.A., recently stated: "Modern foods and drinks, nervous strain, worry, and overwork, place a tremendous load on the kidneys. For this reason it is estimated that millions of men and women at times are troubled with poorly functioning kidneys. In fact this condition is often the real cause of thousands of people feeling older than they should, run-down, exhausted, nervous, and worn out."

If your kidneys slow down and do not function properly and fail to remove approximately 3 pints of acids, poisons, and liquids from your blood every twenty-four hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these acids and wastes, and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned. Kidney and bladder troubles cause many diseases, such as Nervousness, Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Pains, Swollen Ankles, Circles under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Vitality, Burning, Itching and Smarting, Acidity.

## Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Chemists and doctors in 61 countries throughout the world think that the

right way to help your kidney function is with the doctor's prescription, Cystex, which is scientifically prepared in accordance with the requirements of the United States and British pharmacopoeia to act directly on the kidneys. For instance, Dr. C. Van Straubenzee, noted European physician, stated: "I consider Cystex one of the most meritorious formulas I have ever examined, and recommend it most highly." And Dr. C. J. Roberts, formerly of the Philadelphia General Hospital, states: "In my years of practice I have employed many medicines and prescriptions to improve the functional action of the kidneys, but in my opinion there is no preparation that excels the prescription known as Cystex."

## Make This 8-Day Guaranteed Test

If you are rundown, worn out, feel older than you are, or suffer from the diseases previously mentioned, Kidney and Bladder Troubles likely are the real cause of your trouble. At any rate it will do you no harm to put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. Under the guarantee, in 8 days' time it must do the work to your complete satisfaction, or you merely return the empty package and the full purchase price is refunded without question or argument. With Cystex there is no long waiting for results, because it is scientifically prepared to act directly on the kidneys. For that reason most people report a remarkable improvement within the first forty-eight hours and complete satisfaction within 8 days. In testing Cystex, you are the sole judge of your satisfaction. You must feel younger, stronger and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. Cystex costs little at chemists, and as the guarantee protects you completely, you can not afford to take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or any medicine that is not good enough to be guaranteed. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Sisteck) today.



# Delightful Sea Trips On The Australian Coast . .

You can have a six days return trip to either Melbourne or Brisbane—a thirteen day trip to Adelaide and back—a twenty day trip to Fremantle and back, or a thirteen day round trip to Cairns.

Modern, luxuriously appointed passenger liners leave Sydney every few days. The time at sea passes pleasantly in the social life of the ship—deck sports—swimming—dancing, and bridge. Perfectly served, leisurely meals make your enjoyment complete.

Fares are moderate and cover all expenses, including maintenance on board at intermediate ports.

## Full Particulars from:—

The Adelaide S.S. Co., Ltd., 22 Bridge St., Sydney, BWB11  
A.U.S.N. Co., Ltd., 247 George St., Sydney . . . . . BWB11  
Howard Smith, Ltd., 269 George St., Sydney . . . . . BWB11  
Hindart, Parker, Ltd., 19 Bridge St., Sydney . . . . . BW1441  
McAlraith, McCachern, Ltd., 19 Bridge St., Sydney, BW1047  
Melbourne S.S. Co., Ltd., 1 Barrack St., Sydney, BW1044

(Offices also at Newcastle and All States)

**TRAVEL INTERSTATE BY SEA**

# NEWBOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

## Woman's Book on Russia Rings True Splendid First Novel

There have been scores of novels written about Russia in the last few years, but each new story only seems to leave the average reader more bewildered than ever.

Nobody seems to know anything about Russia these days, and the more books written the more confused the issue seems to be.

It has taken a woman writing her first novel to find a way out.

People, not politics, have been her approach, and the result has been a very vivid, human, and wholly satisfying picture of Russia.

Miss Ayn Rand concerns herself neither with plans, politics, nor propaganda. The real story of Russia she felt was to be seen through the eyes of its people, and in this she has been tremendously successful.

The people she writes about are not of Chekhov's and Tolstoy's Russia, of weary aristocrats and down-trodden serfs, with the muted strains of the Volga boatman's song for atmospheric background.

Here is the Russia of the moment, men and women living their lives from day to day, weaving the pattern of the Soviet's attempt at what was thought would be a brave new world.

Kira Argunov is a real daughter of the Revolution. Not for her romance in the old-fashioned way. She finds hers in the pursuit of reality, in the iron and steel of Russia's commercial programme. The whole family of Russians to which she belongs is a colorful crew, and the stage is always crowded. There are students, Soviet executives, small traders, and others. These make vivid, authentic pictures. The author observes them all with a calm detachment. She groups her figures into poignant, heroic, dramatic, and even ridiculous scenes. She does not comment on them; she does not take sides. Here is life in Russia; you may draw your own conclusion.

Kira's two lovers are masterly studies. Leo Kovalensky and Andriev Tagenov have been drawn

## Books to Read

"STREAMLINE YOUR MIND"—J. L. Mursell, Ph.D.  
"THE THIRD STRING"—T. Stuart-Gunn.  
"SAND CASTLE"—Janet Beith.  
"DON'T BELIEVE IT, SAYS THE DOCTOR"—August A. Thomen.  
"THE UPWARD WAY" (verse)—Frances Porteous.  
"THE PASSIONATE ASTROLOGER"—Alan Griffiths.  
"A JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM"—St. John Ervine.  
"SEX AGAINST THE YARD"—Dorothy Sayers, Ronald Knox, Russell Thorndike, F. W. Crofts, M. Allingham, and Anthony Berkeley.

with an amazing sense of contrast, the contrast of Russia to-day which the writer weaves so cleverly into the story.

If the author underlines one thing, it is this: "Revolution and change may be ancient things, but woman and her emotions are as old as the world."

Body and soul may belong to the new social order, but a woman's heart is her own. Here is a clear conception of life, which makes Kira easily the most authentic figure in a story in which all the characters are deftly drawn and accurate. The story of her courage, her victories, and defeat are magnificently told. It is a thoughtful and human book, as well as an arrestingly new picture of Russia to-day.

("We, the Living." Ayn Rand. Cassell and Co. Our copy from the publishers.)

# The . . . DELIVERANCE

Continued from Page 3

FROM this husk he extracted a dainty volume bound in vellum, with some gold tooling on the spine and the legend, also in gold, "The Poems of Sir John Suckling."

He sniffed contemptuously, but as idly he opened the volume, his narrow face grew set. The fold of vellum on the inner side of the cover had become detached and had slightly curled away from the board. The paste securing that fold had perished, and as he fingered the curled edge the entire flap forming the side of the cover came loose. Between this and the board a folded sheet was now disclosed.

That sheet was still in Sir James' hand ten minutes later, when the room was abruptly invaded by a very dainty lady, dressed for riding, who in years might have been his daughter. She was scarcely of the middle height and virginally slight of figure, clear-eyed and of a delicate tint unblemished by the climate of the tropics.

"I have to speak to you," she announced, her voice musical, but its tone shrewish.

Sir James had not turned to see who entered. At the sound of her voice he dropped a napkin over the volume of poems. Then, still without turning, he spoke.

"In that case the King's business may go to the devil."

"Must you always sneer, sir?"

The shrewish note grew sharper. Always calm, even lethargic, of spirit, Sir James replied:

"Not always. No. But just as often as you must be peremptory." "I don't want for cause." She swept forward and round the table so that she might directly face him. "I have been insulted," she announced.

Grey-faced, Sir James considered her.

"To be sure," he said at last "Doesn't it happen every time you ride out?"

"And if it does, who shall wonder when you yourself set the example?"

He avoided the offered argument. Argument, at least, was something that he had learnt to refuse this winsome termagant of half his age whom he had married five years ago, and who had since poisoned his life with the bad manners and ill-temper brought from her tradesman-father's home.

"Who was it to-day?" asked his weary voice.

"That dog Hagthorpe."

"What did he say to you?"

"Say? You don't conceive he had the effrontery to speak to me?"

He smiled a little sourly, as he reflected that most of the trouble came from her being too conclusively a lady.

"But if he insulted you?"

Please turn to Page 20



THERE ARE MANY INSECT SPRAYS... BUT ONLY ONE

# FLY-TOX

## THE INSECT SPRAY THAT KILLS

It pays to insist on Fly-Tox when you buy insect spray, for Fly-Tox KILLS. Fly-Tox is recognised throughout the world as the best insect spray made. Flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, and all other insects die when it is sprayed. Insist on Fly-Tox, and refuse substitutes.

COSTS  
NO MORE  
THAN  
ORDINARY  
SPRAYS

## INSIST ON FLY-TOX IT KILLS ALL INSECTS

## END CORN WITH Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Relief will be yours 3 minutes after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to aching corns, sore toes, painful calluses, or throbbing bunions! These thin, soothing, healing, protective, cushioning pads relieve the irritation, heal inflammation, and remove the corn. In each box are Medicated Diaks for removing old, stubborn corns. One or two applications safely loosen the hard, dead skin, which is easily, painlessly lifted right off.

## DR. SCHOLL'S TOE-FLEX

Gives instant relief and corrects the cause of the hammer toe, even when it is a severe, painful, and disabling condition. In each box are Medicated Diaks for removing old, stubborn corns. One or two applications safely loosen the hard, dead skin, which is easily, painlessly lifted right off.

## DR. SCHOLL'S WALK-STRATE HEEL PADS

Prevent shoes running over, preserve their smart shape and correct faulty walking. Bore repair hills. All sizes. For men, women, and children. On Sale at Chemists, Chlorophylls, Shoe Stores, or any of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Depots. N.E.W. Wholesale Distributors: Farleigh, Rethelm & Co., 1-15 Foreau Street, Sydney.



# These Charming People--Our New Vice-Regal Family



THE HON. HENRIETTA, only daughter of Lord and Lady Wakehurst. This picture was taken on her arrival in London after a recent ski-ing holiday spent in Austria.



LATEST PICTURE OF LADY WAKEHURST, taken in her London home. This picture gives an indication of the flair for frocking for which she is noted. Her beautiful model gown adopts the latest Parisian fashion decree, being slit at the hemline. Lady Wakehurst is a daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant and is a relative of Lady Oxford.



A DELIGHTFUL HOME STUDY of our new Governor and his Lady. This picture of Lord and Lady Wakehurst was taken at their London home a fortnight ago and forwarded by air mail.

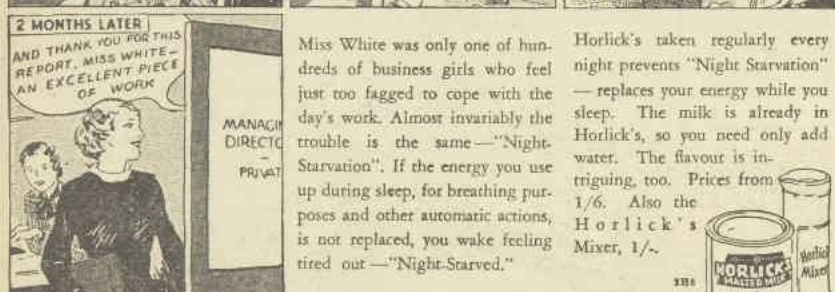


INSET: The Hon. David and the Hon. Christopher, the two sons of Lord and Lady Wakehurst.

ABOVE: A fine study of our new Governor, Lord Wakehurst, who, as Capt. John V. Loder, was Conservative M.P. for Lewes, Sussex, until he succeeded his father to the title last year. Apart from his other gifts, Lord Wakehurst is well known as a writer.



## "NIGHT-STARVATION" NEARLY COST ME MY JOB



**HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION**

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

## The TRAMP

Continued from Page 4

A WEEK went by. Another week. One night Dax and Jim sat watching the rushes in the studio projection room. Dax was quiet, pensive, troubled. The picture slid smoothly across the screen. There was Dax with his inimitable walk, moving from one scene into the next. There was the dog trotting at his heels. But something was wrong.

"What's the matter with it?" asked Jim.

"The dog," said Dax. "He doesn't like me. He's not my dog. He keeps remembering his owner, who is standing just out of range of the camera."

"When you call him, he comes," Jim pointed out.

"Not because he likes me or wants to come," Dax added. "He's not my dog. Throw this film away. We'll have to start over again."

"What are we going to do?" asked Jim.

"I wish I had a dog," said Dax. "Then I could use him in the picture."

Jim looked around but was too late to catch the expression on Dax's face.

Why, Dax had everything. That great house in Beverly Hills, more money than any one man could spend. He was world famous. Had been decorated by three governments. True, he had been unfortunate in his marriage. There were no children. His wife had died. He lived alone. Had few friends. Well a man can't expect everything out of life. There has to be a balance somewhere.

"Maybe," said Dax. "I do own a dog. I'll go find out." He had just thought of the tattered little creature he had left at the Ambassador Dog Hospital.

The same night doctor was on duty. "Funny about that dog," he told Dax. "We've advertised in all the papers. Haven't had an answer. He's a good dog, too. A bath and a haircut did wonders for him. His leg wasn't broken, only fractured. He's as good as new. Like to see him?"

The doctor took Dax to a private room upstairs. A dog bounced out to meet him, yapping joyfully. He leaped at the actor as if he had found a friend. He tried to lick the famous Dax features.

The great man put down his hand and the dog playfully bit him on the thumb. The pup seemed bursting with energy. He bounced up and down excitedly. He ran around the room, then again hurried himself upon Dax.

"That's a good dog," said the doctor. "One of the best we've had in the place. Look at those straight legs and that long square muzzle. See the way his tail is stuck on. He's a close-coupled, hard-bitten, typy little rascal. Must be valuable. I don't see why someone hasn't claimed him."

BUT Dax was looking at just a dog, a quick, eager little pup, with a bright, sparkling, mischievous eye. He carried his tail at a rakish angle and his head was cocked on one side as if he were listening to something important. He was full of excitement and boundless energy and an enormous curiosity about life.

Dax was delighted. "I'll take him home," he said. "Guess he's my dog now, isn't he?"

"He certainly is," said the doctor. "He thinks so, anyway. We'll let you know if anyone turns up to claim him."

Dax decided to call the dog "Puck." It seemed like the right name.

Puck was no respecter of great persons. He bounced in and out of Dax's lap on the way home. He poked his cold little nose into Dax's pockets. He licked the windshield and hung out of the open window, barking scornfully at other dogs on the street.

When they arrived at Dax's house, Puck made an immediate tour of inspection. He dashed from one room into another. He sniffed the rugs and chairs. He galloped up and down stairs, barking enthusiastically. He found the kitchen and bullied the Japanese cook into giving him a bone, which he immediately tried to bury under the cushions of the divan. That night he slept curled up at the foot of Dax's bed.

The next morning "The Tramp" went into production for the second time. Sir Henry of Dunsmluir was on contract and couldn't be discharged, so the owner was given a cheque. Puck met Jim, the studio manager, and playfully bit a hole in his trouser leg. He was introduced to Bill and Oscar and immediately offered to shake hands. He chased the studio cat to the top of the monitor room. Then he hurried back to Dax, gave him an adoring look, lay down at his feet with his head resting on one of Dax's comedy shoes.

"We're going to make a picture," announced Jim. "This one is going to be right."

Puck was not a trained actor, but what he lacked in camera technique he made up in boundless energy and willingness. When you saw Dax and the dog together, rehearsing a scene, it brought a lump to your throat. Dax would wag his finger and Puck would come with a rush.

Sometimes the dog would sit and watch his master with such a worshipful expression that Dax would have to quit work and pat him on the head. Production would stop while Dax and the dog played.

They had a game. It was a complicated game with a ball, and both understood the rule. Sometimes Puck would hide the ball, and Dax would look for it; sometimes he would pretend it was a rat and chase it around the studio and growl. Again, the ball became one of Dax's valued possessions, and Puck stood over it, barking fiercely.

Bill and Oscar, watching Dax, as he played with the dog, learned things about the little comedian they had never known. He was lonely. A shy, sensitive man, he had surrounded himself with protective barriers. Puck had broken down those defensive walls for the first time.

Please turn to Page 30

## ★ Thrilling news

"... my dear Theo (I love your pretty name), a thousand thanks for telling me about Powder Charmsman. I never knew that one powder could be so different to another. In Charmsman face powder I have at last found charm, youth, loveliness for my skin that I thought would never be mine again."

"I'll be over this week-end. I have something to tell you. I'm awfully happy. A surprise. But, again, a thousand thanks. I've regained youth and a great happiness. ... Anne."

## Charmosan face powder from Paris

STAYS ON FOR HOURS... no worry there. All shades and tints. Big double size box 2/6, so economical. Sold everywhere.

P.S.—Give your face its "good-night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream every night. Removes "make-up," dust, etc., from skin and pores in a way soap and water can never do. This cream goes right into pores and out again, cleanses beautifully, and leaves skin supple and smooth. This regular nightly massage also keeps away hateful wrinkles, crow's feet, open pores, blackheads, and pimples. Boudoir jars 2/6. Tubes 1/6. Sold everywhere.



## Horrockses

Sheets and Pillowcases



The Name is your Assurance of

**QUALITY • COMFORT • ECONOMY**

You pay no more... so insist on

## Horrockses

TRUE BRITISH QUALITY

REGD.

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# Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



SHE: If I'm shocking, what are you?  
HE: A shock absorber.



BERYL: What do your boys' letters usually end with?  
GLADYS: A breach of promise suit.



EMPLOYER: Young man, do you know the first duties of an office boy?  
OFFICE BOY: Yes, sir, wake up the clerks when I hear the boss coming.



FIRST UNDERGRADUATE: I'm sure that young professor likes me.  
SECOND DO.: How's that?  
FIRST DO.: Well, every paper he hands back to me is covered with kisses!

## HOT WEATHER FOOT TROUBLES

QUICKLY RELIEVED BY

# Zam-Buk

DOESN'T this hot weather tell on your feet and start them aching, burning, and swelling? Doesn't it make a toll of your housework, shopping, and getting about generally?

To put your feet in real good trim and keep them so, adopt this easy treatment — It doesn't take many minutes each night, but the relief is wonderful. First bathe your feet in warm water, and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

### Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, blisters are healed, and ankles, joints, toes, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. There's nothing like Zam-Buk for the feet.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



"During Summer I suffered a lot with my feet, until I used Zam-Buk. This stopped the throbbing and swelling and enabled me to get about with ease."  
—Mrs. M. W.

"After a hard day in town, my feet were tired and painful. When I got home I rubbed Zam-Buk into the soles and my feet were wonderfully soothed. I could now walk in comfort." —Mr. S. P.

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

THE visitor looked most sympathetic. "And what do you suppose makes you suffer so?" she asked.  
"I don't know, I'm sure," sighed the invalid, "and I believe nothing but a post-mortem will ever show."  
"You poor soul!" clucked the other. "And with you so weak you could never stand that!"

VISITOR: You don't mean to tell me that you've lived in this out-of-the-way place for thirty years?  
Inhabitant: I have.  
Visitor: But, really, I cannot see what you can find to keep you busy.  
Inhabitant: Neither can I—that's why I like it.

TED: Jim will never make a successful barber.  
Jack: How's that?  
Ted: He doesn't know the first thing about racehorses.

THE professor was admonishing some children who had just hieroglyphed his fresh cement pavement.  
"But," his wife reminded him, "you have always said you loved children."  
"Yes, I do in the abstract, but not in the concrete!"

JUDGE: You are disqualified as a driver for five years. You are a danger to road-users.  
Motorist: But my living depends on it.  
Judge: So does theirs

## LEARN PIANO JAZZ! for PROFIT or PLEASURE



For Profit: Increase your income.

A good Syncopated Pianist can ALWAYS get engagements to play at dances, parties, socials, etc. My wonderful Personal Postal Course will teach YOU how to become a professional dance pianist! The work is easy and pleasant, and well paid.

For Pleasure: Increase your pleasure.

Here is a fascinating and interesting hobby; be the envy of your friends and be popular wherever you go! Master it and make others happy! Become a modern, syncopated Pianist! Play the latest tunes in up-to-date syncopation, and assure yourself of a genuine welcome anywhere, any time!

Absolute Beginners, Medium Players, or Advanced Classical Pianists, no matter where you live, if you have a piano at your disposal and can spare 30 minutes per day to practice, I can teach you REAL JAZZ by means of my Special Postal Course, which has taught thousands in other parts of the world, and is now teaching hundreds in all parts of Australia and New Zealand.

**YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!**  
Remember "KEYBOARD KAPERS" from 2GB, 2UE, 2SM, 2CH, 2KO, 4BC, 4GR, 4MB, 5KA, and 6AM?  
FILL IN COUPON BELOW, AND POST AT ONCE!

TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W, NATIONAL BLDG, 225 FIVE ST., SYDNEY.  
I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME (Print in Block Letters) .....  
ADDRESS .....



"I THINK I can teach you something of how you should handle, with a modicum of intelligence, (assisted by Miss Wingate), the considerable estate I am going to leave you when I depart this world. Miss Wingate, being highly intelligent, would have left my employ the minute you entered it, because she would fear what she would have to put up with from you and that it would be difficult to resist you. I know that, because whenever I feel that I should slay you with a dull axe I end up by paying your debts and re-establishing your bank account. You're really a very worthless pup but, like most pups, lovable upon occasion."

"Suppose," his son murmured, "that you get to the milk in the coconut."

"She's declined to marry you."

"Alas, how true."

"She shall marry you! So I

# THE Best Man WINS

raised her salary to eight pounds a week. If she has the courage to quit her job after that, it will be proof that she's a mental monstrosity, and I forbid the banns. She accepted, even after she knew you're coming to work here. I am a firm believer," Mr. Plank added, "in the vast value of propinquity as first aid to Cupid. And now to the devil with you. Clear out."

"Well," Johnny replied, wryly, "I'll give you credit for one thing. You're bent on my salvation."

"I can leave you many, many thousands of pounds, Johnny, but I cannot leave you happiness. That's wherever you find it—and I have an idea you'll find it if you marry Miss Wingate. She's everything a woman should be."

"I thought I'd been in love before, Roger, but now I really am!"

Mr. Plank gulped, and a very noticeable moisture was visible in his deep-set, stern eyes. "Son," he said presently, "how's your bank account?"

"Low," said Johnny.

"I'll tell Miss Wingate to give you a hundred pounds the day after to-morrow."

"You take your hundred pounds and jump into the river. I'm going to play the game, not play at it. Now I'll treat you to a bite of supper and a good show afterwards—provided you pay for it."

"I'll go you—you parasite," said Mr. Plank with great feeling.

Mr. Plank and Jane Wingate had finished the morning post. As she gathered up the letters to de-

liver them to the filing clerk, Jane said suddenly:

"Mr. Plank, why are you so unnatural towards your son? Particularly since he is your only offspring and has never known a mother's care."

So she had been meditating on their recent conversation! Mr. Plank blushed. "Why, I'm not an unnatural father, Miss Wingate. Of course I love the boy. But he's so confoundedly useless. I can't get him interested in anything except expensive play."

"I have been wondering, Mr. Plank, if your objection to my marrying him was due to the feeling that if, by some miracle, I accepted his honorable offer, you would regard me as beneath him

socially. I'd like to get that straightened out."

"Good Lord, no. My objection arises from my very firm opinion that if you married Johnny it would be poor business for you. Believe me when I say you're much too good for him."

Jane flushed pleasantly. "I feel very much better now, Mr. Plank."

Mr. Plank dismissed the subject with a flip of his hand. "Now, with reference to this young fellow to whom you are engaged. You've carefully weighed his character, age, background, parentage, etc., and have decided that he is the one man for you?"

Jane nodded.

"Well," Mr. Plank continued sadly, "he must be a splendid man, else you'd not waste your time on him. What does the young man do for a living?"

"He is employed by the Utopia Oil Company in their laboratory. He is a chemist."

"HEAD of the laboratory staff, I trust."

"No, merely a worker in the vineyard. He has only been down from the University two years."

"May I inquire the extent of his salary?"

"Five pounds a week. He started at three a year ago."

"Hum-m-m! Harump-h-h-h! Yes, I see. And when does this five-pound-a-week man plan to marry my eight-pound-a-week secretary?"

"We have banked on a somewhat long engagement, Mr. Plank. He is very proud and independent and refuses to marry until he can earn as much as I do. He says now he doesn't want me to continue to work after our marriage. He regards that as undignified."

"Of course, of course—well, I think I might help your young man out, Miss Wingate. James Pelly, president of Utopia, is a friend of mine. Member of The Table Round at the Union Club. I'll speak to him about your fiancé. What's his name?"

"Gordon Hamilton."

Mr. Plank made a note in his little black book. "By the way, Miss Wingate, have you saved any money?"

"I have two hundred and fifty pounds in the savings bank."

"Remarkable. Well, get these letters out and at luncheon to-day I'll see what I can do for Gordon Hamilton."

He did enough. He took James Pelly into his confidence, explaining to the latter how bad a stumbling-block young Mr. Hamilton was to his son's happiness and, conversely, to his own. "Jim," he concluded, "do me a favor. Get this Hamilton boy out of our way."

"All right, Roger. I'll have him sacked next Saturday."

"NO, no, no, Jim. I'm not low enough for that. I wouldn't take the livelihood away from a Hottentot. Can't you transfer Hamilton to some other Utopia laboratory—in Texas or California? Give him a rise; if he's a capable commercial chemist put him in charge of some little plant; let him think it's a promotion and that he's on the way up."

"I'll see what I can do, Roger."

Four days later Jane Wingate asked if she might be permitted to come to work at noon the following day—a request readily granted. When Roger J. Plank returned from luncheon that day he noticed that Miss Wingate had been weeping.

He was genuinely concerned. "How now?" he demanded.

"I have just come from seeing Mr. Hamilton off on the boat. He has been given a substantial rise in salary—a hundred per cent. increase, in fact—and transferred to the field laboratory in Venezuela. If he makes good he will be given twelve pounds a week."

Mr. Plank remembered that there are venomous snakes and typhoid fever and malaria and tropical dysentery in the swamps of Venezuela, but decided not to mention that to Miss Wingate.

Roger J. Plank looked up from a rough computation of the income tax he would have to pay for the last year. "This," he said to Miss Wingate, "is absolutely murderous. I'll have to reduce it and the only way I can do that is to charge something off to profit and loss."

Please turn to Page 32



**Famous Old English Inns**

**The "Anchor"**  
Wisley—Surrey.

This old alehouse on the River Wey—a tributary of the Thames—provides a delightful anchorage for the crews of river punts.

**Host Holbrook, says:**

"In the old world village of Stourport, Worcestershire, England, just where the River Stour empties itself into the Severn, the House of Holbrook was founded 140 years ago.

"Its tradition is associated with that of the famous old inns of England, which have afforded refreshment and shelter to local folk, travellers by carriage and stage coach, and continue to charm and refresh sightseers of to-day, who may in an hour traverse a day's journey."

"To-day, as in the past, my Worcestershire Sauce is brewed from the finest ingredients and matured in wood until fragrant and appetising.

"It is excellent with every dish—cheese, meat, fowl or fish."

*The World's Appetiser!*

**HOLBROOK'S**  
WORCESTERSHIRE  
**SAUCE**



# CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



# LETTERS WELCOME!

Grouch, praise, novel viewpoint, topical comment, any interesting thought is welcome to this page. But, KEEP YOUR LETTER AS SHORT AND CONCISE AS POSSIBLE.

## NEW FROCKS

WOMAN vain? Well, maybe, but what is woman's life without new clothes? A drab, colorless existence. No man can realise the supreme sense of well-being a woman has in a bright new outfit.

Let her put aside her hard-earned shillings—not for sacrificial purposes, but just for a new frock. This is not an extravagance, but a necessity. Women need pretty things.

£1 for this letter to Miss B. Noll, Wood's Flat, via Blanchetown, S.A.

## TOO MUCH BUSTLE

THESE days no one seems to have time to admire the things around them. You go for a drive with friends, and the driver goes so fast that you can hardly distinguish the telegraph posts from the fence posts. Immediately come thoughts of the leisurely days of the stage coach, and the conclusion that, after all, the fast motor car might get you there, but you lose a lot in the journey.

This is more or less the case in many other phases of life to-day, and one sighs for the tranquil days that are past—even though we know of them only through literature.

Mrs. W. A. Sparkes, Thorold St., Woolloowin, Brisbane.

## CONTRARY LOVE

HOW often do we hear, when some young couple is being discussed, something like this? "I can't understand what she sees in him." Or it might be, what he sees in her.

And many times we think the remark justified, for we see the romantic pairing with the prosaic, the sport with the recluse, the dreamer with the person of action.

What we lack in ourselves appeals to us in others, and it is thus that Nature maintains an equilibrium and preserves the sanity of the race.

Mrs. Margaret McCabe, 20 Louisa St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

## AUSTRALIAN STAMPS

SURELY the Australian Government is overlooking an opportunity of advertising Australia by not issuing a set of pictorial postage stamps, showing some of the scenic beauties of our country, and its possibilities as a tourist resort.

On the stamps could be pictured Australian beach, fishing and pastoral scenes, native corroborees, and, to make the issue complete, one or two native birds and animals, trees and flowers.

U.S.A. and New Zealand stamps show the beautiful scenery and buildings of their countries—the scenes which make one wish to visit them.

I would like to see Australia follow their example.

Miss D. Gavel, Micahil, Condonbilly, N.S.W.

## MENTAL APPEAL

SINCE "It" was introduced some years ago, the words "glamor" and "allure" have been worked to death, until now the average girl regards them as the two main attributes to matrimony. The result is speedy disillusion and an increasing number of divorces.

Is there anywhere a novelist, a film star, or any influential person clever enough to inaugurate a campaign for exploiting "mental appeal"?

Marriage needs the bond of mind and soul. Many girls who scintillate with "It" would do well to study (for their future happiness) their plainer sisters who "have and hold" their man by a deeper and more subtle power—that of understanding and unselfish sympathy.

Miss D. Turley, No. 3 Hillmont Avenue, Thornleigh, N.S.W.

## Marriage Bureau for Bashful Men and Women!

I APPLAUD Mrs. Clarke's suggestion (16/1/37) for a matrimonial bureau in every municipality. There are so many lonely people who never meet anybody eligible.

A properly-conducted bureau would help these people wonderfully, and the Government would be looking after their own interests. For people who are lonely and unhappy do not make the best citizens.

L. Davies, 167 Denison Street, Hamilton, N.S.W.

## Embarrassing!

MRS. M. CLARKE'S idea of solving the marriage problem is good. But it would need someone with a deal of tact to arrange the introductions and the rest of the business. Most people would feel embarrassed, and shy clear of meeting a prospective husband in such a way.

Mrs. M. Meehan, Balfour Street, Culcairn, N.S.W.

## Why Bother?

I CANNOT see anything appalling about the number of charming spinsters and bachelors about to-day!

Probably, the majority of these individualists have not the slightest wish to wed, and they wouldn't get near a bureau even if it were established.

Modern woman is not always content with marriage and life between four walls. A husband is not necessary to her happiness. And the same applies to men.

Miss C. Marsden, 7 Royal Arcade, Melbourne C1.

## Doesn't Approve

I DON'T approve of matrimonial bureaus even if run on strict lines.

For marriage should not be a business where you may go and select your love for life with calm calculation. There can be no romance, no real thrill in getting married this way. And I think people would be too proud, to take advantage of the bureau—women particularly. I would prefer to remain single, anyway, rather than approach such a bureau.

A. Dean, Brisbane Street, Hobart.

## Wouldn't Succeed

YES, a matrimonial bureau would be a great idea. It would help many shy, attractive people to a happy life.

But how many would take advantage of it? People don't like the idea of going to a matrimonial bureau for their husbands and wives. I think the idea, though excellent in theory, practically would be a failure.

Mrs. Webb, Collins Street, Kalgoolie, W.A.

## Promote Happiness

THERE is something to be said in favor of your idea, Mrs. Clarke. I know of several couples who met



Making the selection.

through some sort of bureau, and their married lives are really very happy. Such a marriage may lack glamor and romance, but people would be properly introduced, instead of meeting casually, as do so many of our young people to-day. Such a carefully-planned arrangement would lead to very solid happiness.

Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

## Boarding School Do Women Tend to Squander Beneficial for Youth of To-day? Money Recklessly?

I AGREE with B. Wall (16/1/37) that boarding-schools are not beneficial to boys and girls.

How can children grow to know and love their parents and their home when they are away so much?

From my early schooldays I have looked forward to the happy hours spent at home—talking over the happenings of the day, growing in closer contact with one's loved ones. Too soon, as we grow older, we have to leave the fold, so we should at least live at home in our schooldays when we are able to live under the care of loving parents rather than complete strangers.

Melva C. Henwood, Gawler South, S.A.

## Love Home More

B WALL is right in some ways. It does seem a shame that parents should be separated from their children when the children are still so young. Schooldays are the best time to secure their understanding and love.

But I cannot see that boarding-school makes them selfish and takes from them appreciation of their home. Rather, it makes them love it all the more.

Mrs. Spalding, Gresham St., Victoria Park, W.A.

## First-Aid For Motorists

IT is strange how few people consider the possibility of one day being called upon to render a service which may save the life of a fellow-citizen.

The steady increase of road fatalities and the granting of numerous licences to novice motor drivers each year demand new traffic regulations. All persons before being granted a motor-driver's licence should be compelled to know a little first-aid.

Colorful posters and caution signs will not eliminate accidents, but a little such knowledge may prevent loss of valuable life.

Mrs. S. Wunsch, Bimbi Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W.

## Boarding Not Good

I QUITE agree with your correspondent that children who spend some years at boarding-school become impersonal in their outlook and lack a sense of responsibility towards home and parents. The child who grows up in the home takes more interest in home surroundings, is more amenable to home influence, and is certainly less selfish.

J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

## Girls Like It

AS a person with boarding-school experience I cannot agree with B. Wall's view. As far as girls are concerned the home atmosphere is not lacking. Girls have their own sitting-room, and even if a community one it is none the less their own.

When they go home for their holidays they appreciate their homes all the more—but I notice that each is quite eager to get back to school life again.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 7 Westley St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

## No Home Training

YES, of course. Boarding-schools are not the best places for young boys and girls.

It is impossible for children who spend their school years at boarding-school to realise what home really means to them, and to have a real love for it. Home training is so very necessary and is lacking in boarding-schools.

Miss E. Wilmann, Burrumbutlock, N.S.W.

## Do Women Tend to Squander Money Recklessly?

I DON'T altogether agree with Miss Brent (16/1/37) that women have no real money sense.

Everyone will agree that women are keener shoppers than men, and will usually get more value for their money. Occasionally, of course, they do indulge whims for things of no lasting value, but they do this deliberately, content to be extravagant for once because of the pleasure they will get.

All the same, I do agree that lectures on handling and budgeting incomes would be worth while.

Mrs. E. Harry, 21 Doonkuna Ave., Camberwell E6, Vic.



Women are keen shoppers.

giant for once because of the pleasure they will get.

All the same, I do agree that lectures on handling and budgeting incomes would be worth while.

Mrs. E. Harry, 21 Doonkuna Ave., Camberwell E6, Vic.

## Spend Wisely

THERE are very few women who have no real money sense. When the occasion arises, most women are capable of spending wisely. Many of the older men who now enjoy comforts of modern life will tell you that if it hadn't been for their wives being capable of managing their financial affairs they would never have saved for themselves.

Miss G. Walsh, Fourth Ave., Joslin, S.A.

## Why Not Spend?

WOMEN do not recklessly squander their money. They do indulge in little fancies, it is true, but these seldom cost enough to make or break them.

Where is the fun of being unable to spend here and there, just as you choose, buying little things you fancy?

Nettie Caust, Desmond St., Cessnock, N.S.W.



## for Perfect, Natural Sight!

EYE CULTURE is definitely NATURE'S OWN METHOD of restoring the eye to its normal state of health. EYE CULTURE is a highly scientific treatment based upon a study of the eye and its functions in relationship to the rest of the System.

Thousands of men, women, and children of all ages and occupations now consistently praise EYE CULTURE. This treatment, which entails no operation, medical treatment, or great trouble, besides saving them the pounds usually spent on glasses, has enabled them to entirely discard their glasses, lose all discomfort, for perfect, healthy, natural sight.

Glasses only afford temporary relief and actually weaken the eyes as time goes on. Clinical proof of this is the fact that, periodically, people have to change their glasses for stronger lenses.

EYE CULTURE is ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS to patients of all ages, and its results are permanent.

If you suffer from:

EYE STRAIN  
ASTIGMATISM  
EYE HEADACHES  
LONG SIGHT  
WEAK SIGHT  
OLD AGE SIGHT  
OR ANY FORM OF EYE TROUBLE, EYE CULTURE CAN HELP YOU.

SQUINT  
EYES TURNED IN  
SHORT SIGHT  
EYES THAT CANNOT  
STAND GLASS, ETC.

to tell my friends of Eye Culture when I hear anything about them having eye trouble." Call in for consultation, which is free, and benefit by a sound practical course of EYE CULTURE.

If unable to call send a stamped addressed envelope stating your trouble to—

## EYE CULTURE

C/O IRVINE'S PHARMACY  
No. 1 Assembly Hall, 2 York St., Sydney, N.S.W. Phone: B2395.  
Advice is given FREE.





You Can't Expect to be Healthy and Happy if You're

**POISONED with CONSTIPATION**

Overcome Constipation Swiftly, Safely with

**LAXETTES**

Laxettes are far More Effective than Ordinary Medicines, etc

Time and time again Laxettes have succeeded when other medicines have failed. Laxettes are so expertly compounded from the purest ingredients that they cannot disturb or upset the system. Get a tin for yourself—A TIN—of Laxettes, because genuine Laxettes are sold in tins only at all chemists.

**Two More Users Write about Laxettes**

Dear Sirs:—As I am cooped up in an office all day, and get very little exercise, I was nearly driven mad with my health. Then I tried Laxettes. Since then I am a different girl. I have more life and energy than I have ever had. I am a constant user of Laxettes now, and gladly recommend them to my friends. W. W. Bundaberg.

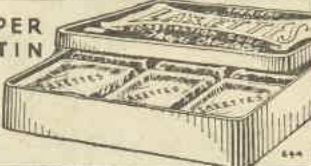
Dear Sirs:—I found Laxettes the best medicine that I have tried for my little 16 months old boy. He loves taking them for he thinks they are chocolates. Mrs. I. H. Mornington.

**YOU'LL** never have perfect health and enjoy life if your system is clogged up and poisoned by harmful waste. Don't take Constipation for granted. Stop it now before it leads to worse complaints—Chronic Constipation, Haemorrhoids, Appendicitis, for instance.

Take Laxettes. Genuine Laxettes will entirely free you from Constipation. They will tone up your system and clear away all poisonous waste.

Thousands of people in every walk of life have found Laxettes the ideal and most effective remedy for Constipation. Laxettes never fail, and they are safe. Genuine Laxettes can be given with equal safety and equal effectiveness to delicate children and strong men and women.

**1/6 PER TIN**  
**6" THE TRIAL SIZE**



**NON HABIT - FORMING — DOUBLY EFFECTIVE — DOUBLY ECONOMICAL**

**Warning! WORMS!**

Intestinal worms are no respecters of persons. They attack five out of every ten children regardless of what kind of home they come from. Nothing else is so successful for curing worms as BAXTER'S WORM TABLETS. They are perfectly safe. BAXTER'S WORM TABLETS do not contain salicin or injurious compounds, and are guaranteed worm-killers and expellers. Write for authoritative literature to Laxette Mfg. Co. Ltd., Dept. XAS 366 Swanston St., Melbourne.



Miss Mariella Rodiger—"Pond's keeps my skin free from blemishes."

**If You Could look Under Your Skin!**

There's where Lines, Wrinkles, Blemishes, first develop . . .

Skin Authorities say

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly. Corrects skin faults.



**LINES, WRINKLES**  
**COARSENESS**  
**BLACKHEADS**  
**BLEMISHES**  
**DRYNESS**  
**SAGGING TISSUES**



Your skin has two parts—In the underkin are tiny blood vessels, nerves, fat and muscle tissue, oil glands . . . When these grow sluggish, expect skin faults.

**ONCE** the "Teens" are past, your underkin begins to lose its vigour. Its circulation slows. Oil glands decrease their supply. Fibres lose their snap. Then blackheads, lines, blemishes, wrinkles appear.

But you can ward off these faults with one cream that goes right in, stirs your underkin to vigorous action—Pond's Cold Cream. Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat it on, your circulation is quickened. Failing oil glands are stimulated.

Every night and morning cleanse your skin with this deep-reaching and germ-free cream. Dust and grime will float out of the pores.

Begin to use Pond's Cold Cream at once. See your skin grow finer—softer—clearer. Little lines soften. Blackheads, blemishes disappear.

**TRIAL OFFER:** Mail coupon to-day with four 1d. stamp in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachet) ☐ Light Cream ☐ Rose Cream (Natural) ☐ Naturelle (Light Natural) ☐ Rose Brunette ☐ Dark Brunette (Suntan) ☐

POND'S, Dept. XAS, Box 11317, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## The DELIVERANCE

Continued from Page 14

**I**T was in the cursed impudent way he looked at me, with a half-smile on his insolent face.

"A half-smile?" The bushy brows went up. "It may have been no more than a greeting."

"You would say that. You would take sides even with your slaves against your wife. Happen what may, I am never in the right. Oh, no. Never. A greeting!" She sniffed. "This was no greeting. And if it was, is a low slave to greet me with smiles?"

"Are you quite without pity?" he asked her. "And is there no constancy in you either? You were so taken with the lad when first I bought him in Barbados that you must make him your groom and lavish favors on him only to . . ."

But she was no longer listening. The stroke of her whip had scattered the letters heaped upon the table. Her attention was diverted.

"Has a packet come from England?" Her breathing seemed to quicken as he watched her.

"I spoke, I think, of the King's business. Here you see it. At the breakfast table."

"Are there letters for me?" She was already rummaging through the heap, scanning each package in turn.

He observed that she had lost some color. She looked at him.

"You have no word from Geoffrey?"

He answered without turning. "I have not yet looked through the letters."

Still she lingered. "I did not see his hand on any of them."

"In that case he has not written to me."

"Odd!" she said slowly. "It is very odd. We should have had word by now and when to expect him." "I'll not pretend to anxiety for that news."

"You'll not?" A flush slowly inflamed her face in the pause she made. Then her anger lashed him.

"And? You're no thought, of course, for me, chained in this hateful island, with no society but the parson and the commandant and their silly wives." She waited through a silent moment. "Why don't you answer me?" she shrilled.

**H**E had turned livid under his tan. He swung slowly round in his chair.

"You want an answer, do you?" There was an undertone of thunder in his voice.

Evidently she didn't. For at the mere threat of it she went abruptly out, and slammed the door.

Lady Court's yearnings for society from the great world, which were at the root of a good deal of the wretchedness of that household, received some satisfaction on the morrow, when the Mary of Modena reached the Island of Nevis, that vast green mountain rising from the sea, and came to cast anchor in Charlestown Bay.

Mr. Court, all a quivering eagerness to go ashore, was in the very act of ordering Jacob, the steward, to take up his portmanteaus, when Captain Blood sauntered into the cabin.

"That will be for to-morrow, perhaps," said he.

"To-morrow?" The other stared at him. "But this is Nevis, isn't it?"

"Oh yes. This is Nevis. But before we set you ashore there's the trifling matter of the price of your passage."

"Oh! That!" Mr. Court was contemptuous. "Didn't I say you might make it what you please?"

"You did. And, faith, I may be taking you at your word."

"If you mean to be—ah—extortionate . . ."

"Oh, not extortionate at all. Most reasonable, to be sure. Sit down, sir, while I explain. It's this way: for the moment I'll trouble you to be considering yourself, in a manner of speaking, a hostage, Mr. Court. A hostage for a very good friend of mine who at this moment is a slave in the hands of your cousin, Sir James."

You've told us how highly Sir James esteems and loves you: so there's no cause for uneasiness at all. In short, sir: my friend's freedom is the price I'll be asking Sir James for your passage. That's all."

"All?" There was fury in Mr. Court's tone. "And supposing that Sir James should refuse?"

"Och, why will you be troubling

your soul by supposing anything so unpleasant? The only certain thing at present is that if Sir James consents, you'll be landed at once on Nevis."

"I am asking you, sir, what will happen if he doesn't?"

Captain Blood smiled amiably. "I'm an orderly man, and so I like to take one thing at a time. We'll leave that until it happens, for the excellent reason that it may never happen at all."

Mr. Court came to his feet in exasperation.

"But this . . . this is monstrous. You've no right to restrain me. Od rot me, sir, you'll do me this violence at your peril."

"I am Captain Blood," he was answered. "So you'll not be supposing that a little peril more or less will daunt me."

The announcement released some fresh emotions in Mr. Court. "You are Captain Blood! You cursed pirate! I care nothing who you are."

"Why should you now? All I'm asking of you is that you'll step into your cabin. Of course I shall have to place a guard at the door, but there'll be no other restraints, and your comforts shall not suffer."

Please turn to Page 22

**I HAVE GOT SOMETHING TO SMILE ABOUT—MY MUMMY USES LUX.**



"I feel a different person since Mummy started using Lux—better-tempered, too! My nappies are always soft and comfy now—no more chafing, thank goodness! My clothes are always clean and sweet, too. And as for my woolies—well, they're just as soft and fluffy and colourful as new! Lux is so pure and gentle and contains no harmful soda."



WON'T IRRITATE A BABY'S TENDER SKIN

**QUIETS UNSTRUNG, EXCITED NERVES.**

Genuine Bayer Aspirin far more Harmless than Bromides.

When Bayer discovered Aspirin and introduced it to the medical profession in 1900, they did not then realise what a blessing Bayer Aspirin would prove to millions of nervous, excitable folks throughout the world.

The next time you feel unstrung, excitable, depressed, or have a nervous headache, nervous stomach, or cannot sleep, take two tablets of genuine Bayer Aspirin any time, preferably about an hour after meals or at bedtime. You feel no ill effects; there is no bad reaction; your nerves simply quiet down to normal again.

Be sure you take only Bayer Aspirin because the genuine does not affect the heart, derange the digestion or form a habit. All chemists sell genuine Bayer Aspirin in boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin. Soinstitut Bayer when you buy. Bayer means Better.



# Mandrake the Magician



THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:  
**MANDRAKE:** Marvellous magician, and  
**LOTHAR:** His faithful Nubian servant, who have just captured Saki, and returned to Sir Oswald the Star Sapphire he had stolen. Mandrake receives a cablegram from Gizeh, sent by  
**PRINCE SEGRID:** Whom he had helped before, saying that his sister,

**PRINCESS NARDA:** has disappeared. Mandrake transports Lothar and himself by magic to Gizeh. Their entrance to Segrid's house is barred by a dwarfish man who denies all knowledge of the prince. As Lothar is trying to make him speak, inside Segrid is being brought to order with a whip held by a gigantic hand.  
 NOW READ ON.





## SKIN DISEASES

### CHEMIST'S BRILLIANT DISCOVERY SUCCEEDS IN CASES CONSIDERED HOPELESS

Prized everywhere over the Radio and in the Press, the marvellous new treatment for Skin Diseases discovered by Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Bondi chemist, has, according to reports, effected amazing recoveries from long-standing skin complaints. Hundreds of letters from patients all over Australia praise Mr. Diamond's skill. Typical cases are those of a police detective who suffered for years with an agonizing incurable septic toe-deer; a well-known wrestler who had wasted pounds in unsuccessfully treating an inflamed leg rash; and a young surfer whose body rash (dermatitis) was cured within a few days, after years of other treatments.



MR. RICHARD DIAMOND

N.S.W. (Mandila, N.S.W.) says:—"The treatment you sent me for eczema has been wonderful. My complaint resisted the treatment of Chemists and Doctors for several years, but after a month of your course, it disappeared. This was almost

two years ago, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble. M. M. (Bondi) says:—"I can never thank you enough for what you have done for me. A fortnight ago I had a septic finger, which caused me untold agony and many sleepless nights. I was recommended to use your treatment by a gentleman you had already cured, and I am now thankful to say that my finger has quite healed. What makes this treatment more remarkable is that you cured my finger without even seeing me. You may use this testimonial in any way you desire."

C.L. (writer):—"I am writing this to express my sincere and grateful thanks to you for your treatment, which completely cured my hand. I had been suffering from Tinea for years on the hands, and I am pleased to say that a few applications of your remedy completely cured me. This was two years ago—since then it has not recurred."

Skin complaints successfully treated, both personally and by post, include eczema, psoriasis, germ-dirt-rash, ulcers, ringworm, tinea, acne, boils, pimples, pruritis, various sores, and other irritating and disgusting diseases. Every treatment is personal, and readers afflicted are advised to write for free diagnosis to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Qualified Chemist, 959 Hall Street, Six Ways, Bondi Beach, N.S.W.

## The DELIVERANCE

Continued from Page 20

"Do you suppose I'll submit to this?"

"I can put you in irons if you prefer it," said Captain Blood suavely.

Mr. Court, having furiously considered him, decided that he would not prefer it.

Captain Blood was rowed ashore, and took his way to the Deputy-Governor's house on the waterfront: a fine white house with green slatted sunblinds, set back in a fair garden where azaleas flamed and all was fragrance of orange and pimento.

He found access to Sir James an easy matter for a person of his obvious distinction, in his becoming coat of dark blue camel, his plumed hat, and his long sword slung from a gold-embroidered baldric. He announced himself as Captain Peter, which was scarcely false, and left it to be supposed that his rank was naval, and to be understood that the ship in which he now sailed was his

own property. His business in Nevis, the most important slave-market of the West Indies, he declared to be the acquisition of a lad of whom he might make a cabin-boy. He had been informed that Sir James, himself, did a little slave-dealing, but even if this information were inaccurate, he had the presumption to hope that he might deserve Sir James' assistance, in his quest.

His person was so elegantly engaging, his manner, perfectly blending deference with dignity, so winning that Sir James professed himself entirely at Captain Peter's service. Just now there were no slaves available, but at any moment a cargo of blacks from the Coast of Guinea should be arriving, and if Captain Peter were not pressed for a day or two there was no doubt that his need would be supplied. Meanwhile, of course, Captain Peter would stay to dine.

Before dinner was over the invitation had been materially enlarged by Lady Court. Her rare young beauty, combined now with a sweet, ingenious charm of manner, which seemed to bring a twist to the lip of her husband as he watched her, commanded from their visitor the attentive regard which no man of any gallantry could have withheld. She rewarded him by insistence that while he waited in Charlestown he should take up his quarters with them. Too rarely did a distinguished visitor from across the ocean come to relieve the monotony of their life on Nevis.

Sir James confirmed her invitation, whereupon she announced that she would give orders at once to have a room prepared, and the Captain must send aboard for what he needed.

Although so much was scarcely necessary for the achievement of his purpose, yet nothing could better have suited it, and it was in the pursuit of that same purpose that he was aloft and booted soon after sunrise on the following morning. Taking advantage of the freedom his position as a guest in the house afforded him, he borrowed a horse from Sir James' stables with intent to carry his quest into his host's plantations.

Yet early though the hour, Lady Court came fresh and sprightly to join him in the stable-yard, and to call for a horse so that she might ride with him. It was a little vexatious, but it did not put him out of countenance. She would show him the cascades, she announced. He demurred politely. His first interest was in the plantations.

She puckered her perfect nose in mock disdain.

"I VOW, sir, you disappoint me. I conceived you more poetical, a person to take joy in beauty, in the wild glories of nature."

"Why, so I am, I hope. But I'm a practical man as well; also something of a student." The end of the long argument thus precipitated was that they rode out first to the cascades, in which the Captain's interest was languid, and then home to breakfast by way of the sugar plantations, in which no interest could have been more keen than his.

Once he paused by an overseer, to question him, first on the subject of the cultivation itself, then on that of the slaves employed, their numbers and quality. He was informed that the white ones were transported convicts.

"Rebel knaves, I suppose," said the Captain. "Some of those who were out with the Duke of Monmouth."

"Nay, sir. We've only one o' them, who came from Barbados w' a parcel o' thieves and eozeners. That gang's down yonder, at the end of this brake."

They rode on and came to the group, a dozen or so half-naked, unkempt men, some of them burnt so black by the sun that they looked like pale-colored negroes, and more than one back a criss-cross of scars from the overseer's lash. It was among these that Captain Blood found the man he was seeking.

My lady was beginning to manifest her loss of patience at these facilities. That loss was complete when her companion drew rein and gave a courteous good morning to the burly overseer of these wretched toilers. Almost at once her annoyance found an outlet. A young man, conspicuous for his athletic frame and sun-

bleached golden hair, stood leaning now upon his hoe, staring up wide-eyed and open-mouthed at the Captain.

SHE urged her mare forward.

"Why do you stand idle, out? Will you never learn not to stare at your betters? Then here's to teach you."

Viciously her riding-switch cut across the man's naked shoulders. It descended a second time, to repeat the stroke; but the slave, who had half swung round so as fully to face her, caught the blow on his left fore-arm, whilst his hand, simultaneously closing upon the switch, wrenched it from her with a jerk that almost pulled her from the saddle.

It the other toilers fell idle, to stare in awe, there was instant action from the watchful overseer. With an oath he sprang for the young slave, uncoiling the thong of his whip.

"Cut the flesh from his bones, Walter," shrieked the lady.

Before this menace the goaded youth flung away the silver-mounted switch and swung his hoe aloft. His light eyes were blazing.

"Touch me with that whip, and I'll beat your brains out."

Please turn to Page 26



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# FARMER'S



White buck buckle bar with brown blue calf trimmings. Nickel buckle. Genuine pumps, 2 1/2" heel. Halves 2-7 1/2.

Cool, cool store, air-conditioned by "Carrier" system. This remarkable plant keeps the temperature at 73°, humidity at 60%, and yourself the coolest you've been right through summer. This is the biggest air-conditioning plant of any retail store in Australia.

**13'9**  
USUALLY 17'9

## Amazing shoe drive Prices crash!



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Us. 16/9. White buck buckle bar with perforations. Also in black or brown calf. Half sizes, 2 to 7. Now only 12'9

Us. 22/9. Two buckle bars. Black, navy, kid, with a 2 1/2 inch lous heel. Halves, 2 to 7. Five shillings saved 17'9

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Summer's style leaders at colossal reductions! White buck, black or navy kid buckle bars, two-tones and Farmer's "Hi-Lo Heeler", the "Bounty".



Shoes—Third Floor.  
Phone or mail orders.

12'9

17'9



## UNDIES HALF

Coronation satin jamas, pure silk nighties, suede silk, sago-spotted kimonos, to clear!

Us. 13/11. Nighties. Pure silk Kanoko fuji spun. Pink, green or lemon. Emb. S.W., W. ... 6'11

Us. 33/6. Jamas. Rich Coronation satin in pink or blue. Tailored coat style. S.W., W., O.S. 16'9

Us. 22/6. Kimono. Rose, green, sage-blue, pink. Satin-finish sago spots. S.W., W., O.S. 10'10

Undies—Fourth Floor. Make an easy lay-by!



**7 1/2**  
US. 1/11

## 2,500 yards cluny lace, third usual price

These are the last of the low-price specials—stocks have not been rejuvenated. Some 3 1/2, some 4 ins. A dozen yds., 6/11. Or yd., 7 1/2d.

On the Air-conditioned Ground Floor.

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5'11 Tootals at 3'11

Gay florals and geometries on cream backgrounds. Crease-resisting. 36 ins.

4'11, 5'11 Tweeds, 2'6

Unwashable tweed linens. Checks on natural grounds. Golf frocks, suits. 36 in.

3'11 Irish Slub, 2'3

Pure Irish slub linen. Green, fawn, delphinium, zigzag, sage, pink. 36 ins.

4'11 Novelties at 1'11

Cream grounds with neat check and flecked designs. Good weight for suits.

1/11 1/2 IRISH LINENS, 1/8 1/2. Fadeless cloth in pink, nil, cerise, blue, red, string, grey, apple, salmon, apricot, turquoise, black. 36 inches wide. Use the lay-by!

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Flavour unequalled.



**CHAMPION'S**  
PURE MALT  
VINEGAR

## TENNIS GIRLS Want Offer CONSIDERED

### Annoyed at Rejection of Invitation to Tour England

Women tennis players are astounded at the abrupt dismissal of the offer of Mr. Lebbeus Hordern to bear the entire cost, estimated at £1500, of sending an Australian women's tennis team to London.

"I THINK the Tennis Association is making a horrible mistake in not fully considering this generous offer,"

said Miss Joan Hartigan, who has represented Australia abroad. "There is no reason why Australia should not send a women's team abroad."

Mr. Hordern's offer was communicated to the president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia (Mr. Norman Brookes) by Mr. Terence Hill, solicitor, of London, who is a former Sydney resident, but Mr. Brookes has rejected the proposal.

According to Mr. Hill, Mr. Brookes has said that the council of the Lawn Tennis Association would not accept the offer, stating that he knew the opinions of the majority of the council, and for that reason would not submit the offer to them.

"I cannot understand why the Tennis Association will not send a team abroad, unless it is because our best players are so young," said Miss Hartigan.

She considers that if a team were to be sent, consisting of the four best players, it would have to include Miss Thelma Coyne, who is aged eighteen, and Miss Nancy Wynne, who is twenty. If, on the other hand, an age limit was fixed at, say, 21, a team could still be sent, but it would not be the best available, in her opinion.

"The last women's team went abroad in 1928," added Miss Hartigan, "and came back with a marvellous playing record, although the tour was a financial loss."

The team on that occasion consisted of the late Mrs. Cozens, Miss L. Bickerton, Mrs. O'Hara Wood, and Miss Ema Boyd. The Australian Lawn Tennis Association paid the costs of the tour.

A few months ago, the English Tennis Association invited a team of Australian tennis girls to tour England and offered to contribute towards expenses.

Miss Hartigan mentioned that recently during a luncheon at the Victorian tennis championships, Mr. Brookes had expressed a desire to see a women's team going abroad.

## TENNIS SHOCKS

By JOAN HARTIGAN

THE Australian championship battles just concluded have provided many shocks.

Quist and I. respective holders of the singles titles, were both defeated in the quarter-finals. Following our downfall came the defeat of Crawford in the semi-final of the singles at the hands of the youthful Bromwich.

Bromwich was also victorious in this round of the doubles when paired with Harper, a young Victorian. They eliminated Crawford and McGrath.

Another unexpected victory was that of Miss Margaret Wilson, a Victorian Wilson Cup Junior, who defeated Mrs. Harry Hopman.

In his match with Crawford, Bromwich showed that he is not only a clever stroke player, but is also a fine tactician, and he thoroughly deserved his victory.

Crawford many times held the match in his grasp only to be worn down by the uncanny accuracy of Bromwich. It seemed hardly possible for the lad to miss a return of service, and he must be a heart-breaking opponent.

While one heartily congratulates the victor, there must be a feeling of sympathy for Crawford.

One is apt to forget how much he has done for tennis and how much Australia has relied on him during the past few years in an effort to bring the Davis Cup back to Australia.

Jack is not the player we all knew a few years back, but continuous match strain seems to be the reason for his recent lack of true form.

We can only hope that the team that eventually brings the coveted Cup back to Australia will have Crawford as its captain.

Why suffer the Mental Torture of Facial Hairs when a Permanent Cure is within your reach?

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## Stops this Chap Kissing the Girls

Why Try to Hide Freckles Under Powder? — Fade them Out with Kintho, double strength.

Girls who are so unlucky as to be sun-kissed by "Old Sol" will welcome this prescription to fade out rusty brown freckles. It is so successful in removing these embarrassing blemishes, and giving a clear, beautiful complexion, that it is sold by chemists everywhere under guarantee to refund the money if the very first jar doesn't absolutely delight you.

Don't try to hide your freckles under powder and rouge; get an ounce of Kintho (double-strength) and remove them. Even the first few night's use of this remarkable cream will safely and surely start to fade out every tiniest freckle, and you'll really be amazed at how transparent and radiantly coloured, how youthfully leucated, soft and creamy your complexion becomes. Be sure to ask the chemist for double-strength Kintho, as sold on the maker's money-back guarantee.

## KNOW YOUR FUTURE!

What... Are my 1937 Prospects?  
What... Career should I follow?  
What... Lottery shall I be lucky in?  
What... Is my lucky number, day, and date?

"Nargee," World-famous Astrologist and Numerologist, answers the above questions and full reading. Send P.N. 2/6, full Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope. Any other questions answered for 2/6 each question.

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## End Eczema Tortures Forever

No Need to Suffer Another Day

There is one simple, yet inexpensive, way to stop the itching and torture of Eczema instantly, and that is to apply Moone's Emerald Oil night and morning—and people who suffer from any embarrassing skin trouble would be wise to banish it before it reaches a chronic stage.

Ask any chemist for a bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength)—and refuse to accept anything in its place. It is so highly concentrated that two ounces last a long time, and furthermore, if the first bottle of this wonderful discovery does not give you satisfaction your money will be refunded.

Special Note: People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil at once. By applying as directed, they will quickly notice an improvement until the veins and blemishes are reduced to normal.

The world's  
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## HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT

Cut off the required number of Wrapper-Tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET, (Town Hall end), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in the particulars and enclose with wrapper-tops addressed to "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, BOX 4310 YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.

FROM

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GIFT REQUIRED:

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☐ Coloured Bath Towel  
☐ Glasscloth

(Put a cross against gift required)

L204.15





# What Women Are Doing

## Conference President

**MISS MAY HOLMAN**, M.L.A., of Perth, went to Tasmania to preside at the Australian Labor Women's Interstate Conference, which opened in Hobart on February 1.

Miss Holman is president and chairman of the Labor Women's Interstate Executive, and has been responsible for much of the organisation of Labor women in Australia.

Making up the West Australian delegation are Mrs. F. M. Mason, president of the W.A. Central Executive, and Mrs. I. Kent, vice-president.

## Running the Holiday Camp

**TAKING** charge of a girls' holiday camp is no new experience for Miss D. Arland, who this year had charge of the Y.W.C.A. Camp at Seaford, Victoria, with Miss E. Clydesdale.

When she was attached to the Brixton, London, Y.W.C.A., some years ago, she took several camps of English girls on holiday and included some Australians in the party.

She also arranged the first Mothers' Club holiday camp there with such success that it has become an annual event.

## Writes and Produces Plays for A.B.C.

**TWO** plots for melodramatic radio plays are, at the moment, maturing in the mind of Mrs. James Anderson, who has been doing a lot of dramatic work for the A.B.C. in Adelaide.

She not only writes plays, but takes part in them, produces them, and prepares the plays of other writers for broadcasting.

Mrs. Anderson has the co-operation of her husband in all but the writing of the plays, for both of them are elocution experts and run a studio in addition to their broadcasting work.

Two of the most successful of Mrs. Anderson's plays, for which she also wrote the lyrics, have been musical comedies, "The Golden Lot" and "The Scarlet Flamingo." She regards working out the sound effects for the plays as the most interesting and the most difficult part of her broadcasting work.

## Knows All About Nutritive Foodstuffs

**MISS MOLLY SHELLSHEAR**, of Brisbane, who passed her final examinations in nursing last year, has found herself another avenue.

She has taken a position with the Commonwealth Advisory Council of Nutrition. Her work consists of a house-to-house trek interesting about nutrition, house holders about nutrition, and house holders about nutrition.

Miss Shellshear and leaving with—Wool Maitland them a notebook in which they are asked to record for a month the food purchased for the household each day.

Molly returns during the month to supervise the records. Up to now she is liking her new job.

## To Take up Appointment In West Australia

**MISS FLORENCE KIRBY**, of Largs Bay, South Australia, will shortly take up the combined position of sports and assistant music mistress at Koberly Church of England Girls' School, Kaituma, West Australia.

Besides her musical studies, Miss Kirby has been a student at the University of Adelaide for the last four years, and has taken part in three inter-varsity hockey carnivals.

## Specialises in Research

**MISS BETTY ALLEN**, of Melbourne, holds an interesting and unique job in the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research. She is engaged in important statistical work in Canberra.

Her special job is to investigate and verify by statistics the results of the experiments of research workers in various fields, including plants, industry, entomology, forestry products, soils, and irrigation stations.

Miss Allen has her Master of Arts degree and Diploma of Education.

## Leader of Rural Household Science Course

**WHEN** the Rural Household Science Course for country women opens in Perth next month, to one woman present the lectures will sound like the words of an off-repeated song.

This will be Mrs. Mary Farrelly, J.P., mother of the course by annual appointment since its inception, and sincere friend to the mostly middle-aged or elderly "schoolgirls" who come from the country for this after-the-harvest back-to-school muster.

## Saw Degree Conferred On Queen Elizabeth

**MRS. H. R. POMROY**, who recently came to live in Adelaide, feels particularly proud of the Scottish descent of England's new Queen, as she, too, is Scotch by birth.

She was fortunate enough to be one of those on the platform at the ceremony at Oxford when Her Majesty, then Duchess of York, received a honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law, which is the highest honorary degree that the University of Oxford can confer on notable personages.

Mrs. Pomroy trained as a nurse at the Victoria Hospital in Glasgow. Her marriage to Dr. Pomroy, of Adelaide, took place in the latter part of last year.

## Pioneer of Camps At the Seaside

**TO** bring a carefree and inexpensive seaside holiday within the reach of families in the outback each year, Miss Alice Currie founded the Country People's Holiday Camps Association in Victoria.

She is also president of the association's council. The objective of the association is to establish a permanent camp, but so far this has not been possible.

This year's camp is being held at Hindhope Park, where the holiday-makers are camped in huts or tents, but meet for meals in the community dining-room.

Miss Currie travels down to Rosebud to welcome the travellers on their arrival and with the assistance of the honorary secretary of the association, Mrs. Frank Lynch, supervises the settling-in.

The camp has a competent staff, and there is a well-organised programme of sports and amusement.

## Detailed Planning to Give Impression of Space

**AUSTRALIANS**, accustomed to spaciousness in houses and flats, find it difficult to adjust their furnishing ideas to the comparatively smaller area of modern London homes, but Mrs. Bessie Clark—who was Elaine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Brookes, of Melbourne, before her marriage—did some furious thinking and detailed planning to provide very successfully an impression of space in her flat in Carrington House near Park Lane.

This effect is provided by light cream walls, plain light beige carpet, and light colored fabrics, and extra actual space is provided with unit and built-in furniture which utilises even the smallest corner for bookshelves or cupboards.

## She Knows How To Choose a Winner

**MRS. J. W. FRASER**, of Melbourne, widow of the late Mr. J. W. Fraser, who owned the racehorses Eminence, Grand Hero, and Sachendelle, is herself a successful owner.

A little while ago she found herself in the happy position of owning two horses that won races within a fortnight of each other. Gay Pierette carried off a 300-guinea stake at Ballarat, and her two-year-old, Dazzling Star, won at Mentone. Her third horse, Golden Light, has already won a substantial sum in stakes in the eighteen months since she bought him as a yearling.

Mrs. Fraser chooses her own yearlings, mainly by woman's intuition, but she liked Dazzling Star because he was a brother of Gay Pierette.

Though they are all youngsters, Mrs. Fraser's three horses have all shown great promise, and are being carefully prepared for Melbourne's autumn racing.

## Will Supervise New Nursery School

**A**DELAIDE'S first nursery school will open in February, and will be under the supervision of Miss Kathleen Mellor, who recently completed her nursery school training in Melbourne.

This school will be run in conjunction with the Free Kindergarten, and will co-operate with the Mothers and Babies' Health Association in keeping a thorough record of the children's activities.

Miss Mellor is very enthusiastic about her new position, and is full of original ideas for the development of the children, whose ages will range from 18 months to three years.

## Author is Amateur Actress, Too

**MISS JEAN CAMPBELL**, the young Melbourne author, recently retired to the shores of Lake Kangaroo to finish the last chapters of her fourth novel, "The Red Sweet Wine," which is to be published in the spring.

Educated at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Melbourne, Miss Campbell has written plays and novels, and done radio work, as well as some excellent characterisations on the amateur stage.

In spite of her literary work, she is still interested in the theatre, and returned to Melbourne to take part in the final rehearsals of the Somers Camp production of "Cornelius," to be presented at the Garrick Theatre for four nights commencing on February 6.

Miss Campbell—Eve Ray

## Runs Hospital for Natives in New Guinea

**A** WAR nurse of wide experience, Mrs. E. J. Wauchope, whose home is in New Guinea, now runs a hospital for natives on her husband's property at Awar.

She was awarded the King's Jubilee medal for her work as doctor and nurse to the natives who come to her for advice and treatment from miles around.

With her husband and daughter Mrs. Wauchope recently visited Adelaide, where she was at one time attached to the Quarantine Station.

## Appointed to Bedford Municipal Council

**AMONG** Australians who have made a name for themselves overseas is Miss Violet Chomley, who was elected recently to the Bedford Municipal Council, England.

She stood as an Independent at the election, as she does not believe in the introduction of party politics into municipal affairs.

Miss Chomley is a daughter of the late Mr. William Chomley, a member of a well-known Victorian family, and took her M.A. degree at Melbourne University. She has lived in England for the last thirty-two years.

## Only Woman Delegate to Adelaide Conference

**THE** only woman delegate to the Australian and New Zealand Universities' Conference, to be held the second week in February in Adelaide, is Miss Freda Bage, principal of the Women's College Kangaroo Point, Brisbane.

Miss Bage is the only woman on the Queensland University Senate. She is a prominent member of the Lyceum Club in Brisbane, and treasurer of the League of Nations' Union, and there are few women's organisations in Queensland which she does not help in a practical way.

Motoring is Miss Bage's chief recreation and nearly all her vacations are spent in her car. She is a very efficient driver.

Miss Bage—Poulton.

## Did Post-graduate Course Overseas

**DR. CHRISTINE RIVETT**, of Brisbane, who returned to Australia recently after doing post-graduate work on the other side of the world, included France and Germany in her travels.

In the latter country Dr. Rivett was particularly interested in the status of professional women. They seemed content to go back into domestic life or into any sphere in which they could serve their country as required by Hitler.

Dr. Rivett flew from Sydney to Brisbane, and as soon as she arrived was very busy settling into her new home on Wickham Terrace.

## To Provide Kiosk for Mental Hospital

**THE** newly-formed Business and Professional Girls' branch of the Occupational Therapy Auxiliary for Mental Hospitals in South Australia held their first meeting recently.

Sister Stella Pines, who is president of the auxiliary, says that the new junior branch will be doing a very necessary work in providing patients at the Parkside Mental Hospital, Adelaide, with a kiosk where they and their friends may be served with refreshments. The auxiliary will arrange to staff the kiosk daily when it has been equipped.

Miss Phyllis Davis is president of the junior branch.



Dr. Rivett—Poulton.



Miss Bage—Poulton.



Mrs. Pomroy.



Miss Campbell—Eve Ray



Miss Shellshear and leaving with—Wool Maitland

A Typical Thalco Figure of Beauty and Health

**WOMAN LOSES 35 lbs. FAT**

Thanks to regular morning dose of

**THALCO THERMAL SALTS**

**THERE** is no denying the fact that it is the slim girl—who can look smart in any clothes, from evening frocks to a swimming costume—who attracts the men.

Girls who have a tendency to be fat and heavy need no longer continue to be merely spectators of the slender, vivacious girl's happiness and romance. The widespread success of Thalco Thermal Salts in assisting stout people to reduce should give new hope to all those who are over-weight.

Thalco Thermal Salts not only helps you to reduce but it gives you new energy and glorious, vibrant health, a clear skin and sparkling eyes. It conquers Constipation and drives out Rheumatism.

Read the following experience of a woman who, by taking Thalco Thermal Salts regularly every morning lost 35 lbs. of fat in a few months—

"I wish to let you know that I started taking Thalco Thermal Salts for reducing purposes a few months ago and am very pleased with the results. I was 11 st. 5 lbs. when I started taking Thalco, and am now 8 st. 12 lbs. I have recommended Thalco Thermal Salts to my friends."

Mrs. M. V.

**NO DANGEROUS REDUCING PROPERTIES**

Thalco Thermal Salts are a combination of salts similar to the principal salts found in many of the Thermal Springs of Europe and other parts of the world. They make it possible for stout people to reduce, not because of any dangerous or other reducing properties in the salts themselves, but by aiding the eliminating organs daily to clear away waste products out of the system before they have time to form into unhealthy fat tissue. The gentle, soothing solution of Thalco Thermal Salts completely cleanses the system of those wastes and impurities which are likely to cause Fatigue, Bad Complexion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

Keeps the system clean, wholesome and healthy. Gently expels poisons, acids and impurities. Especially recommended for CONSTIPATION, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, INDIGESTION, BAD SKIN, PIMPLES, NEURITIS, HEADACHES AND LACK OF ENERGY. A most powerful Urine Acid Solvent and evacuant.

**THALCO THERMAL SALTS**

More Necessary Than a Daily Bath

Small Size 1/6. Giant Size 2/9. All CHEMISTS & STORES



## FOR DAY OR BACKLESS WEAR

Worn exclusively by the smartest women, since its creation, the Kestos Brassiere has achieved a niche for itself unequalled by any other Brassiere. Now, with the debut of the Kestos Dual-purpose role, the one garment, by a simple re-arrangement of the straps, can be worn either day or backless style, as the occasion demands. Prices from 3/11.



How to Adjust the Kestos Brassiere for Backless Wear.

A metal ring with tab is provided, which must be attached to the centre back of corset. Pass each strap through the ring and bring round to the same side to button at front.

# KESTOS

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# The DELIVERANCE

Continued  
from Page 22

THE big overseer checked. He knew reckless resolve when he saw it, and here it glared at him plainly. The slave was maddened by pain and injustice. The overseer attempted to dominate him by words and tone, so as to gain time until the frenzy should have passed.

"Put down that hoe, Hagthorpe. Put it down at once."

But Hagthorpe laughed at him; and then my lady laughed, too, on a note that was horrible in its evil, spiteful gloom.

"Don't argue with the dog. Pistol him. You've my warrant for it, Walter. I'm witness to his mutiny. Pistol him, man!"

Thus insistently and imperatively ordered, the man carried a hand to the holster at his belt. But before he could reach it, the Captain had fetched a pistol from his pocket.

"Draw that pistol," he said in a tone that had an edge to it, "and you draw your last breath with it."

"Captain Peter!" It was a cry of angry, incredulous protest from Lady Court.

HE turned to her, and the scorn in his eyes, so vividly blue under their black brows, struck her like a blow.

"What are you? A woman? Ods blood, ma'am, in London Town I've seen poor unfortunate wretches carted that were more womanly."

She gasped. Then fury rallied her courage to answer him.

"I have a husband, sir, I thank God. You shall answer to him for that." She cut viciously at

her horse, and departed at the gallop.

"Sure and I'll answer to all the husbands in the world," he called after her, and laughed.

THEN he beckoned Hagthorpe forward.

"Here, my lad. You'll come and answer with me. I am going to see justice done, and I know better than to leave you at the mercy of an overseer while I'm about it. Take hold of my stirrup-leather. You're coming back with me to Sir James. Stand back there, my man, or I'll ride you down. It's to your master I'll be accounting for my actions; not to you."

The overseer fell aside with a shrug, his face sullen, and Captain Blood moved on down the golden lane with Tom Hagthorpe striding beside him, clinging to his stirrup-leather. Out of earshot the young man hoarsely asked a question.

"Peter, by what miracle do you happen here?"

"Now didn't ye suppose that sooner or later one or another of us would be coming to look for you? And I've had the luck not only to find you quickly, but in circumstances that are helping wonderfully to get you out of this. For, by my soul, I'm not leaving Nevis without you."

In the hall of the Deputy-Governor's house, when they came to it, he left the lad to wait for him, whilst guided by my lady's scolding voice he strode to the dining-room. There he found Sir James seated, cold and sneering, before a neglected breakfast, and her ladyship pacing the room as

she railed. The opening of the door momentarily checked her. Then with heaving breast and eyes that flamed in a white face, she exploded at the intruder.

"You have the effrontery to present yourself!"

He bowed a little.

"I'm far from wishing to intrude. But I supposed that some explanation might be desired of me."

"Some explanation, indeed!"

"And it's not in my sensitive heart to disappoint a lady."

"Awhile ago you had another name for me."

"Awhile ago you deserved another."

Sir James rapped the table. His dignity both as Deputy-Governor and as husband demanded, he conceived, his intervention.

"Sir!" His tone was a reproof. Peremptorily he added: "A plain tale, if you please."

"Faith, I'll make it plainer than may please you, Sir James. I'll not be mincing words at all. And forth came a scrupulous account of the events, in the course of rendering which he was more than once compelled to overbear her ladyship's interruptions.

SIR JAMES remained singularly cold and stern.

"You have done little good, and perhaps a deal of harm by your intervention. This wretched slave, encouraged to mutiny by your action, cannot be suffered to escape the consequences. There would be an end to order in the plantation if his conduct were overlooked. You perceive that?"

Please turn to Page 27

# Corn Flakes have twice the flavour

BLINDFOLD TEST No. 14.



## All Vote "Yes."

### THE BARBER FAMILY MAKES KELLOGG'S BLINDFOLD TEST

After tasting four different breakfast foods whilst blindfolded, the Barber family gave a one-hundred per cent. "YES" vote for Corn Flakes.

This photograph was taken in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Barber, 35 Macquarie Ave., whilst the actual test was being conducted by Kellogg's own representative.

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## Votes "Yes."

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Votes "Yes."  
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## Votes "Yes."

### "WHOLE FAMILY LOVES THEM."

"At last I've found a breakfast food that the whole family loves. Other breakfast foods have never tasted half so good as Corn Flakes." Says Mrs. M. P. Barber.



# The... DELIVERANCE

Continued from Page 26

"BUT if I had not intervened he would have been shot on the spot by her ladyship's orders, and this because innocent of all offence he resisted the threat—again by her ladyship's orders—of having the flesh cut from his bones. Those were her gentle words."

"It certainly will happen to him now," she spitefully announced. "That is, unless Sir James prefers to hang him."

"As a scapegoat for me, because I intervened?" demanded the Captain of Sir James, and Sir James, stung by the sneer, made haste to answer:

"No, no. For threatening the overseer."

This brought down upon him a fresh attack from her ladyship.

"His insolence to me, of course, is of no account. Nor, it seems, is this gentleman's."

Between the two of them Sir James was in danger of losing his calm. He slapped the table so that the dishes rattled.

"One thing at a time, madam, if you please. The situation is nasty enough. Lord knows, I've warned you more than once against venturing your spleen upon this fellow Hagthorpe. Now you force me to choose between flogging him for his quite reasonable insubordination and imperilling all discipline among the slaves. Since I cannot afford that, I have to thank your tantrums, madam, for compelling me to be inhuman."

Softly Blood's voice cut into the pause.

"I might be able, Sir James, to lift you from the horns of this dilemma." And he went on to explain himself. "You'll remember that it was to buy a cabin-boy I landed here. This Hagthorpe seems a likely lad. Sell him to me, and I'll take him off your hands."

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# TATTOO

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The elderly man's gloom lightened a little.

"Egad! That might solve it."

But her ladyship was there with her spite to close that easy exit.

"What next? The man's a rebel convict, doomed for life to the plantations. You dare not be a party to his leaving the West Indies."

Perceiving the hesitation of that irresolute man, Blood saw that he must play the card he held in reserve. He looked grimly from one to the other of them.

"Well, well! And so this unfortunate lad is to be flogged."

"He's to be hanged," her ladyship corrected.

"No, no," Sir James protested. "A flogging will suffice."

"I see that I can do no more," said Blood, and his manner became ironically smooth. "But before I go, Sir James, there's something I'd almost forgot. I found a cousin of yours at St. Thomas who was in haste to get to Nevis."

"Geoffrey!" cried her ladyship, with sudden startled interest.

"That is his name, Geoffrey Court."

"And he's at St. Thomas, you say?" Again it was her ladyship who questioned him, the change in her manner ludicrously abrupt.

There was a change too in the aspect of Sir James. He was observing her from under his bushy eyebrows, the ghost of a sneer on his thin lips.

"No, no," Blood announced. "He's here. Aboard my ship. I gave him passage from St. Thomas."

"Then..." she paused, a little out of breath, her brows knit.

"Then why has he not landed?"

"I'm disposed to think it's by a dispensation of Providence. Just as it was by a dispensation of Providence that he requested a passage of me. All that need matter to you, Sir James, is that he's still aboard."

"But is he ill, then?" cried my lady.

"As healthy as a fish, ma'am. But he may not so continue. Aboard that ship, Sir James, I am as absolute as you are here ashore."

It was impossible to misunderstand him. Taken aback they stared at him a moment then her ladyship exploded.

"THERE are laws to restrain you, I suppose."

"None at all, ma'am. You have only half my name. I am Captain Peter, yes, Captain Peter Blood."

The admission was necessary if his throat was to carry weight. He smiled upon their silent stupefaction.

"Perhaps you'll be seeing the need, for the sake of cousin Geoffrey, of being more humane in the matter of this unfortunate slave."

For I give you my word that whatever you do to young Hagthorpe that same will I do to Mr. Geoffrey Court."

Sir James actually and incomprehensibly laughed. It was left for her ladyship to deal practically with that situation.

"Before you can do anything you'll have to reach your ship again and you'll never leave Charlestown until Mr. Court is safely ashore. You'd forgot to..."

"Och, I've forgotten nothing," he interrupted. "You're not to suppose that I walk into a gin without taking precautions to see that it can't be sprung on me. The Mary of Modena carries forty guns in her flanks; all of them demi-cannons. Two of her broadsides will make of Charlestown just a heap of rubble. And it's what'll happen if they have no word of me aboard before eight bells is made. You'll come away from that bell-pull, my lady, if you're prudent."

She came away, white and trembling, whilst Sir James, grey-faced, looked up at Captain Blood.

"You play the highwayman, sir. You put a pistol to our heads."

"No pistol at all. Just forty demi-cannons, and every one of them loaded."

For all his bravado he fully realised that in the pass to which things were come he might yet have to pistol Sir James so as to win free. He was prepared for this rather than for the Deputy-Governor's sudden and easy acquiescence.

Please turn to Page 28

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## The... DELIVERANCE

Continued from Page 27

"THAT simplifies the issue, which is, I think, that whatever I do to Hagthorpe you will do to my cousin."

"That is the issue exactly."

"Then, if I were to hang Hagthorpe?"

"There would be a yard-arm for your cousin."

"Only one decision, of course, is possible."

Her ladyship's gasp of relief from her mounting fears was clearly audible.

"You prevail, sir," she cried. "We must let Hagthorpe go."

"On the contrary," said Sir James. "I must hang him."

"You must?" She choked as she stared at him, open-mouthed a horror in her wide blue eyes.

"I have my duty, madam, as you reminded me. I may not be a party to Hagthorpe's leaving the plantations. He must hang. What happens afterwards will not be on my conscience."

"Not on your conscience!" She was distraught. "But Geoffrey!"

She wrung her hands. "Geoffrey! Her tone had become a wail. "Then let him go!" She flung herself on her knees beside Sir James' chair, clawing his arm in her anguish.

He cast her off, with a peal of laughter that, in its contemptuous mockery, was horrible to hear.

Having laughed his fill, the Deputy-Governor rose, and waved a hand in dismissal of the captain.

"The matter's settled, then. You'll desire to return to your ship. Yet, stay. You might take a message to my cousin."

He went to unlock a secretaire that stood between the windows. Thence he took a copy of "The Poems of Sir John Suckling" on one of the sides of which the vellum curled away from the board. "Condole with him on my behalf, and restore him this. I was waiting for him, to hand it to him myself."

But this is much the better way. Assume him from me, that the letter it contained, almost as poetical as the volume itself, has now been faithfully delivered. And to her ladyship he held out a folded sheet. "It is for you, ma'am. Take it." She shrank in fear. "Take it," he insisted, and flung it at her. "We will discuss its contents presently. Meanwhile, it will help you to understand my strict regard for that duty of which you reminded me."

Crouching where he had left her beside his empty chair, her shaking fingers unfolded the letter. She lowered her eyes to the writing, then, after a moment, with a whimpering sound, let the sheet fall.

By this time Captain Blood was taking in his hands the volume that Sir James had proffered. It was now, I think, that full understanding came to him, and for a moment he was in a dilemma. If the unexpected had helped him at the commencement, the unexpected had certainly come to thwart him now.

"I'll wish you a very good day, sir," said Sir James. "There is nothing to detain you longer."

"You're in a mistake, Sir James. There's just one thing I've changed my mind. I may have done many things in my time for which I should take shame. But I've never yet been anyone's hangman, and I'll be damned if I am yours."

I was quite ready to hang that cousin of yours as an act of reprisal, but I'm damned if I'll hang him just to oblige you. I'll send him ashore, Sir James, so that you may hang him yourself."

The sudden dismay in Sir James' face was no more than Captain Blood expected. Having thus wrecked that sweet plan of vengeance, the Captain went on to show where consolation lay.

"If now that I've changed my mind, you were to change yours, and sell me this land to be my cabin-boy, I'd not only carry your cousin away with me, but I think I could persuade him not to trouble you again."

SIR JAMES' deep-set eyes questioningly searched the face of the buccaneer.

Captain Blood smiled. "I'm your friend, Sir James," he said, and the assurance bore conviction to the troubled mind of the Deputy-Governor.

"Take the lad," he said at last. "On those terms I make you a gift of him."

In the waist of the Mary of Modena, when Nathaniel Hagthorpe, on the verge of tears, had embraced his rescued brother, he demanded to know by what arts Peter Blood had accomplished this deliverance so speedily and without violence.

"I'll not be saying there was no violence," said Blood. "There was, in fact, a deal of it. But it was of the emotions. And there's some more of the same kind to be borne yet. But that's for Mr. Court."

He turned to the helmsman who was standing by. "Pipe the hands to quarters. Jake. We weigh at once."

He went off to the cabin to which Mr. Court was confined. He dismissed the guard posted at the door, and unlocked it. A very furious gentleman greeted him.

"How much longer do you keep me here, you scoundrel?"

"Not a moment longer than necessary to give you a message from Sir James. A message and a book of poetry."

He delivered one and the other faithfully. Mr. Court changed color, went limp, and sat down suddenly.

"Perhaps you'll be less eager now to land on Nevis. You'll wisely prefer, I should think, to find a ship somewhere that will carry you safely home to England."

Mr. Court wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Then you're not putting me ashore?"

The thudding of the capstan and the rattle of the anchor-chain reached them through the open port of the cabin. Captain Blood's gesture drew attention to the sound.

"We are weighing now. We shall be at sea in half an hour."

"Perhaps it's as well," Mr. Court resignedly admitted.

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# Intimate Jottings

## Have You Noticed—

That Mrs. Tim Boden (Pauline Copland) is extraordinarily like the steller film star, Jessie Matthews? Pauline is becoming reconciled to her friends' constant reiteration of this fact.

That there is a close resemblance between that young stalwart from Victoria Barracks, Leo Cook, and the equally devastating Clark Gable?

## The Rise of the Curtain

LARGE numbers of our social intelligentsia were sufficiently energetic not only to don their glad rags, but also to applaud vigorously on January's hottest Sunday night, the occasion being the performance at the Little Theatre of Kenn Brodski's play, "Desire Brings Welcome."

Despite the intensely torrid nature of both play and atmosphere, only one lady "swept out"—the rest of the audience being too interested to be shocked.

The Michael Stivers, the George Staffords, Dr. and Mrs. Graham Drew, Mr. "Bill" Bradley, K.C., Mr. and Mrs. Alan MacGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Carroll, Mrs. Graham Pratten, and Mrs. Charles Pfeiffer were some of the familiar faces glimpsed in an occasional gleam behind the footlights.

## Marked Improvement

AS his mother, Mrs. Norman Dangar, is much better, Peter Dangar, who has been in close attendance on her for several weeks, returned to the country a few days ago.

Mrs. Dangar and her nurse are still staying at 52 Macleay St. Ltd.

## Gala Night

SYDNEY has long since learnt to expect hospitality plus originality from Mrs. T. H. Kelly!

At the moment, she and her husband are up to the neck in preparations for a grand opera night to take place in their Darling Point home in the autumn.

The orchestra is already rehearsing and dress discussions are rife.

Rumor hath it that all the guests, in addition to the performers, are to wear operatic costume.

## Announcement Party

WITH a big blue hat shading her radiant face and sweet blue eyes, and wearing a frock of a lighter shade of blue, Dutchie Somerville was the centre of attraction at the cocktail party given by her parents, Colonel and Mrs. G. C. Somerville, at the Queen's Club on Thursday of last week.

On her finger flashed the brand-new circle of diamonds given her by her fiancé.

Though her engagement to John Backhouse was only officially announced that very day, they have been close friends for quite a long time.

Evidently Mrs. Walter Macneil likes the Orion. Not only has she decided to travel in that ship to England, but, after a "stop over" in London of four months, she'll be aboard again for her journey home.

## Amphibians

SWIMMING with each other in the depth of their suntan, Mrs. Leonard Pavitt and her young son, John, are enjoying the contrast of a short stay in Sydney with the weeks they have just spent in Narooma.

Mrs. Pavitt's sister, Mrs. Leslie Willsallen, and her family, there also, caught a record number of fish and lived in or on the water.

## The Ubiquitous Duster

A VERSATILE young man is Captain Roger Wilbraham, A.D.C. to Lord Huntingfield.

The day before he dashed southward again, he dropped into a city florist's, where he is well known, found the assistants busy, so slipped behind the counter and in less than no time wangled half-a-crown from a fair customer for one solitary gardenia.

A minute later he himself purchased a feather duster from a wily Chinese pedlar, decided it had great decorative value, and placed it amid the floral tokens in the window, whence it was promptly and indignantly snatched by an unappreciative employee.

That was a not the end of the joke, for at his supper party at Romano's the fluffy monstrosity put in another appearance as part and parcel of the table decorations, and again bobbed up when he unpacked his dunnage in Melbourne!



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pfeiffer and young Richard are at "the Creel," fixing for dear life till it is time for Richard to start his boarding-school days at Cranbrook.

## That Maritime Strike!

SINCE MR. WILLIAM CANDLISH and his daughter left Sydney by the Mongolia, the best part of two years ago, they have visited nearly every country in Europe.

Last October they left England by the Queen Mary, but once in America their carefully-planned schedule was badly bent by the shipping strike, and they have suffered a "hold up" of over two months.

Their latest letters were sent from the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco.

Once more a guest at 52 Macleay St. Ltd., Mrs. "Jack" Garland is feeling very fit after several weeks' sojourn at Lwara and is making final preparations for her impending return to London.

## Have You Heard—

That just about 2 a.m., when Joan and Bill Marks' all-glorious party at Cul-ul-a seemed likely to last till sun-up, a final instalment of supper in the shape of a deliciously aesthetic and ethereal version of steak and onions (but still definitely steak and onions) was served?—It proved just as anti-making as playing the National Anthem!



MRS. DUDLEY BODY, of Mole Vale, Tenterfield, who, after spending several weeks with her mother, Mrs. Fuller, at Edgely, and at Collaroy with the Walter Friends, returned to her home last week.

—Dorothy Whiting.



Sydney's Premiere Hairdresser offers—  
LORRAINE Machineless Self-setting Ends . . . . . 12/6  
LORRAINE Steam Wave . . . . . 15/-  
LORRAINE Super Wave . . . . . 20/-  
LORRAINE Combination Wave . . . . . 25/-  
LORRAINE Machineless Vapor Wave . . . . . 21/-  
\*Specially recommended for white hair.

Self Portrait given with all Permanent Waves.

Also Morning or Afternoon Teas served free.

Trim, shampoo & 3/6  
Rest . . . . .  
Dyeing, tinting, 7/6  
from . . . . .  
Bleaching, from 7/6  
F & S massage  
(Continental  
movement) . . . 5/-  
Manicuring . . . 1/6

Regardless of the quality of hair you have to wave—be it soft, fine, coarse, dyed, bleached, curly, dry or brittle—you are assured of a beautiful wave with the LORRAINE process which keeps the hair moist all through the waving procedure.

RESULT—soft natural waves, beautifying any type of hair, without the discomfort of excessive heat, thus preventing harmful drying and frayed discoloured curls.

SENIOR OPERATORS only employed under supervision of Mrs. and Miss Lorraine.

FIRST FLOOR  
GEORGE STREET,  
NEXT TO  
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WEMBLEY HOUSE  
CENTRAL SQUARE.  
Phone: MA 388

LORRAINE (Est. 32 yrs.) is in no way connected with any other hairdresser of a like or similar name.





**CULTURE** that suggests a piano by  
*Nicholson's* Ltd.  
The Musical Firm  
416-8 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY  
(BETWEEN KING & MARKET STS.)  
Easy Terms Gladly Arranged

AGENTS FOR: STEINWAY, "MIGNON," "FEURICH," "TRINSMITH," "DANKMAN,"  
"THURMER," "SEILER," "CROWN," "ZIMMERMAN" AND "WONCOR"

# The TRAMP

Continued from Page 16

DAX made no apology for his love of the dog. "That pup likes me," he would say over and over again. "Have you seen him go through my pockets? He thinks I've got a lump of sugar. He can almost talk."

"How about the next sequence?" Oscar would ask.

"Yes, I know," agreed Dax. "But this is important. The better Puck and I understand each other, the better the picture will be."

Work went forward slowly. Dax took his time about every scene. He was a master craftsman. Every gesture must be right. Day by day the man and the dog grew closer. Puck was never out of Dax's sight. At night he went home with his master and slept on the foot of his bed. Every morning he appeared with Dax, bright and cheerful and eager for a game.

"Better hurry this picture along," urged Jim. "That pup is growing. He'll be a big dog by the time the last reel is made."

At the end of three months, Dax and Jim again sat in the projection room watching the wistful little figure romp across the screen, followed by a dog. Jim's voice was choked as he tried to tell his boss about the picture. "It's got something. It grips you. Stirs some deep emotion. This is your masterpiece."

"It's real," answered Dax. "That's my dog. You can feel it."

Jim made an estimate on the back of an old envelope. "Another

forty days will finish it," he announced. "counting retakes and maybe a few extra shots after the picture comes out of the cutting room."

"It's in the cans," Dax agreed. "When it's finished, Puck and I are going to take a vacation."

Puck seemed to like this idea. He poked his nose into Dax's hand and barked approvingly.

THAT night Dax took the dog with him when he went to visit his soup kitchen. The kitchen was one of his secret philanthropies. He was always doing things like this, quietly, without telling anybody. The kitchen was in a poor quarter of the town. Three thousand men a day were fed there. A mysterious "Mr. Jones" was supposed to be financing the project. Many a hungry man had occasion to offer a silent prayer to Mr. Jones.

Dax parked the car on a side street. He walked around the corner to watch the line which formed every night in front of the kitchen. He wanted to make sure that there was plenty of food for everybody.

Nobody recognised Dax. This quietly-dressed, serious-faced man was far different from the jaunty little figure on the screen which the world knew. Satisfied that there was food for all Dax returned to his car.

He opened the door and spoke to Puck. No answer. He switched on the light. The dog was gone.

At first Dax was dazed. He hadn't locked the car, but the windows had been closed. Puck usually slept quietly on the seat until he returned.

Sickening fear gripped Dax. Had the dog been stolen? Had it got out of the car and been run over, perhaps killed? Dax shuddered at the thought. More likely the dog had been stolen. Someone had seen him there in the car, recognised Puck as a valuable animal, opened the door and taken him out, with the idea of selling him or collecting the reward which was sure to be offered. It seemed hardly probable that Puck would go with a stranger, but Dax had to be content with this solution.

He breathed easier at the thought. It would be an easy matter to get the dog back. A handsome reward would do it. Dax tried to tell himself that Puck would be home to-morrow.

The next day the newspapers carried a discreet notice to the effect that if whoever had found the dog would return it at once to the Dax Studio he would receive a large reward and no questions would be asked. All day Dax waited expectantly. There were no answers. That night, radio stations in Hollywood and Los Angeles broadcast offers of a still larger reward for the return of Puck.

No dog.

AND then Dax went into action. The police were notified and sent special squads to scour the town. Private detective agencies were called in and operators were sent to run down every possible clue. Space was taken in every newspaper in Southern California offering huge rewards for the return of the dog.

Nothing happened. Production on "The Tramp," of a necessity, stopped short. Dax paced up and down the great library of his home while reports poured in from the dog hunt.

"We'll find him," insisted Jim. "We've got to. We must finish the picture. It's the greatest thing you ever did. It's worthless without those last few shots. We could never find another dog like Puck. We've got to get him back."

"He's not dead," muttered Dax. "I can feel it. Somewhere he's alive, happy."

"But where?" demanded Jim. "Surely the one who has him must read the papers. Must know that he's your dog and how important it is that we get him."

"We've one more chance," said Dax. "I'm going to look for him myself."

Please turn to Page 34

Now...  
in light  
and dark



**CORNWELL'S**  
PURE MALT  
VINEGAR

LIGHT IN PINT BOTTLES DARK IN QUART BOTTLES

**SUNBURN**  
Quickly Relieved



Sunburn, if neglected, may lead to dangerous skin ailments. Iodex quickly soothes and heals the inflamed skin. It penetrates deeply into the underlying tissues, speedily relieving the inflammation and congestion caused by severe sunburn.

**FREE!**  
New 48 page First Aid Book tells what to do in all emergencies. Should be in every home. Write for your copy now. The Iodex Co., Box 334R, G.P.O., Sydney.

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NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/- From all Chemists

**DON'T NEGLECT A CUT**  
**DALZO**  
BRITISH  
STICKING  
PLASTER  
FOR FIRST AID  
ALL CHEMISTS



ADD YEARS TO YOUR LIFE AND LIFE TO YOUR YEARS...

The left illustration shows your colon clogged with fermenting food waste. Because your bowels act regularly is not proof that all the waste is being evacuated. Instead, it encrusts on the colon walls and poisons your whole system. You suffer from muscular pains, rheumatism, neuritis. You are troubled with bloating, flatulence, headaches, indigestion, dizziness, constipation. Bladder complaint makes your days miserable and spoils your rest at night. You feel tired, exhausted, depressed, peevish. Laxatives are useless—they only purge the lower end of the bowel. They do not clean away the acid-forming food wastes from the colon walls. "Coloseptic," however, cleans the entire colon of waste matter as shown in the right-hand illustration. It neutralises all acid conditions. It restores the body's alkaline reserve. "Coloseptic" also activates the kidneys, skin pores and the lungs—other vital organs which your body uses to get rid of surplus poisons. Learn what it is like to be without pain or ache. Enjoy the evening of your years as they should be spent—in peace, comfort and contentment. Clear your clogged colon with "Coloseptic" NOW.

Sept. 2, 1936.  
"I wish to state it is wonderful how much good 'Coloseptic' has done me. I have suffered for 12 months and had tried every known supposed cure from the chemists. They had nothing else they could give me. All I can say is that it is wonderful. I feel 30 times better than I did this time last month. I must thank you for your truly wonderful health restorer."

**FREE—"COLOSEPTIC"** to-day, and you will receive a book telling you all about the intimate and highly important subject of **LOST VITALITY**.  
AT ALL CHEMISTS. INDIVIDUAL SIZE, 2/6... ECONOMY SIZE, 5/6  
If unsatisfactory kindly write to Coloseptic (Aust.) Ltd., 25 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

**TESTIMONIAL** Auckland, Sept. 2, 1936.

FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNESSE

**Coloseptic**  
CHECKS SELF-POISONING AID NUTRITION  
COMBATS ACIDITY—BUILDS HEALTH

## NEW HEALTH FOR MEN & WOMEN PAST 50

LATEST SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT  
RESTORES VIGOR AND VITALITY—  
*Quick*

Nature never meant that old age should be a time of pain and suffering. Nature intended the evening of life to be a period of calm repose and health. Unfortunately, now-a-days most everyone past 50 suffers from some kind of ache or pain, such as rheumatism, sciatica, stomach distress, high blood pressure, kidney acidity, bladder weakness, bronchitis, exhaustion, lack of vitality, stiffness and trembling.

Medical scientists now say that these ailments and over 300 other diseases are due to self-poisoning (Auto-intoxication) arising from a clogged colon.

### HOW SELF POISONING CAUSES DISEASE

Civilised life guards us against many dangers and diseases, but exposes us to hidden ones, such as self-poisoning. Devitalised, demineralised foods and lack of exercise give insufficient work to the walls of the colon (large intestine), thereby losing their power to completely empty the colon of all the waste-matter left over from digestion. This fermenting acid-waste encrusts in the folds of the colon walls and the essential alkalising elements, which maintain the normal alkaline reserve of the body, are not extracted from your food. Worse still, these acids from the fermenting refuse are absorbed into the bloodstream and carried throughout the body to attack and weaken the vital organs and functions, causing premature old age, sickness, weakness and loss of vitality.

**FREE SAMPLE COUPON**  
COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) Ltd., 25 O'Connell Street, Sydney.  
Please send me my FREE sample of Coloseptic and a copy of the Autointoxication booklet. I enclose 2d. in stamp to cover cost of packing, post, etc. Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_



# New Year WEDDINGS

Happy Brides  
Furnish at

W.W. Campbells' WHO GIVE 2 YEARS to PAY

Examples of general Furniture Orders: £25 for 20' deposit 5' weekly; £50 for 40' deposit 10' weekly; £100 for 80' deposit 20' weekly; £150 for 120' deposit 30' weekly.

WORLD STATIONS for £13/19/6



## DUAL WAVE RADIO

Again we make an outstanding Radio offer. A new Dual Wave; easy tuning to World Stations; perfect Local and Interstate reception; 5 Valves with full efficiency; Glorious tone; Beautiful Cabinet; sloping top; clock dial; splendid construction. Backed by a firm of 50 years' standing. You can depend upon perfect entertainment.

This Week's Cash Price **£13/19/6**

Metropolitan Easy Terms:

**12/6 and 3/-**  
DEPOSIT WEEKLY

LISTEN IN to 2UW

8.30 p.m., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. "NOTABLE BRITISH TRIALS."  
7.30 p.m. Every Morning, and 7.30 p.m. Saturdays "DARBY AND JOAN."  
GEORGE EDWARDS' PRODUCTIONS.

## TROUSSEAU CHEST

Every young lady needs a Trousseau Chest. The new design illustrated has beauty and distinction at a price within the reach of all. This bargain has Walnut Veneer fronts, shaped tops, cabriole legs, and complete fittings (including 3 long trays).

This Week's Cash Price **79/6**

Or on Easy Terms:-

**5/-**  
**2/-**



## BREAKFAST ROOM CABINET

Here is a New Model 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet at a moderate price. It is fully fitted with drawers, cupboard, shelves, etc., and the leadlight doors are particularly attractive. Do not miss this bargain at the Special Cash Price **85/-**

OR ON EASY TERMS.

## VERANDAH BLINDS



Measurements and Estimates are FREE. All Blinds Made Up FREE OF CHARGE. Prices Specially Reduced. Obtain your New Blinds WHILE THIS FREE OFFER LASTS.



## CARPETS SPECIALLY REDUCED

9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10.6 x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.	12ft. x 10.6
£4/10/-	£5/10/-	£6/5/-	£7/5/-	£9/19/6
9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10.6 x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.	12ft. x 10.6
£6/5/-	£7/10/-	£8/15/-	£9/19/6	£11/19/6

### HALL CARPET BARGAINS

WILTON			AXMINSTER		
Width	Usl.	Per Yd.	Width	Usl.	Per Yd.
22in.	8/11	Now 6/9	22in.	11/6	Now 10/6
27in.	9/11	Now 7/9	27in.	13/6	Now 11/6
36in.	13/6	Now 10/6	36in.	19/6	Now 16/6

## JUST OPENED! NEW DESIGNS in LINOLEUM and LINOLEUM SQUARES

### BRITISH LINOLEUM SQUARES

Size 9ft. x 7ft. 6in. 9ft. x 9ft. 10ft. x 10ft. 12ft. x 12ft.

Special Price 42/6 50/- 57/6 65/-

### BRITISH INLAID LINOLEUM

(2 YARDS WIDE) PER YARD

Genuine Cork Lino. Imit. Linoleum

TWO YARDS WIDE 5/3, 5/11, 7/6 yd. 2/11, 4/3, 4/11 yd.



ONE DOOR from MARKET ST.



Contrasting Walnut Veneers enhance the beauty of this artistic new Bedroom Suite. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe (with shaped front), 3ft. 10in. Drop-centre. Kneehole, Dressing-Table and Double Loughboy, are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. The handsome Dressing-Table has bow-centre drawer and magnificent, extra-large shaped mirror. This splendid suite is a gift at the Special Cash Price.

(Bedstead Extra) **£18/18/-**

Or on Easy Terms:-

**18/6**  
**4/-**

EST. 50 YEARS

OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT

## COUNTRY CUSTOMERS

Write for Free Catalogue, stating requirements. Reduced deposits, with very low monthly instalments, are now available.

**20/-**  
**5/-**

Here is a charming and refined example of the latest "Art Moderne" Lounge Suite. Design is straight line, upholstered in neutral-tinted velvet. Five loose cushions, fully sprung, have figured velvet on one side, reversible to one colour. This delightful suite has been specially constructed for comfort and long life. This Week's Cash Price is **£19/19/-** (Or on Easy Terms)



## BUY DIRECT from the WAREHOUSE



Distinctive in appearance, with Polished Walnut Veneers, this Dining-Room Set is extraordinary value. 4ft. 6in. Sideboard has usual drawers (one lined) and cupboards; 5ft. Rectangular Table has box legs; and Four Chairs have upholstered seats and backs. You can secure at This Week's Cash Price

**£14/14/-**

OR ON EASY TERMS

**14/6**  
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**249 CLARENCE ST. SYDNEY.**



# PEEK FREAN CRACKERETTES

for Savouries

BOTH SIMPLE AND SUPERB!!



Serve Peek Frean Crackerettes at your next party. Their delicate flavour blends with any savoury mixture, from butter-and-cheese upwards! Busy hostesses prefer Peek Frean Crackerettes because they butter easily without crumbling.

Only Peek Frean's bakers can produce biscuits of such unequalled quality. Others may look as crisp and golden-tinted, but they can never taste the same as Crackerettes—which are lighter and more puffy than ever. Beware of cheap imitations. Ask your grocer for Peek Frean Crackerettes—and see that you get them.

Photographs—actual size.

C5.226

MADE BY THE CELEBRATED BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS

## PEEK FREAN

OBTAINABLE AT ALL GROCERS AND STORES

# failing sight

The majority of people over forty find their distance sight still good, but when reading the print blurs, it is difficult to thread a needle, in fact all near work is laborious. They feel the need of a stronger light and have a tendency to hold objects further from their eyes than formerly. Such conditions suggest that your eyes need assistance.

**GIBB & BEEMAN Ltd.**  
Optometrists and Opticians  
23 MARTIN PLACE, 378 PITT STREET  
SYDNEY and at  
NEWCASTLE and TAMWORTH  
J. W. Beeman, A.S. Shallet,  
Optometrists

# THE Best Man WINS

Continued from Page 18

"I've been considering that, too," Jane replied. "I've been wondering if it wouldn't be wise to charge off your Atlas Mining and Milling stock. You have two hundred thousand invested and have never had a dividend out of it."

"And never shall, Miss Wingate. But you can't just charge off stock in a live corporation merely because it has never paid a dividend and you know it never will. You've got to make a legitimate sale; then you can charge off what loss you have suffered thereby."

"I suppose I'll have to be the scapegoat," Jane murmured. "I'll give you a hundred pounds for all your Atlas stock. In some manner or other, however, I'll have to get my money back."

"Of course, of course, Miss Wingate. But we must avoid the appearance of making a forced sale. Ah, I have it. I'll get Jim Pelly to buy the stock for a hundred pounds; six months later you buy it from Jim for a hundred pounds, transfer it to your name, tuck it away in a safe-deposit box, and then wait to make eight thousand on your investment—perhaps more."

"You may have to wait a few years, but you're bound to win heavily. We have a mill on the property, ore buckets, electric plant, tools, laboratory, bunk houses, mess halls and kitchen, office—good heavens! we have everything and as it has seen little use and has been well cared for, it has very good second-hand value and one of these days it will sell for about ten or twelve thousand. Then the board of direc-

## My Favorite Poem

\* She stood in tears amid the  
alien cots;  
The same that oft-times  
hath  
Charm'd magic easements,  
opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery  
lands forlorn.  
—From "Ode to a Nightin-  
gale," by Keats.  
Sent in by P. Cassilis,  
Warwick, Qld.

tors will make its first and last dividend and dissolve the company."

"Oh, Mr. Plank, do you really think that?"

"I know it."

The following day Jim Pelly, always obliging, purchased the Atlas Mining and Milling stock and six months later sold it to Jane Wingate, without profit. Immediately, however, Roger J. Plank charged off one hundred and ninety-nine thousand pounds and saved himself almost twenty-five thousand pounds in income taxes, which constituted his first and last dividend from his one and only interest in a gold mine.

TIME tip-toed by. Johnny Plank, seemingly ashamed of his futile, idle past, entered with zest upon his employment in his father's office and, to his own amazement, began to like it. He followed his father's orders strictly. Gradually Jane lost her stand-offish attitude towards him, while Roger J. Plank ploughed along deeply in his financial furrows and paid no attention to the blighted romance.

The crash of October, 1929, erased it completely from his mind, for he had other things to think of. On the fifteenth of November he went into bankruptcy; on the twentieth of November he had a stroke, and on the twenty-second he died. On December first the liquidator cancelled the lease of his expensive offices, closed them and dismissed Johnny Plank, Jane Wingate, and the few employees who had been retained to straighten out the tangled accounts and present an orderly picture of the ruin.

Johnny and Jane walked out of the office together. At the lift-door, Johnny said: "I don't know what's going to become of me, Jane. I've learned something of the stock and share business and investment banking, but somehow I have a notion that that's finished as a money-making business. At any rate, I'll have no more of it. I suppose you'll have no difficulty

securing employment. You're so terribly efficient."

"I hope so, Johnny." A long pause. "Well, good-bye," she said, and held out her hand. Johnny glanced up and down the hall, saw that he would not be observed, took the hand and kissed it. "The curse of it is, Jane, I still love you and probably always will. It's going to be hard to put behind me the memory of you."

"Why, Johnny, I thought you had done that long ago."

HE shook his head. "I was like a dog watching quietly at a rabbit-hole, waiting for a favorable opportunity to pounce. Good-bye, darling. Good luck and God bless you."

"If you feel like that about it, Johnny, I'll have you understand that a kiss on the back of my gloved hand doesn't cover the situation. I think you're splendid—a very great deal more splendid than your father ever thought."

"We understood each other thoroughly. There were no hard feelings."

"Well," said Jane, and put up her adorable face, "he was terribly kind to me. Kiss me once for him—and once for yourself."

So Johnny did. Then the lift door clanged open. "Go on, get in," Jane commanded. "I'll take the next one."

He saw that she was crying and he obeyed. And here let us leave them both.

Time, after its immutable habit, continued to tip-toe along. Some six weeks after their parting, Johnny wrote her stating that he had sold his motor boat for one hundred pounds, his car for a hundred and sixty, some jewellery for one hundred, and his collection of first editions for a thousand. He added, "I'm taking my small capital and emigrating to San Francisco, hoping to find a position of sorts there while the going is still fair. Would you mind if I write to you from time to time and let you know how helpless and inefficient me is getting along?"

In the summer of 1934, Jane received a letter from a New York firm of lawyers, inquiring if her stock in the Atlas Mining and Milling Company was for sale and, if so, would she be good enough to state her price.

"Those wretched minority stockholders on the Board of Directors are up to jiggery-pokery," Jane soliloquised. "They've had a good offer for the equipment, so they want to buy my stock cheap and save as much salvage as possible for themselves. I'll fool them."

So she wrote to the lawyers that she could not consider a penny less than two hundred thousand pounds!

To her amazement, she had a reply to that! It was pointed out to her that the mine had never paid a dividend; that the late Roger J. Plank had owned eighty per cent. of it, for which he had paid approximately two hundred thousand pounds; that in 1923 Mr. Plank, realising that the mine had no value, with the exception of the second-hand value of the equipment, had sold his stock for a nominal sum. That the purchaser of the Plank stock, Mr. James Pelly, had evidently purchased it to oblige his friend Plank and had then disposed of it to her—probably given it to her.

Jane was reminded that the mine had not operated since 1919, that since 1919 its stock had not been quoted on the Stock Exchange; that since 1922 not a single share of the stock had changed hands except the Plank stock and, doubtless, she was in a position to know why. She was further informed that the price she asked for her stock was wholly ridiculous; that at best, taking into consideration the value of the equipment at the mine, an offer of twenty-five thousand pounds for her stock was excessive, although in order to close the matter promptly they were willing to pay her that.

Please turn to Page 36

# UNDERARM HAIR

dissolved away



## THE LATEST BEAUTY TRICK

Quick! Learn about the new toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in 3 minutes. Never have you known anything so easy.

"New Veet," it's called. It looks and feels and smells like a beauty cream. Apply it straight from the tube—wash off. Hair falls away. Skin is left soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves, because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

The razor method is prehistoric—out of date. So are old-fashioned, nasty-smelling depilatories. New Veet is the newest of the new. If you are not positively delighted with it, your money refunded in full. 2/6 and 4/7- (double size).



## For CONSTIPATION

Mother! Keep baby's habits regular and bloodstream cool during teething by giving Steedman's Powders. The gentle, safe aperient used by mothers for over 100 years—for children up to 14 years.

**Give  
STEEDMAN'S  
POWDERS**

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

## ORDERED CRUTCHES HE NEVER USED

### Joints That Were Locked Became Free

This 73-years-old man walked with the aid of two sticks for a long time. Then his rheumatism got so bad that he actually ordered crutches. But before they arrived he made a last effort to get relief—he began taking Kruschen Salts. To-day he walks easily without even a stick to help him. Read his letter:—

"I am over 73 years of age. Two years ago all my joints were locked; arms, legs, back, neck—nothing could be moved freely. I had to stay in bed two months. When I did get up I had to walk with two sticks for a long time, and I had ordered crutches. Then I began to take Kruschen Salts. For the last eighteen months I have been taking my 'little daily dose' every morning before breakfast. Now, I can even do without my sticks, and I walk with ease."—M.L.

Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts are the most effectual solvents of uric acid known to medical science. Other ingredients of these Salts have a stimulating effect upon the kidneys, and assist them to expel the dissolved uric needles through the natural channel.



# "IT WAS CLEMENTS - OR DIE!"

THIS AMAZING STORY FROM A LADY IN VICTORIA WILL CONVINCE YOU OF THE POWER OF CLEMENTS TONIC TO RESTORE HEALTH. IT WAS CLEMENTS — OR DIE! ★

It would hardly be possible to find a more poignant or dramatic story than the experience of this Clements Tonic user in Bendigo, Victoria, who tells of illness and struggle until she actually borrowed the money to buy the bottle of Clements Tonic that started her on the road back to health. It is a long story, but one that everyone should read in order to convince themselves that Clements Tonic has the power to restore health and strength — to bring back an interest in life when the future looks dark and grim. Yet this letter is but one of many thousands which have been received from grateful users of Clements Tonic from every corner of Australia and New Zealand. Clements Tonic is not "a flash in the pan." It is a tried and proven remedy over nearly fifty years, an amazing record of healing the sick. Clements Tonic has brought new hope to thousands of people who have fallen by the wayside under the stress and strain of modern life, with its rush, bustle, noise and worries that have such a devastating effect on the blood and nerves...

...those vital forces of the human body.

## "SAYS CHEMISTS SHOULD BE PROUD OF CLEMENTS"

"It's a long time now since I wrote to you from Waits and told you the value of your tonic for boils. I can safely say I haven't had a return of boils now for three years and I consider Clements Tonic did the trick. Your chemists should be proud of Clements Tonic and I feel justified in saying so now. Last year I had a bad accident in the Waits mine. Had a bad shaking and had to leave the mine as my nerves would not allow me to carry on. I was afraid if I heard a crack or a stone fall, but now I am taking Clements Tonic again and putting it to a real test. I am becoming myself once more, as I can climb cliffs or do dangerous work using explosives and felling bush, and the country is fairly steep. If you require anyone to testify this statement I can gladly comply with your wishes. — (Mr.) P.C.C., Nelson, N.Z., 10th Aug., 1936.



28.756



Many a husband has had cause to bless Clements Tonic for bringing his wife back to health and strength.

## A WRECK AFTER AN OPERATION

"I wish to thank the manufacturers of Clements Tonic for the benefits derived from the use of their tonic. After I had undergone two operations I was a nervous wreck and could not get my strength back. I tried several tonics, but without success, so on the advice of my mother, who had also derived benefit from your tonic, I got a bottle and took it and could feel myself gradually getting stronger and am now quite well again." (Mrs.) E.T., Middle Footscray, 3rd August, 1936.



## SAYS CLEMENTS TONIC FINE FOR NURSING MOTHERS

Altona Beach, Melbourne, Vic., 30th July, 1936. "I have found Clements Tonic one of the finest tonics for nursing mothers. It not only helps to keep me in good health, but also makes more and richer milk. I would like you to use this for advertising, as it may help mothers whose milk supply is falling." (Mrs.) J.A.

## CLEMENTS — THE NERVE CELL BUILDER



Nerves are really composed of myriads of tiny cells that are constantly in the process of being destroyed by the effort of daily mental or physical work. Good sleep helps to repair much of this destruction of nerve cells, but in debility or sickness, particularly in insomnia, there is terrific destruction of nerve cells and weakening of the whole nervous system. That is when the body must have help. That is why phosphates are so essential, and why they form such a valuable part of Clements Tonic, "The Nerve Cell Builder." There are several phosphates in Clements Tonic that are absolutely vital to your nervous system, which requires continuous supplies of these compounds in order to keep the nerves strong and healthy.

Prices in Capital Cities: 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores



Bendigo, Vic., 11th October, 1936.

"I am writing to let you know what benefit I have derived from your life-giving tonic. This is the first time in my life I have taken a pen to write about any medicine. I do so now in the hope my experience may be of help to others.

"I hardly think any case could be worse than mine. I had a serious illness about four years ago and before I was completely well, I suffered a nervous breakdown. I was ordered away to an aftercare home for three months, but there were many responsibilities regarding our farm that fell to my lot, so I could not leave home and take advantage of that aftercare, that would have been so good for my health. So I stayed home and worked on as best I could.

"So from this any person can realise how low my health and strength went. I became giddy very often, would cry like a child at the least thing. Was nervous, began to dislike food. I cannot eat meat nor drink tea, coffee or cocoa now, oatmeal I can not take. In fact, there are many items of food that I cannot take now, because all my nerves are "worn out," and so the stomach nerves suffer with the rest and thus I am a miserable eater. Terrible head aches were my constant companions and finally my eye nerves suffered.

"Well, I actually borrowed the money to get a small bottle of Clements Tonic because by now my eyes were aching so badly I could not sleep at night, making things a thousand times worse.

"Therefore, it was Clements or die. That trade somewhat like an endeavour at a joke, but it is no joke to me, I assure you, as I have a question to look after and am constantly worried over my not being able to get her things I'd like her to have. Now all this worry helps to undermine a person — and four years of it — yet one small bottle of Clements helped me. Naturally I did not suddenly grow strong, but the first benefit I found was less headaches, less eye trouble, and, precious above all — sleep at night.

"I made the small bottle do me a week. I then found myself able to use my eye-sight enough to do a little needlework, only a little though, because I had no more tonic. I was one week without it, after finishing the first small bottle. My mother gave me the money then for a large bottle and I have just finished that. I have been praying someone would give me another bottle so that I may get back my former strength and take my place amongst the wage earners.

"My prayer has been answered, thank God. For yesterday a relation I have not seen for a long while called in white on a day's visit to the city and, seeing my shocking state of health, gave me some money, so I will be able to get yet another large bottle.

"I do thank the Clements chemists and thank God for their knowledge of this Tonic. If I get better at the rate I am now (after taking more bottles) I will be able to truthfully say that Clements saved my life for I feel sure I could not have lasted much longer." (Miss) Barbara M.

# CLEMENTS TONIC



## 2GB Presents

**TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA**  
Here is the story that foretold the submarine, written by that master of scientific romance, Jules Verne, and sold in all its thrilling incidents by the B.S.A. Players.  
Each Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6.15.

**HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE**  
Journeys to far lands, strange cities and foreign countryside. A Tango from Spain, opera from Italy, a rumba from Cuba, or a Folk-song from Germany, they are all part of this magical, musical tour of the world.  
Each Sunday night at 7.45.

**THE MCCOY MENDEL AGENCY**  
Here it is, the great new laughter entertainment, night and success to a 30. "Dolly and Dolly" six weeks to see the girls with Joe Mendel and his philosopher, guide and friend.

**THE HISTORY OF SONG**  
The story of song through the centuries, grave, gay and always fascinating, presented by Russell Boyd Morgan in association with Eileen Boyd Monday and most Wednesday, at 8.30 p.m.

## 2GB

The Favourite Station

# The TRAMP

Continued from Page 30

LATE that afternoon he returned to the spot from which the dog had disappeared. Parking his car, he began a careful search of the neighborhood. There were few newspapers read in this district, he reasoned. Few radios in the homes of its inhabitants. True, the police and private detectives had made a thorough search of the quarter. But there was always a chance.

Dax walked down one alley and up the next. Alleys lined with squalid little houses. Hordes of children played everywhere. Every child seemed to have a dog. This was a street of dogs. Lean, hungry dogs. Not a pedigree in the bunch.

Dax walked slowly. Then for some reason he stopped. He pursed his lips and whistled. It was a shrill, high call, a call which had always brought Puck bounding to his feet.

Dax waited. He whistled again. Somewhere a dog barked. Quick, eager barks. He whistled again, and his heart stood still.

AROUND the corner of the house shot a dog. He was dirty, dust-stained, unwashed. He hurried himself upon Dax.

The actor knelt and gathered the dog into his arms. Puck squirmed and twisted and yapped joyfully.

"That's my dog, mister!" Dax looked up and found a boy standing before him with clenched fists. "Turn him loose," said the boy. "You can't have him."

Puck turned and threw himself on the boy. Then he sat down between them, gazing from one to the other, puzzled by the presence of two masters.

The boy stood his ground. "You can't have him," he repeated. "Somebody stole him once. I found him when he was a puppy, and he's mine."

"When did you get him back?" asked Dax.

The boy was suspicious. "He's mine," he insisted. "I hunted for him for three months. Somebody stole him. Then I found him in an automobile one night."

A crowd of children had gathered and now stood staring solemnly and suspiciously at Dax.

"It's Buddie's dog all right," volunteered a little girl. "We knowed it when it was a little puppy."

"It's a good dog," Dax said soothingly. "I wish I had a dog like that. Maybe you'd sell him to me?"

"No," said Buddie firmly. "He ain't for sale. Not even for two dollars and a half."

Dax understood what Buddie meant. Money didn't matter. "Let's trade dogs, then," Dax suggested. "I'll give you one just like this. And a fine collar to bind the bargain."

"No," said Buddie stubbornly. "Rags is my dog. I don't want no other." He produced a frayed rope from one of his pockets and tied it around the dog's neck. To the boy's mind this established possession.

"How would you like Rags to go in the movies?" Dax asked.

"He ain't a movie dog," said Buddie. "He ain't the type."

"Suppose Rags could be in a picture with John Dax?" Buddie's eyes brightened with pleasure, then dimmed with suspicion. "You're kiddin'," he stated.

The little girl began excitedly. "I seen John Dax last week in a picture called 'Sawdust'."

"I'm Dax," said the great man simply.

The children gazed at him curiously. The little girl shook her head. "No you ain't," she said. "Dax's got a funny little hat, and them baggy pants."

"And he walks like this," added Buddie, demonstrating how Dax walked.

"Like this," said Dax. He walked down the alley, twirling an imaginary cane, shuffling through the dust as if his shoes were big and heavy.

The children stared at him with unbelieving eyes. "But where's the hat and them baggy pants?" insisted Buddie.

Puck gave a sudden tug at the rope, broke away from Buddie. He trotted after Dax, following obediently at his heels. The children watched the dog with round, questioning eyes. The behaviour of the animal meant more to them than any argument. According to their code, a dog had a right to choose his own master.

Dax came shuffling back. He knelt down beside Buddie and put his arm around the boy's shoulders. "I'm making a picture with your dog in it. Lend me Rags for a month? I'll give him back to you."

Buddie hesitated. Tears welled slowly into his eyes. He nodded. "Take him, mister," he said. "I guess he likes you more 'n he does me."

WHEN "The Tramp" is screened at your neighborhood theatre, go and see it. As Jim, the studio manager, said, it's got something. It stirs some deep emotion! Along towards the end of the film when the Tramp is forced to sell his dog to get the money for the operation on his little cripple brother, take a good look at the boy. That's Buddie. Some say that Buddie is on the way to being a star in his own right. Critics were enthusiastic about the boy's acting. Especially that bit where he leans out of bed and calls the dog and the scene fades out on Dax and the pup and the boy grouped together.

The critics call that acting, but Bill and Oscar, the cameramen, know better. "Real stuff," they say. "A man and a dog—a boy and a dog. It gets you."

(Copyright)

## Eucrasy Banishes All Desire for Drink



IT is a priceless boon to all who use it, for their relatives or friends. If you suffer to any way through the liquor habit, let it be a voluntary testimonial of actual cure, convince you that EUCRASY will soon sober the drinker and make you happy. EUCRASY is guaranteed harmless and can be given SECRETLY or voluntarily. FREE SAMPLE. Call or write to-day for FREE SAMPLE, Booklet, and Testimonials. DR. B. THE EUCRASY CO. 297 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

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# BAKING POWDER

Send one shilling and twopence to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Sydney, for Aunt Mary's Cookery Book—210 pages, 400 recipes and useful hints, illustrated in full colours. Save 50 clean lids for handsome surprise packet free.

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# ROUND the World for a RADIO JOB

## 2GB's New Announcer

Biology — journalism — radio . . . a trio of activities that one would not consider each with the other, yet in the life of David Falk, 2GB's new night announcer, they have all played their part.

DAVID FALK is a young Englishman, but he is an enthusiastic Australian as well, even though it is little more than a year since he first came to this country.

"I have travelled a lot," he says, "and seen most lands, in particular Germany and France, but in Australia it is the newness which the critics so often decry that makes living so attractive."

When Mr. Falk was an undergraduate at Cambridge, he was also a biologist. During the course of his work he went on an expedition to Albania, to study the animals that live in this little-known part of Europe.

Taking up quarters in a tiny hut that was used about once a year by occasional climbers, Mr. Falk and his guide spent hours lying with their noses buried in the snow waiting for the large white rats to appear.

At the end of the third day a blizzard struck the hut, and Mr. Falk and his guide were marooned there for four days. The guide's knowledge of English was very limited, so Mr. Falk was delighted when he discovered in the hut some old copies of "The Manchester Guardian." These he read and re-read for four solid days.

"They saved me from dying of boredom," he declares.

It was a coincidence that when he left the University and found



DAVID FALK, new announcer at Station 2GB.

that biology had little to offer, he decided to become a journalist, and succeeded in landing a job on "The Manchester Guardian."

And now to get from newspapers to radio which constituted the next strange jump in Mr. Falk's life.

This time he was gathering experience by travelling in Europe. Having very little money he decided to go up the Danube from Budapest to Passau on a coal boat, instead of by train. It was a slow journey and very soon Mr. Falk began to get bored again. But this time it was the master of the little steamer who came to his rescue.

He was an old fellow with one passion in life—an overwhelming interest in radio.

2GB's new announcer has vivid memories of that tiny cabin in which the captain kept a magnificent set which could get reception from nearly everywhere in the world.

"On my return to England I started a Radio Column in the 'Manchester Guardian,' later doing work for the B.B.C. itself," he said.

Then Mr. Falk heard the call of a new land. In Sydney, during the last 10 months, he has divided his attention between broadcasting and journalism. Now, however, radio has won the day, and he has joined the staff of 2GB.

# "SURE TO GET IT AT —"

# GRACE BROS

# SUMMER SALE

## COMMENCING THURSDAY NEXT—FEBRUARY 4<sup>TH</sup>

12/11

3/11

MC2—White Figue Jacket, short puff sleeves, wide revers and finger button. One of three styles from which to choose. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W. and W. Usual 12/11 SALE PRICE 3/11

12/11

5/11

MP1—The ever popular TENNIS OR PLAY SUIT IN SILK KNOPPE CREPE cut on tailored lines, finished with sporty pocket. Shades: Blue, Pink, Red, and Royal. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W. and W. Usual Price, 12/11. SALE PRICE 5/11

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2/-

SIZES: 24 to 30in.  
DQ2—CHILD'S BRITISH FLOAZ CAMBRIC BROCK suitably made with skirt gathered to waist. Trimmed with pocket and collar. Plain blue binding to tone. All wanted shades. Sizes: 24, 27, 30in. USUALLY 4/6 SALE PRICE 2/-  
DQ3—26, 28, 30in. USUALLY 2/6 SALE PRICE 2/7½

25/-

16/-

MX104—Our suggestion for something smart, new, and snappy for present wear! BASQUE JUMPER SUIT made of the new fabric CRINKLE CREPE. Neatly attached collar and mock pockets, buttons to tone as trimming. Panel pleat back and front of skirt. In delightful tonings of Dusky Blue, Powder Pink, Navy and White. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W., & O.S. Usual Price 25/- SALE SPECIAL 16/-

17/11

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MQ20—LADIES' FANCY LINEN BAUNTER COATS, well cut, with inverted pleat at back; and finished with two pockets. Shades: Fawn/Blue, Fawn/Green, Fawn/Red, Fawn/Brown, Plain Fawn, Blue: S.S.W., S.W., & W. Usual . . . . . 17/11 SALE PRICE . . . . . 9/11

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MC3—SHEER LILKIN BLOUSE featuring neatly cut collar and pin tucks. Shades: White, Blue, Blue and Green. Sizes: S.W., W., and O.S. Usual Price . . . 9/11 SALE PRICE 5/11

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MC4—WELL CUT SKIRT IN THICK LINEN, inverted pleat centre front and back. Shades: White, Blue, Earing Green. Sizes: S.W., W., & O.S. Usual Price . . . 6/11 SALE PRICE 3/11

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FOR THE LARGER FIGURE! CLEVERLY DESIGNED BROCK IN PRINTED GEORGETTE OVER A SILK SLIP.  
MT15—Featuring long sleeves; tucks centre front. Finished Rouleaux tie and clip. Skirt is gored and finished with belt and buckle. Black, Navy, and Brown grounds, with attractive colorings. Sizes: S.W., O.S., B.C.S., & B.B.W. Usual Price . . . 29/11 SALE PRICE 22/6

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## The Courage I Get from COSMETICS

(with acknowledgments to Bertin Bailey and the "New York American.")

HOW bravely Cosmetics can wake up The vim and the zest of a girl! How splendidly make-up can make up Whatever she lacks in morale!

A glow from a box hides my pallor, And masks all unflattering hues, And back come my pep and my valour, My Courage is "Rose Petal" Rouge!

I may look a fright in the morning, With hints of the years in my face, But Youth for my features' adorning Is there in a red-and-black case.

And so with some subtle repairing I flatter my features, and then Go forth like a conqueror, wearing My "Rose Petal" Courage again.

Oh, rouges are not merely pigments, Nor lipsticks just crayons of paint, False colours and chemical pigments To make me appear what I ain't.

They're magical charms that defer age, They're True, and their truth is sublime In fact, with my "Rose Petal" Courage, I just flash Defiance to Time!

The Courage that's in every Kathleen Court Cosmetic is the outcome of Science blended with Art. The Girl or Woman who makes-up with "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream, Velvet Skin Powder, and "Rose Petal" Rouge and Lipstick never knows the meaning of "inferiority complex." For these are superior beautifiers, and though their prices be moderate, their genuine worth continues to gain friends and fame all over the world.

Other Charming Kathleen Court Beautifiers are: Cold Cream, Lemon Bleaching Cream (for Freckles and Sallow Skin), "Silque" Hair-Removing Powder, Nail Lacquer, Eye-Brow Cosmetics, and Pencils, Eye-Lash Grower, "Hennasolam" Shampoo and Wave Set.

From any good Chemist or Store, for very little, you may purchase the Beauty Aids of

**KATHLEEN COURT**

## The Wise Mother Knows the Danger of CONSTIPATION



It is safe to say that if constipation could be eliminated from the world, fully sixty per cent of childish ailments (and those of adults, as well) would finally disappear.

The wise, modern mother knows that there is one prompt and reliable method of counteracting this health-destroying disorder. Gone are the days when distressing purgatives and harsh aperients were necessary to dispel accumulated poisons from the system. They have been abolished by NYAL FIGSEN, the easy-to-take laxative, which, without purging or griping and without forming a habit,

promotes smooth, natural bowel action and completely relieves constipation. You will have no difficulty in persuading even the most sensitive child to take NYAL FIGSEN. It acts softly, yet it never over acts. NYAL FIGSEN should have a permanent place in every medicine chest because it is as good for adults as it is for children. NYAL FIGSEN — the medically approved laxative — is sold by all chemists at 1/3d. a tin.

### FREE SAMPLE

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figsen to The Nyal Company, 433-1, Glebe Road, Sydney, N.S.W.

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W.W. 6.2.37

**NYAL FIGSEN**

# THE Best Man WINS

"THERE is," quoth Jane, "a Nubian gentleman lurking in the woodpile, and since the woodpile is in California, I shall have to go to California to rout him out."

Johnny Plank came down to the automobile agency where he was employed as a salesman, and found a telegram awaiting him. It ran:

"Am in San Francisco and would like to see you if possible Stop Please phone suite 756 Hotel St. Francis Stop Will be in all day. Jane Wingate."

Half an hour later, Johnny was knocking at the door of Suite 756. Jane opened the door for him and held out her hand. "So nice of you to come; so nice to see you again, Johnny," she greeted him. "I couldn't bear the thought of passing through San Francisco without looking you up. How are you, Johnny? And how are you getting along in this cold, cold world?"

"Practically staggering, Jane." He looked as if he wanted to kiss her; in fact, he leaned towards her, apparently with that plan in mind, but seemed to think better of it. "I suppose you've married that lad that got in my way and are here on your honeymoon."

"Wrong the very first time, Johnny. He never came back. It seems he invented some new process for breaking down oil and making a superior petrol and more of it at less money."

"HE was clever enough to take his process to another company, which bought it, paid him a royalty and made him general chemical engineer in charge of all their distilleries or whatever you call a petrol-manufacturing plant. So he's quite rich and getting richer and I suppose he began to think that I don't measure up to him socially. At any rate, he threw me out, Johnny."

"Are you broken-hearted?" "I am not. I'm delighted."

"Still a plain working girl, Jane?"

"Whenever I find something at which I can work."

Johnny sighed deeply while his eyes devoured her. "Well, Jane, I missed you the first time, but here goes for the second. After I came to California I took a course in the expression of personality, and by dint of that and considerable hard work I manage to sell enough cheap automobiles, despite the hard times, to make about twenty pounds a month. I have nearly six hundred pounds in the bank and I hereby lay that, my monthly income and my bleeding heart at your feet. And if you can't take a bribe of such proportions I shall not blame you a bit."

"I really should refuse you, Johnny, because you lacked the courage to kiss me when you came in. However, you can kiss me now."

"Jane, do you actually love me?" he choked.

"I fell in love with you about three months after that beastly chemist went out of my life. And I'm here now because I still love you."

"Come here," Johnny commanded—and Jane came.

"I'm going down to the bank to draw out some of my hard-earned six hundred," Johnny announced. "We are going to be married as soon as may be. Leave this hotel, it's too expensive. To-morrow you scout round and find us a small flat—and see to it that we have a practical fireplace, because I want to hang over it an oil painting of my father. He was bent on having you for a daughter-in-law and laid his plans accordingly. The old ruffian knew his women."

WHEN Johnny Plank came home one night a month later, his wife saw at a glance that the world had dropped out from under him. "Don't board it, Johnny," she urged. "Who's dead now?"

"Nobody—I've been sacked. The automobile agency that employed me has sold out to a competitor who'll sell cars with his old staff."

"Grand!" Jane exclaimed. "Now we'll be free to enjoy our honeymoon."

"We can't afford it, Jane. For heaven's sake, don't make a waster of me, now that I've reformed."

Said Jane: "Take a look at that, you social parasite, and see if you cannot work up a circulation."

Continued from Page 32

And she handed him a certificate of deposit for fifty thousand pounds, payable to Jane Wingate Plank. Johnny said, tremulously: "Darling, what does this mean?"

Jane explained. She told him all about her Atlas Mining stock—how, having held it, she had finally sold it at her price.

"Oh, but you've only heard an eighth of it. I have seven other instalments coming, Johnny—I sold for just four hundred thousand."

Johnny seemed dazed. "But tell me," he gasped, "how on earth you managed to make all this on a hundred-pound investment?"

"The New York counsel for the Syndicate wrote me and offered me twenty-five thousand. Immediately I became suspicious and came out to the mine to investigate. Learned a lot from the local gossips. New discoveries of ore, new smelting processes and new gold prices. So I sold. I might have got more money, but why be a pig and delay the start we're making at just living?"

Johnny took her on his knees and drew her face down to his, and from above the fireplace Roger J. Plank gazed down upon his handiwork with prideful dignity. Johnny sighed with contentment and peace.

"At any rate, sweetheart," he declared presently, "you can never accuse me of having married you for your money!"

(Copyright)



Delicious, fruit-flavoured Hansen's Junket is eagerly eaten by the fussiest children! And it gives them all the milk they need. It's made in a minute—set in five—for Hansen's Junket never fails to set. Sold in Tablet form for Ploia Junkets; now also in Liquid form for making rich, colored Fruit Junkets.

**HANSEN'S**  
ESSENCE FOR MAKING  
FRUIT JUNKETS



## "DAMP-SET" your own wave

(Copyright)

IT works on hair of any texture. On any wave, natural or permanent. And takes but four minutes! Without even disarranging your coiffure, "damp-setting" will revive your wave, and give your hair dazzling new lustre you never thought possible!

America, from New York to Los Angeles, is wildly enthusiastic over "damp-setting"—the amazing treatment of a famous chemist and hair specialist. You will be, too. For it saves hours spent in beauty parlors. Keeps the wave, and keeps the hair fastidiously fresh. And is so easy! So quick! All you need for "damp-setting" is brush and comb and an ounce of Velmol. (If you have no Velmol in the house, a bottle costs you only 2/- at any chemist shop.) Then just brush the Velmol through your hair, and simply press the waves into place.

What a glorious change this two-minute treatment makes! Instantly it revives the original ripple of your wave. And never any grease—for delightful, crystal-clear Velmol liquid must not be confused with heavy, messy, "brilliantine."

Take four minutes a week to "damp-set" your hair this way. Then even a light finger-

wave will last ever so long. You'll not need a "permanent" half so often. And your hair will always have that fresh, lustrous appearance.

(If you usually set your waves or curls with "bobber" pins or clips overnight—brush Velmol through hair first, and you'll be quite amazed at the results.)

JUST THREE STEPS IN "DAMP-SETTING": (1)—Comb hair with comb dampened in water until all your hair is damp (never wet). (2)—Pour a little Velmol into palm of hand, run hairbrush over liquid until bristles are evenly covered, and brush it right through hair. (3)—Now press the waves in—just where you want them—using fingers and comb. Press backward where the waves go back; forward where they swirl in toward cheeks and forehead. In four minutes your wave is revived—set; your hair has a glorious new sheen you never believed possible.



CUT OUT THREE DIRECTIONS SO YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.



# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

Saturday, February 6, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

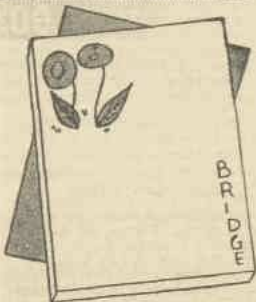
Page One

## If You Entertain With BRIDGE...

BY...  
OUR HOME  
DECORATOR

You will find these Card  
Table Covers a most attractive  
addition to your room.

THE covers are so simple to make and to  
embroider in brightly-colored wools and the  
scorers so fascinating to decorate with gay  
floral designs cut out of colored paper.



BRIDGE SCORER decorated with  
colored paper.

If you hold bridge parties in  
your home, or entertain  
your friends in the afternoon  
or evening with card games,  
then your bridge tables and all  
the necessary accessories,  
cards, scorers, and so on must  
be above reproach.

In fact, they must add to the  
attractive appearance of your room  
and earn you the reputation of being  
an excellent hostess.

Dainty covers, pretty score pads  
and ash trays, captivating sweet  
dishes and afternoon tea things all  
help so much to make the card  
game a pleasant one, and give your  
home that friendly touch.

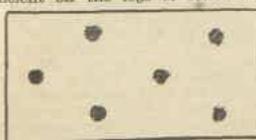
### Color Scheme

YET it is not at all difficult to have  
all your card-playing appur-  
tenances just as you would wish.

First of all consider the color  
scheme of the room you intend to  
play in, and then decide on the  
colors for the tables. Whether they  
harmonise or contrast is just a  
matter of preference.

If your room is fairly neutral in  
tone, then bright colors would be  
most effective. If there are already  
some bright colors in the room then  
it may be safer to repeat the same  
gay note in the bridge tables. For  
instance, it is often a good idea  
to lacquer the woodwork of the  
tables to match the cushions in  
the room.

Before starting the painting, it  
is sometimes advisable to cut suf-  
ficient off the legs to lower the



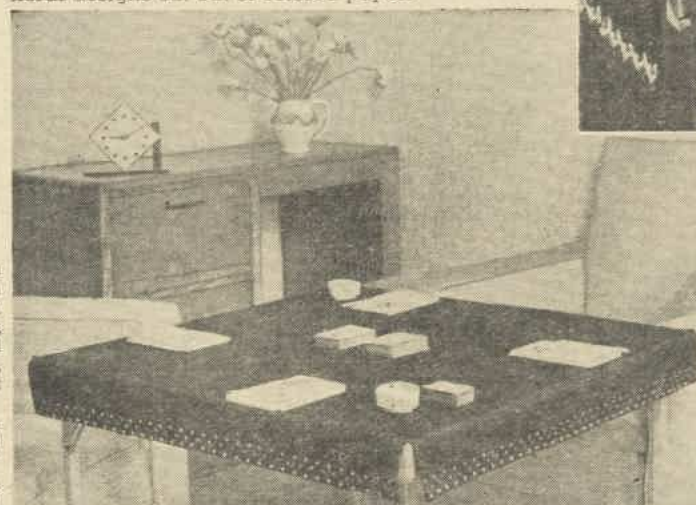
EACH ROW of dots in this  
domino border design is done in  
a different color wool.

height of the tables to 23 inches.  
Bridge tables are often too high  
for the comfort of players, especially  
when lounge chairs or couches are  
used (as is often the case) instead  
of bridge or dining chairs.

Now for the covers. If you de-  
cide to paint the legs of the tables,  
do not choose the same color for  
the covers or the effect may be  
monotonous.

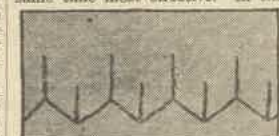
Usually, colors such as beige,  
black, or a pretty green are safe.  
You can introduce other tones into  
the embroidery, score pads and  
cards.

Perhaps your room is furnished in  
green and beige tonings. You  
could have the tables painted green,  
beige cover embroidered in green,  
scarlet and yellow, and the cards



could be chosen to tone either with  
the green of the room or one of the  
shades introduced in the em-  
broidery.

The embroidery on the borders  
of the covers shown in the illus-  
trations on this page is very quick  
and simple to work, and at the  
same time most effective. In this



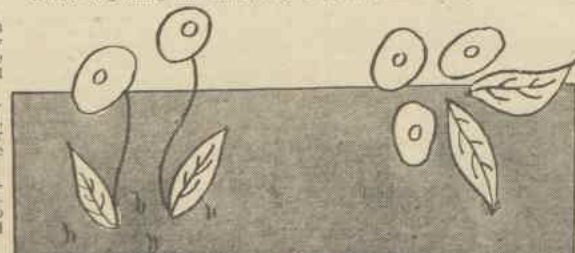
SIMPLE tacking stitch border  
design worked in three different  
colors.

case brightly-colored wools in two  
or three different shades have been  
used—scraps left over from winter  
knitting.

You do not need a transfer, as  
the diagrams are simple to follow,  
but if you feel doubtful about mak-  
ing your work sufficiently even,  
draw the design in pencil on the  
cover first, using the diagrams  
shown on this page as copies.

Another useful feature of these  
covers is the small three-inch  
square cut out of each corner of  
the material. This enables the  
cover when put on the table to fit  
neatly at the corners.

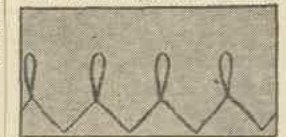
Before beginning the embroidery



DESIGN FOR TRIMMING SCORER. Flowers and leaves are cut  
out of colored advertisements or pictures and the black centres, veins  
in leaves, stems and grass are marked in with black Indian ink.

tack a narrow hem all round the  
cloth. The embroidery should be  
worked over the hem and the tack-  
ing pulled out afterwards.

The domino spot border is done



WORKED in two colors—the  
vandyke row in one shade and the  
lazy daisy stitching in another.

by making each row a different  
color.

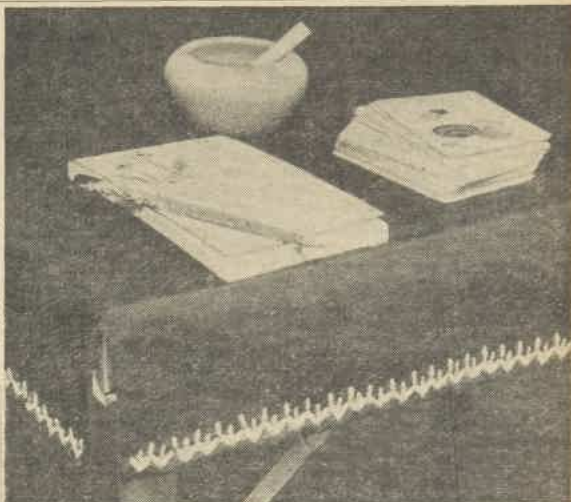
Another design is worked with  
large tacking stitches in three  
colors. First, the vandyke or di-  
agonal stitches in one color, the lower  
upright stitches in a second shade,  
and the higher vertical stitches in  
a third tone.

### A New Idea

THE third border design is worked  
in two shades. The vandyke row  
is done in a tacking stitch in one  
color, and the top row in lazy  
daisy stitch in another tone.

The scorers also introduce a new  
idea.

The covers of the pads are made  
of oiled parchment paper (which  
you can leave the natural color or  
can tone with water paints). They



THESE card-  
table covers of  
silk poplin in  
such tones as  
beige, green, or  
black look ever  
so smart decor-  
ated on the edges  
with brightly-  
colored wools.  
The border shown  
above is done  
with tacking and  
lazy daisy stitches.  
The border on the  
left is a simple  
domino spot  
design.

obtain all sorts of different shaded  
effects.

Other materials required to make  
the pads are: Liquid glue, black  
Indian ink, scorer refills in  
addition to the colored pictures for  
cutting out the design.

First cut the parchment to fit  
over the scorer with sufficient to  
continue over the top to the back-  
ing of cardboard.

Using a ruler, pen and Indian  
ink, then mark a narrow black  
edge round each cover.

Cut out the pieces of colored  
paper for the design and glue on  
in position. Mark in the stems,  
veins in leaves and grass with  
black ink. Also print the word  
"Bridge," if you wish. Lastly,  
glue the top underneath edge of  
the cover and attach to the card-  
board back of scorer.

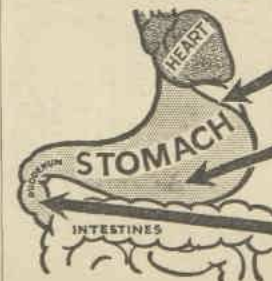
If you decide to color the parch-  
ment, dip a small piece of cotton  
wool or cloth into some water color  
paint and rub evenly over the  
parchment before you begin the  
decorating.

Four scorers make up a com-  
plete set and these can be all made  
alike or trimmed with the same  
design, but each in a different  
color.

### About Your

## Indigestion

... Is your trouble



**HERE** Distension of the stomach  
caused by gases from fer-  
menting food. Excess acidity is the  
trouble. Flatulence, heartburn and pal-  
pitation are the symptoms.

**HERE** Inflamed or ulcerated stomach.  
The continual action of hot  
stomach acids on the lining of a weak  
stomach eventually causes painful inflam-  
mation (gastritis or dyspepsia), and in  
extreme cases, stomach ulcers.

**OR HERE** Duodenal ulcers. Excess  
acids attack the interior walls of the  
duodenum (the first portion of the intes-  
tines). Agonising, gnawing pain is the  
symptom. This pain often disappears  
directly after a meal, only to recur with  
agonising intensity shortly after.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been prepared to meet the very complicated  
nature of indigestion troubles. It acts in a logical and common-sense way, and if  
you persevere it will eventually relieve you of your trouble entirely.

On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder **FIRSTLY** neutralises  
the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of  
flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

**SECONDLY**, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach  
walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids,  
allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

**THIRDLY**, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food,  
taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets  
regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, excess acidity  
is avoided, your pains vanish and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder  
means another day of unnecessary suffering for you. Sold by all Chemists  
and Stores, in sky-blue Canister, 2/6

**DE WITT'S ANTACID  
POWDER**





## SLEEP..... the vital importance of the second two hours!

Science has found that it is during the third and fourth hours of sleep that nature repairs the day's wear and tear of body, brain and nervous system. If this work of restoration is to be perfectly performed, sleep must be profound. This it cannot be if your stomach is sour, disturbed with acid, fermenting or laden with undigested food. Your sleep is fitful or troubled, you wake heavy, with a furred tongue, and feel tired before your day is started.

This distressing condition can be remedied with positive certainty by taking a little "Bisurated" Magnesia in water before retiring at night. "Bisurated" Magnesia instantly sweetens the stomach, neutralises excess acid, stops fermentation and induces sound refreshing sleep. Then you wake rested, fresh and full of energy. Get "Bisurated" Magnesia, the quickest-acting stomach remedy, and try it tonight.

**'Bisurated'  
Magnesia  
For the Stomach**

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the "Bismag" Trade Mark.

BISMAG

# MORE TEMPTING Favorites Win Prizes in This Week's Best Recipe Competition

Every member of the family will find a new delight in this delicious selection which ranges from elaborate cakes and puddings to new meat dishes and pickles.

If you have a special recipe which is always greeted with sighs of ecstasy by your friends, then write it out and send it along to us.

In addition to helping other clever cooks, you may be one of the lucky prize-winners.

Prizes awarded each week are £1 first prize, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

### GLORY CAKE

One plain sponge sandwich, 16 sponge fingers, large tin preserved peaches, 1 pint cream, few drops vanilla, 2 tablespoons castor sugar (to flavor and sweeten cream).

Save 7 peach halves and cut remainder into small dice, place chopped halves on lower half of sponge, cover evenly with cream, just sufficient to cover peaches. Then put on top half of sponge. Spread inside of fingers with cream and place upright around side of sponge. Put halves of peaches on top, round side up (six will fit around side and one in centre) on top of sponge. Fill spaces between fruit with piped rosettes of cream, adding crystallised cherry to top of each rose.

First prize of £1 to Miss F. McIver, 11 Cadby St., Brighton S5, Vic.

### BAKED CONTINENTAL ROLL

One pound puff or flaky pastry, 2 medium-sized apples, seeded raisins, dates, sultanas,

currants, 3 or 4 cloves, sugar, mixed spice.

Make or buy about 1lb. of puff or flaky pastry, spread table with large sheet of greaseproof paper, flour very well, and roll out pastry as thin as possible in a square shape. (A very good cook will have it so thin that she can almost read the print on a newspaper through it). Be careful not to roll holes in it.

Then peel the apples and slice them thinly over the pastry. Next sprinkle over the dried fruit until the apple is fairly well covered, squeeze over a little lemon juice, sprinkle sparingly with sugar and about a teaspoon of spice and, lastly, place the cloves on in different parts.

Roll up very carefully as you would a jam roll, moisten and seal ends and flap and glaze top with a little milk, sprinkle with sugar and spice, place on well-buttered tray and bake in a quick oven. If the roll is too long for the tray bend it into a horseshoe shape, but don't break.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Oxley, 77 Spit Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

### MOCK TURKEY

(To make a leg of pork taste like turkey.)

Take off the outer skin of pork, and remove bone, then roll out a thin piecrust, and envelop the meat in it, like an apple in a dumpling. Next, place the whole in an oven—not too hot—and bake. Before serving, cut away all the crust. This leaves a savory roast

with all the juices intact, white and tender, like a turkey.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Galloway, Mount Direction, East Tamar, Tas.

### POTATO LOGS

Mix to a smooth paste 2 cups nicely mashed potatoes, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, and the yolk of 1 egg, then fold in the well-beaten white of the egg.

Have ready some minced meat flavored with onion, parsley, and herbs (if liked).

Cut paste into squares, place a little meat on each, roll up, score roughly with fork, glaze with yolk of egg, and bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes.

Serve with brown gravy or tomato puree.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Jewels, 52 Hensman St., S. Perth.

### EDEN PUDDING

One and a half pints milk, 1lb. breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, 8oz. sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1lb. apples (grated), 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 eggs. Bring milk to the boil and pour over crumbs. Stir in butter, sugar, and salt, and leave for half an hour, then mix in apples and vanilla, also well-beaten egg-yolks. Butter a pie-dish, pour in mixture and bake 1/2 of an hour. Beat egg-whites to stiff froth with table-spoon sugar, heap on pudding, and return to oven to set meringue. Serve with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Gloster, Ormiston, Qld.

### VEAL CUTLETS

One and a half pounds veal, 1 egg, flour, breadcrumbs, pepper and salt.

Choose the best end of a neck of



veal. Divide meat into thin cutlets and trim, sprinkle with flour, pepper and salt, coat with beaten egg; roll in breadcrumbs and fry in boiling fat till brown.

Arrange on a dish and garnish with parsley and grilled tomatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Rosewall, Rosetta Rd., Nelley, S.A.

### SWEET CLEAR PICKLES

Eight pounds vegetables, including young beans, cucumbers about 4 inches long, 4 large white onions, 1lb. brown sugar, 3 pints vinegar, a tiny piece of garlic, 1 teaspoon each of peppercorns, cloves, and mace.

Cut vegetables up (cucumbers can be sliced or cut in four lengthwise), slice onions, pierce beans with a fork and cut ends off. Next day drain in a colander and proceed. Tie spice in a piece of muslin, put sugar and vinegar on to boil with spice. When it boils, add vegetables and simmer for half an hour or until vegetables are tender, but not broken. Remove the spice and, when nearly cold, bottle. Ready for use in about ten days.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. E. Pratt, Biralee, 12 The Broadway, Punchbowl, N.S.W.

## This Week

# DELICIOUS PIES

A piquant invitation to the most capricious appetites—tempting meat or fruit pies. Here are some of the favorites of other readers... try them now—they're sure to be popular.

EVERY week in this section a special subject is chosen from recipes sent in by readers, and a prize of 2/6 awarded for every recipe published.

Subjects to be dealt with in the next few weeks will be DATES and PRUNES. Let us have your recipes for using these delicious dried fruits. You will win a prize of 2/6 if your recipe is published.

### EGG AND MACARONI PIE

Four or 6 hard-boiled eggs, 1 pint white sauce, 4oz. cooked macaroni, 2 tablespoons crumbs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 teaspoon butter. Grease a pie-dish with a little butter. Mix sauce and macaroni. Arrange macaroni and sliced egg in layers with a little cheese between the layers and having sufficient macaroni for the last layer. Add remainder of the cheese and crumbs to the top. Add a few pieces of butter, and bake in a steady oven until crisp and a pale brown on top. Serve hot.

2/6 to Mrs. C. Shenton, 195 Cowper St., Waverley, N.S.W.

### SAVORY SQUASH PIE

Take 2lb. dry Hubbard squash and steam it in the shell until tender. When cooked, scrape out contents and season with pepper and salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter, and 2 tablespoons thick cream. Grease a pie-dish and line the bottom with a thick layer of prepared squash. Cover with a mixture of 1 cup minced ham (cooked), 1 cup minced fowl (cooked), 1/2 cup stuffing, 1lb. chopped cooked chestnuts (mashed potato will serve as a substitute if chestnuts unobtainable). Top with a second layer of squash. Beat 1 egg and pour it over the top, sprinkle with browned crumbs. Dot with nuts of butter and bake about half an hour or until top is nicely browned.

2/6 to Mrs. F. Clear, 106 Murray St., Wagga, N.S.W.

### DELICIOUS FRUIT PIE

Line a pie-dish with flaky pastry and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

When nearly cool fill with 2 stewed apples, 2 passionfruit, 2 sliced bananas, juice of 1/2 lemon.

Beat the yolks only of 2 eggs with a tablespoon of sugar and 2 table-spoons of milk; pour this over the mixture and bake slowly until set.

Remove from oven to add the whites beaten stiffly with 2 table-spoons of sugar, place in oven for a few minutes to brown. Serve hot or cold.

2/6 to Mrs. V. Allan, 9 Wilmet St., Toowoomba, Qld.

### APPLE FLEUR PIE

Six ounces good shortcrust, 1 pint cream, 1 teaspoon castor sugar, little vanilla essence, carmine, crystallised cherries, 1lb. cooking apples, 1oz. butter, 1/2 doz. cloves, thin strip lemon rind, 2oz. sugar, 1 gill water.

Make shortcrust, roll and line sandwich tin. Put a piece of greased paper, with greased side down, on the pastry, and sprinkle with rice. (This is to prevent pastry from rising). Bake in a fairly hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Allow pastry to cool. Wash and dry apples, and cut up. Cook with sugar, water, lemon rind, cloves and butter. When cooked rub through a coarse sieve or colander and allow to become cold. Put into pastry case, whip cream with sugar and essence until beginning to thicken. Four half over the apples, and whip rest with carmine. Put through a rose pipe, and decorate the top with crystallised cherries.

2/6 to Miss Sadie Jones, 71 Fifth Street, Port Pirie, S.A.

### CHIFFON PIE

One and a quarter cups sugar, 1 cup flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 cups boiling water, 1 lemon, 1 orange, 3 eggs, baked pastry shell.

Mix sugar and flour, stir in boiling water over a flame, and when thick, cover and cook over hot water for a quarter of an hour. Gradually add beaten egg-yolks, lemon juice, and rind and juice of orange. Cook until thick. Cool. Make a meringue of the egg-whites, 1/2 cup sugar, and teaspoon lemon juice. Fold one quarter into filling, and pour into crust. Top with remainder of meringue, and cook in a slow oven about 15 minutes.

2/6 to Miss S. Butler, 2 Strahan Street, S. Burnie, Tas.

## A fine idea for Picnic Meals

British (North Sea) Herrings are simply delicious. Take some on your next picnic. You buy them cooked and ready to serve—all you do is open the can. And what a tempting meal it is—full of nourishment and savoury goodness. Ask for British (North Sea) Herrings at your grocer's or stores—they are fine value.



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# MELTING and DELICIOUS ... Golden PANCAKES

Make them from this Excellent Recipe for "Flowing" Batter.

By RUTH FURST, Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

That quaint old custom of serving pancakes on Shrove Tuesday is a delightful one which many people like to observe.

This year, Shrove Tuesday falls on February 9, so here are some tested recipes for making delicious pancakes, savory and sweet, and batter puddings.

THERE are two kinds of batters. One is a coating batter used for making fritters or to coat fish, meat, fruit, or any other food which is to be fried in deep fat.

The other is a "flowing" batter, which is thinner and used for Yorkshire pudding, toad in the hole, pancakes, and similar dishes.

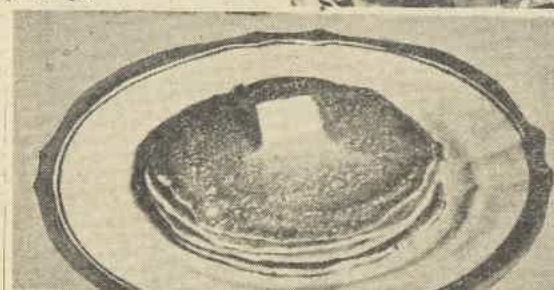
## COATING BATTER

Four ounces plain flour, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons milk, pinch of salt.

## "FLOWING" BATTER

Four ounces plain flour, 1 egg, 12 tablespoons milk, pinch of salt.

The method for both is exactly the same. Sift the flour and salt into a large cool basin, make a well in the centre, and break in the egg. Gently stir the flour into the egg, then gradually the milk, and when half the milk has been added all the flour should be moistened. It must then



READY TO TEMPT your appetite—freshly-made pancakes, served hot with cubes of melting butter to add to their fine flavor.

be thoroughly beaten to remove any lumps. Add the rest of the milk, mixing in evenly. Strain. Allow to stand one hour before using.

## PANCAKES

Quantity of "flowing" batter, lemon, sugar, butter for frying.

Make the batter. Strain into a jug and allow to stand one hour. Put a little butter into a small, clean frying-pan, and when a faint smoke is rising from it pour in enough batter to cover the bottom of the pan thinly. Fry it a golden-brown underneath, shaking the pan to make sure it is not sticking. Then toss the pancake over and fry the other side, or, if you are not brave enough to do this, it can be turned with a broad knife. Turn the pancake on to a piece of sugared paper, squeeze over it a little lemon juice, then sprinkle with sugar. Roll up neatly and keep hot over boiling water. When all are done, arrange in a hot dish and serve immediately.

## STUFFED SAVORY PANCAKES

Make the pancakes in the usual way, and when rolling them fill with one of the various stuffings: Puree of tomatoes, mushrooms fried in butter, cold meat chopped and bound together with a sauce, puree of vegetables, puree of fish well flavored, asparagus bound with white sauce, cheese bound with white sauce, oysters.

## SWEET STUFFED PANCAKES

Stuffed pancakes are rather a novelty. Make them as usual, and when rolling them fill them with

one of the following stuffings: honey, jam, puree of fruit, apples stewed and beaten to a pulp and flavored with rum, bananas mashed with sugar.

## BAKED SWEET BATTER PUDDING

Quantity of "flowing" batter, 3 tablespoons currants, grated rind of half lemon, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons margarine.

When the batter has stood for an hour sprinkle in the currants and lemon rind. Melt the margarine in the baking-dish, and when hot pour in the batter. Bake in the usual way. Serve very hot. Sprinkle it liberally with the sugar.

## TOAD IN THE HOLE

Quantity of "flowing" batter, ½ lb. beef steak (minced or seasoned) or ½ lb. sausage-meat, 2 tablespoons dripping.

Melt the dripping in a baking-dish, pour in sufficient batter to a depth of half an inch. Bake this layer first till just set. Sprinkle the meat over the cooked batter. Add salt and pepper if necessary, then pour over the rest of the batter to cover the meat. Return to a hot oven and finish cooking. Cut into squares. Serve very hot.

## FRENCH PANCAKES

Two tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 2 dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar. Cream the butter and sugar, add one egg and beat well; then the

THERE are various ways of serving pancakes. Some like them rolled and served with lemon and sugar.

All these recipes have been tested in our kitchen.



PANCAKES ARE DELICIOUS to eat, and not difficult to make. Try the recipes given here. If you follow them carefully your pancakes should be a huge success.

other one, and beat again. Stir in the sifted flour, lastly the milk. Butter six deep saucers, half fill with the mixture. Bake in a quick oven 10 to 15 minutes, when they should be a golden-brown on top. Turn out; spread jam on half. Fold over like an omelette. Serve at once.

## SAVORY PANCAKES

Quantity "flowing" batter,

very finely-chopped onion, parsley, mixed herbs, salt, pepper. Make the batter and allow it to stand one hour; add to it the onion, parsley, herbs, salt and pepper. Melt a little butter in the small frying-pan. Pour in enough batter to cover the bottom of the pan thinly. Fry till a golden-brown on both sides. Toss or turn with a knife. Roll up and serve very hot.

**I made the GRAVY**

Any child can make RICH BROWN GRAVY with 'GRAVOX'—Blend a spoonful in a cup of water and BOIL... That's all there is to it... It SALTS, SEASONS, BROWNS & THICKENS

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SteeLo restores the natural sheen and colour of the metal. It does it quickly, too, with less rubbing than ever. A packet contains 5 pads and special soap.

**CLEVER IDEAS**

**CONCERNING TEA:** When you open your packet of tea, empty it onto a sheet of greaseproof paper and place it in a warm oven. This treatment not only brings out the flavor of the tea, but makes it go much further.

**REJUVENATE YOUR HAND-BAG:** If your leather handbag is looking very shabby, try this easy way of miraculously improving its worn appearance. Make a mixture of one part vinegar to two parts of boiled linseed oil. Apply this with a piece of old rag, and when it has been thoroughly absorbed by the leather, finish off by polishing with a soft cloth.

**CLOGGED DRAINS:** Pipes choked with grease are often the cause of much expense in the plumbing line, so prevent this happening to your sinks by keeping a lump of washing soda lying on the top of the waste pipe. This will prevent any grease going down the pipe and clogging it.

**FRESH CAKES:** To keep cakes and buns from becoming stale, place an apple in your cake tin. The moisture in the fruit will prevent the cake from becoming dry.

**CLEANING GLASS AND CHINA:** Valuable glass and chinaware always repay us well for careful cleaning. Take a soft woollen-cloth and dip it in methylated spirit. Rub each piece lightly over with this and it will leave the surface beautifully clean and shining. Use a small paint brush dipped in the spirit for cleaning out little crevices.

**Rosella TOMATO SAUCE**

Over 100 Pure Foods

All the goodness of sun-ripened tomatoes delicately spiced.

No Preservatives  
No Coloring

Also Worcester Sauce  
Spiced Sauce  
Fruit Chutney

For "happy" meals she chooses Rosella





**M**ILLIONS of women the world over keep their skin healthy and attractive by using Cuticura Preparations. No matter how hopeless your complexion troubles may seem, you can quickly clear away blackheads, enlarged pores and blotchiness and have a normal, healthy, attractive complexion by placing the care of your skin in Cuticura Soap used with Cuticura Ointment.

Cuticura purifies and sweetens the pores, thus bringing new health and freshness to the skin. Ugly spots, blackheads and blemishes disappear as the skin sheds its impurities and the pores become healthy and clear.

Twice daily wash the face with Cuticura Soap. The creamy, luxuriant lather, mildly antiseptic in action, washes away all the grime and clogging matter, soothes and softens the skin.

For skin outbreaks, rashes or irritations, apply Cuticura Ointment directly to the affected part.

To refresh and comfort the body after the bath, always use Cuticura Talcum, fragrant and refreshing.

Sold by all chemists and stores.



**Cuticura** For Clear Healthy Skin  
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**FEBRUARY 24** — match commences on February 26.

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1st class, **£5**      2nd class, **£3/15/-**  
(plus seat booking fee of 2/3 in each direction)

Tickets available for return not earlier than seven days nor later than one month from date of forward journey...

**SELECT YOUR SEATS—NOW!**

at the Victorian Government Tourist Bureau, 31 Martin Place, Sydney; the New South Wales Government Tourist Bureau, Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, Sydney; or the Central Railway Station, Sydney.

## Grow... MUSHROOMS

With this new, quick-growing spawn, mushrooms are ready for picking five weeks after planting and will continue to yield all through the winter.

—SAYS THE OLD GARDENER.

**L**ONG regarded as delicacies, extremely difficult to cultivate, mushrooms are really quite easy to grow, and make an intensely interesting and profitable hobby.

Those who wish to experiment with this fascinating hobby should make their compost now. This will leave plenty of time to prepare the beds and plant the spawn, thus allowing it to be well rooted before the cold weather sets in. If you do

Spread the compost evenly, and press down firmly, allowing about two days to elapse before planting the spawn. Before planting make the final test by thrusting a dry stick into the centre of the bed and leaving for a few minutes. If, when the stick is withdrawn, it feels warm, the compost is not quite ready, but if normal when felt planting may commence.

The spawn should be planted when very fresh, in pieces about the size of a walnut—planting



A FEW WEEKS AFTER PLANTING you will have mushrooms like these with the new quick-growing Australian-made spawn which is discussed in this article.

this you should have a good crop of mushrooms all through the winter.

If the beds are well made and the spawn carefully planted, they should yield mushrooms over a period of five months, without replanting, and from every square foot two to three lbs. can be collected over that period.

The success of the crop depends entirely on the securing of good, reliable spawn. After careful tests and experiments, I have found the ideal spawn is one which is manufactured in Australia, which yields mushrooms ready for picking five weeks after planting.

Those who wish to secure this special spawn should write to "The Old Gardener, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, Castlereagh St., Sydney," enclosing a 2d. stamp, and I will advise you where to procure it and give you any advice I can.

### To Make the Compost

WHEN preparing the compost any animal manure may be used—cow, pig, horse or fowl—all will serve the purpose of generating heat and fermenting the plant life used. Straw, grass-clippings saved from the lawns, or pumpkin, melon or choko vines are all suitable to use in the compost.

First place one layer of straw (or whatever else you may be using), then one of manure, and continue in this way until the heap is about 4ft. to 4½ft. high, and loosely packed to assist fermentation.

The compost should be made in a shed or under cover, as the rain must be kept off at all costs. After having prepared the heap as directed, it must be turned every three days for at least three weeks, and lightly sprinkled with water at each turn—but do be careful not to overdo the water. For the first and second turn the heap should be made fairly wet, but after that only a very light sprinkling is necessary.

When the heap has cooled, the compost will be ready for bed-making.

To make a test for the correct dampness, take a handful and squeeze tightly, and if no water shows through the fingers, but the impression of the hand is left, the compost is in an ideal condition for bed-making.

Indoor culture is undoubtedly the superior method, for the beds are then protected from the rain, and too much water will kill the spawn as quickly as too much heat.

Beds should be made from 8 to 12 inches deep, and if space is limited in the room or shed, tiers can be made. Make the beds about three feet wide, so as they may be easily attended to.



**Bring up a child  
in the way he  
should go.**

This is sound advice—but it is not always realised what an important part the very early months and years may play in bringing about the desire of the mother for the future welfare of her Baby.

When "grown-ups" are feeling out-of-sorts they become irritable and their usual good nature is spoiled—it is therefore the more desirable in the case of a young child to do everything possible to avoid unnecessary discomfort and suffering.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS soothe the child and help him to cut his teeth with ease and thus promote a happy and contented baby.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS are absolutely harmless.

**ASHTON & PARSONS  
INFANTS' POWDERS**

20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

**AMAMI care**  
★ means lovely hair



Friday  
night is  
**AMAMI**  
night!

The finishing touch  
**AMAMI  
WAVE-SET**

Just five minutes for perfection's final touch. Make tight little curls and deep broad waves with this fragrant non-sticky, non-oily, non-powdery lotion. So easy and so inexpensive.

**AMAMI SHAMPOOS & WAVE-SET** ★

A well nourished scalp, healthy roots, and spotlessly clean hair: this is true Amami loveliness. Natural colour, gleaming in the light, a soft silky texture so easy to manage, and perfect freedom from fading, falling or splitting. All Brunettes should use Amami No. 1. Amami No. 5 is for Blondes (containing Lemon Rinse and Rosemary Tea). No. 7 for the very Fair and Amami Special Henna Application is to brighten and tint dull hair. Amami No. 12 is for those who prefer a Soapless Shampoo...



# THE BODY

By Evelyn

## BEAUTIFUL EYES That BEWITCH

So soft and smiling... What glamor they give to your personality!

WHETHER your eyes are mysterious green, soft blue, or fathomless black, they can be made, with careful treatment, as lustrous and captivating as you please. They may hold a wistful, haunting smile in their depths or they may shine with an irresistible sparkle of laughter.

### Personality!

As important to the Engineer as to the Salesman! ITS DEVELOPMENT IS A FEATURE OF ALL L.C.S. TRAINING. THAT IS WHY L.C.S. Students become Leaders!

#### International Correspondence Schools

140 Elizabeth Street, Sydney  
 Note—Please send free prospectus showing how I can succeed in the occupation I have marked.  
 Bookkeeping—General, Store, Station.  
 Accountancy—Secretarial—Cost Accounting.  
 Bookkeeping—General, Store, Station.  
 Salesmanship—General, Retail, Wholesale.  
 Psychology and Personality in Business.  
 Advertising—Retail, Mail-Order, Agency.  
 Window Display—Show Card, Shop Tickets.  
 Illustrating—Newspaper, Fashion, Poster.  
 Free Lance Journalism—Short Story Writing.  
 Matrimonial—Letter-Writer—Public Relations.  
 General Education, Business and Sales Letters.  
 Police Entrance Exam, Nurses Entrance Exam.  
 Architecture—Structural, Concrete.  
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 Draftsmanship (Mech. and all branches).  
 Motor Eng.—Motor Mechanics, Motor Eng.  
 Diesel Eng.—Diesel Engines, Welding Eng.  
 Internal Combustion and Steam Drivers' Exams.  
 Radio Eng.—Radio Servicing, Radio Exams.  
 Refrigeration—Electrical Refrigeration, Servicing.  
 Aero Eng.—Ground Eng., Licenses, Rigging.  
 Elec. Eng.—Elec. Contractors' & Mech. Exams.  
 Civil Eng.—Bridge Eng.—Ship Owners.  
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 (Underline your subject above—if not on list write it here.)  
 Register and only a 1d. stamp. Post New.  
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### Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's Vaeuoid is guaranteed to banish any form of Pile misery or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases, for within 24 hours, it begins to remove blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles—and the broken swollen veins start to shrink and heal often in 4 or 5 days! It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell Vaeuoid tablets with this guarantee \*\*\*

### Do YOU Wonder If it is YOU?

When the unmistakable odour of perspiration suddenly assails you, are you alarmed that it might be yourself? Odorono spares you this fear—it safely stops underarm perspiration. It does more than protect your person, it saves your clothes from perspiration damage. A doctor's discovery, Odorono is safe to use.

Odorono is made in two strengths—"Regular" and "Instant".



ODO-RO-DO  
 Prices 1/-, 2/- and 3/6



LOVELY expressive eyes, with a wistful smile in their depths. Their beauty is greatly enhanced by a fringe of long curling lashes, carefully arched brows and the clever use of eye shadow.

water, and wipe away the surplus cream.

Soak two pads of cotton wool in witch hazel and place over your closed eyes, tying the bandage over to keep in position. Relax completely for about 15 minutes, letting your mood be delightfully drowsy. Then remove the pads.

Each morning fill a basin with clear, icy cold water, and dip your face into this, rapidly opening and shutting your eyes under water. Dry by patting gently with a soft cloth.

Don't pluck the eyebrows into any shape because it happens to be the fashion craze of the moment, or because your favorite film star wears hers that way.

Carefully study your type and your eyes and decide between demurely curving brows, a sophisticated arch or quaintly straight brows.

You will always be on the safe side if you follow the natural line of your brows. Be wary of using eyebrow pencil, or it always accentuates artificiality, so do not use it unless absolutely necessary. Far better, you will find, to

"MIRRORS of the soul," they are so often called, for through your eyes radiate your personality and reactions to life.

No matter how crowded your day, spend at least a half an hour on their general improvement.

Slip out of your clothes, and don comfortable lounge pyjamas or negligee. Sink into the most luxurious armchair, with a large mirror before you, and a small table with all your beauty equipment at your side.

All you will need is a jar of really good tissue cream, cotton wool, a basin of very hot water, witch hazel and a bandage.

First, carefully pat in the cream around the eyes and over the eyelids with the fingertips. Do this ever so gently, so as not to stretch the tender skin. Squeeze out a piece of cotton wool in the hot

## FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

Sagging Muscles Affect Milk Supply

By a Truby King Expert

This week's article deals with another aspect of natural feeding—the problem of the milk supply that is too free.

IF the milk supply is too free or runs too easily, the mother should learn to realise the importance and great value of sunshine and massage for toning up the breast muscles.

Various exercises, brisk walking in the fresh air, correct diet and sunshine; all these are helpful.

Daily or twice daily, tone the breasts after feeding baby, bathing them first with hot water and a good soap, then tepid water, finishing with cold sea water or salt and water.

Massage the nipples well with lanoline and smear them with olive oil. Then sunbake where the rays of the sun fall directly on the chest, and back.

As soon as the doctor allows you to resume surfing and sunbaking, take advantage of it, taking care not to get tired. Wear a white bathing suit for preference, as this will not exclude the valuable rays of the sun.

Sunbaking to excess is exhausting and may defeat its own purpose.

Avoid heavy, hot clothing. A comfortable uplift brassiere, or binder, with no elastic, and having straps from 1½ to 2 inches in width (over the shoulder) is valuable. It prevents undue sagging of the muscles, and combined with correct exercises aids them to resume tone.

Teeth should be attended to. You cannot expect good muscle tone if the food cannot be correctly masticated.

Extra milk should be taken as part of the meal, and plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables. You must have at least one green vegetable daily, remembering that the outside leaves have the additional value of growth in the sunshine.

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Is there much difference between tubercular meningitis and the ordinary form of this disease?

TUBERCULAR meningitis is not the same as ordinary meningitis; it is even more serious.

In tubercular meningitis, the offending organism is the tubercle bacillus—which, when present in the lungs, causes pulmonary tuberculosis—and it tends to inflame the brain covering more than the spinal ones.

The tubercle bacillus may cause disease of any part of the body in which it happens to flourish.

If in the bones or joints, there is produced a tuberculosis of those regions; if in the intestines, there is tuberculosis of the intestines; if in the kidneys, a tuberculosis infection of kidney tissues.

In tubercular meningitis, the outlook is grave. The reason for stressing the seriousness of this disease is in the fact that many persons neglect tuberculosis in the body elsewhere than in the lungs.

## IF MEN DID THE WASHING



It's easy to get through the biggest wash when you use PERSIL because its active oxygen—charged suds get right into the closest weave—whisk away every particle of dirt. Just leave the wash to PERSIL—it will do it all better—without any rubbing or hard work on your part.

MAKE SURE YOU GET THE REAL PERSIL  
 J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.  
 Good Housekeeping Institute  
 31, 340 Sts.

For more ease and a whiter wash



# Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Arresting styles that will appeal to smart dressers.

Send for patterns now!

## PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d stamp.



WW1487

WW1488

WW1488.—This pretty afternoon frock is cut in sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1487.—Attractively smart little suit. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide, and ¾ yard for vest. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1489.—Very new summer suit. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## PATTERNS FOR BABE'S LAYETTE

Cost 3d.—4-piece

THIS week's three-in-one pattern is for a baby's layette, as illustrated at right. It is cut in sizes 6 months, 12 months, and 18 months, and each pattern in each size costs 3d.

To obtain 3d in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices. Material required, 36 inches wide. For jacket, 5-8 yard; for coat, 1½ yards; for frock, 1½ yards; for petticoat, 1 yard.

## CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns: ADELAIDE—Box 2884, G.P.O. BRISBANE—Box 4097, G.P.O. MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O. NEWCASTLE—Box 81, G.P.O. PERTH—Box 4910, G.P.O. SYDNEY—Box 4297, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.

Tasmanian readers may obtain patterns by writing to our Melbourne office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Size .....

Pattern Coupon, 6/2/37.

## OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



COMPLETE patterns for this 4-piece layette cost 3d., including postage.

SEE ABOVE left for full details of this special concession offer.



WW1492

WW1492.—Front treatment of this frock is outstandingly attractive. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide and 1 yard for collar. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1490.—This blouse has tucked front, and is shown being worn with suit No. 1489. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1491.—A particularly smart, youthful ensemble. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide and ¾ yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1493.—This tailored dainty slip is neckless. Cut in sizes, 32 to 40 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1494.—A very charming coat, à la Princess Elizabeth, cut in sizes 4 to 16 years. Material required: 2½ to 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1493

WW1494



# Smart Frock in RUSSIAN TUNIC STYLE

## Needlework Notions

*Ideal for  
smart winter wear  
for yourself or your  
small daughter.*

Exquisite hand embroidery gives this style charming distinction, while the frock is easy to make and the embroidery simple.

You can obtain paper pattern for making this Russian frock for yourself or your little daughter, together with transfer for the embroidery, from our Needlework Department.

WHY not begin now on your winter frock? New materials are here, fresh and enchanting in their variety of weaves and colors. And by making a start now you will give yourself plenty of time to make up the frock and complete the fascinating embroidery before the weather is really cold.

And there's nothing to equal hand embroidery on a frock to give

it distinction—that touch of ultra-smartness which is usually only associated with the most expensive gowns.

### Style of Frock

THE style of the frock is a Russian tunic design which is especially suitable for decorating with hand embroidery.

You can obtain the paper patterns for making from our Needlework Department as follows:

Sizes 32 to 46-inch bust, price 1/1. Sizes, 6 to 8 years, 8 to 10,

and 10 to 12 years, price 10d. Directions for making are enclosed with the pattern.

The transfer, also procurable from our Needlework Department measures 8 inches by 20 inches, and gives you about 41 inches of banding one inch wide and three small corners to match for using in odd places. The price is 1/-.  
THE DESIGN: This shows a simple running pattern of leaves and berries. It repeats completely about every four inches, but may be cut almost anywhere to suit your own working. You can cut apart each leaf with its adjacent berry group, and space them out more widely; or you may use only small pieces for collar and cuffs or pockets.

### Edges of Curtains

ITS MANY USES: In addition to being used as shown on these frocks, this is a delightful little transfer for the edges of curtains, aprons, towels, bags and other small informal articles.

THE COLORS: There are some beautiful stranded art silks on the market for your needlework, lustrous and full of color. You will find Anchor shades suitable to this design in the specially numbered variegated cottons, which save changing your thread from one tone to another.

The worked result is a lovely blending of tints, all worked in the same thread, as the dyeing is usually perfectly carried out for this type of work.

In these art silks, No. 5901 gives shadings from cream to brown, and is lovely on fawn or brown cloth; 5902 shades from cream to green;



FROCK IN ALL SIZES for small girls and grown-ups in Russian tunic style, and decorated with hand embroidery on the collar and down the side front. Paper patterns and transfer available from our Needlework Department.

5900 shades in light effects from cream to orange, and would look delightful on brown, navy blue or hunting green; 5908 shades from cream to russet, and is lovely on rust-colored cloths.

If you prefer the more usual stranded cottons or filocelles, you will be able to choose any shades you wish. The design is quite good when completely worked in one tone, but if you decide to do this, keep to greens or reddish autumn tints.

### Women's Weekly Cookery School

Classes Begin Again

ENROL NOW FOR LESSONS

The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery School, which opened with such success at the end of last year and went into recess over the Christmas holidays, will open again on February 8.

THE classes are in charge of Mrs. Ruth Purst, the well-known lecturer, teacher and demonstrator of cooking, who also conducts the cookery page in The Australian Women's Weekly.

The kitchen, which has been specially equipped for the purpose of holding lectures and demonstrations, is in the Royal Arcade, Room 49, 3rd floor (the Royal Arcade is opposite the Liberty Theatre, in Pitt St., and runs through to George St.).

For week beginning February 8, the one-hour lectures will be held as follows:—

Monday, February 8, at 2.30: Subject, savories.

Thursday, February 11, at 2.30: Subject, fish.

Tuesday night at 6.30 (special business girls' class): Subject, pastry.

The charge for each lecture is 1/-. and as accommodation is limited those desiring to attend should telephone or call at The Australian Women's Weekly office and book prior to the day and time of lecture taking place.

### No Padding Required

THE STITCHING: After transferring the design to places in which you wish to work it, thread a good-sized crewel needle with plenty of thread, three strands at least. There is no padding required in this type of work on woollen materials, so you can start at the beginning of the work and go right through to the end without having to turn back for another kind of stitch.

Outlining will work the whole

design in a light, open manner. Better effects will be gained by a kind of deep, loose stitching round the leaves, working into the leaf a little in the form of satin-stitch. The berries can be worked with a few over-and-over stitches like satin-stitch without padding. Veins and stems are outlined or run in darning style as you go along.

EASY WORK: Hand embroidery on winter frocks is usually done in a quick and simple manner which suits the background cloth better than fine stitching. There is no necessity to put in the careful work which is so lovely on table linen. A dress does not last more than a season or two, and very good work would be wasted. Strangely, the rather coarse quick style of stitching looks better on woollens than a finer kind of work would appear.

Do not forget that when you embroider a dress it is not necessary to use any other kind of trimming save a button or two where wanted.



## "Tell me, doctor . . . Is it essential

that disinfectants should be so unpleasant before they are reliable? Frankly, I hate using things labelled Poison—strong fluids that might be dangerous if one wasn't very careful. Must they all be like that? Isn't there something really efficient and pleasant to use as well? Something safe, and yet nice enough to form part of one's toilet—if you know what I mean . . ."

Nothing better was ever discovered for women than 'Dettol,' the Modern Antiseptic. This highly efficient killer of germs is so dainty that it will not even stain linen. It is clean and clear, pleasant in smell, and an excellent deodorant. For all its wide and successful surgical use, it might have been made expressly for fastidious personal care. For in spite of its sure destruction of germs it is not poisonous, and it is gentle and tender on human tissues. 'Dettol' as part of your toilet routine will keep you immaculate. Ask your doctor.

Your Chemist has 'Dettol' in bottles - 2/-

**DETTOL**  
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

BECKITT'S (OVER SEA) LTD. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.), SYDNEY



## LOVELINESS GROWS

when your hair is completely  
cleansed of DANDRUFF

Barry's Tricophorous provides the one quick and positive means of ending dandruff permanently. It dissolves away every unsightly particle, thoroughly cleansing the hair and scalp of dandruff, dirt, dust, and excess grease. It feeds undernourished hair roots, stops falling, splitting hair, prevents greyness and encourages a luxuriant growth of lustrous, youthful hair.

Of all chemists & Stores 3/- a bottle.

## BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth



## NEVER FREE from pain

Remarkable results from  
Mother Seigel's Syrup

Here is a letter from a lady of Enmore, Sydney:

"At one time I used to suffer greatly from biliousness, sick headaches and indigestion. I never knew what it was to feel perfectly free from pain and distress. I devoted much time to arrive, as the lightest of foods would completely upset my whole system and bring on hours of misery. I first heard of Mother Seigel's Syrup through a friend and after using a few bottles of the remedy I quickly regained excellent health."

If you are subject to sick headaches, bilious attacks, flatulence or loss of appetite, the best and surest way to be well again is to take Mother Seigel's Syrup.

At all Chemists and Storekeepers. Trial size 1/6. Large size 3/6. (Contains more than three times the quantity of trial size).



### Few need Pulvex, too!

Pulvex Powder KILLS lice, mites and fleas and keeps them away for days after treatment. When "settling" house, dust mites in prevent irritation. Pulvex is non-poisonous and odorless. Ideal for all domestic pets.

All chemists and stores, 1/6 tin, double size, 2/6. Postage 3d. and 4d.

Wholesale: William Cooper & Nephews (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney.

**PULVEX**

KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

LUDOVIC heard the warning, and quick as a flash thrust the lantern into the priest's hole, and swung round. He said clearly: "The window, man! Be off!" and bending till he was nearly double slipped backwards into the priest's hole, and pulled the panel to upon himself.

Wavering candlelight illumined the room, a voice shouted: "Stand! Stand!" and Bundy, hidden behind the window-curtains, saw a thin man with a pistol in his hand rush into the room towards the priest's hole, and claw fruitlessly at the panel, saying:

"He's here, he's here! I saw him!"

The butler, who was standing on the threshold with a branch of candles in his hand, stared at the wainscoting, and said:

"Where?"

"Here, behind the panel! I saw it close. I tell you! There's a priest's hole; we have him trapped!" The butler looked a good deal astonished, and advancing farther into the room, said:

"Since you know so much about this house, Mr. Gregg, perhaps you know how to get into this priest's hole you talk of?"

The valet shook his head, biting his nails.

"No, we were too late. Only the master knows the catch to it. We must get it covered."

"It seems to me that there's someone else as knows," remarked the butler, austerely. "I'm bound to say that I don't understand what it is you're playing at, Mr. Gregg, with all this mysterious talk about house-breakers, and setting everyone on to keep watch like you have. Who's behind that panel?"

Gregg answered evasively: "How should I know? But I saw a man disappear into the wall. We must get the parish constable up here to take him the instant the master gets back and opens the panel."

"Stand where you be!" growled a voice from the window. "Drop that gun! I have you covered, and my pop's liable to go off unaccountably sudden-like."

The valet wheeled round, saw

## TALISMAN Ring

Continued from Page 9

Mr. Bundy jerked up his pistol-hand. The two guns cracked almost as one, but in the uncertain light neither bullet found its mark. The butler gave a startled gasp, and nearly let the candles fall, and through the window scrambled a third man who flung himself upon Bundy from the rear, panting:

"Ah, would you, then!"

ABEL BUNDY was not, however, an easy man to overpower. He wrenched himself out of the groom's hold, and punched him scientifically in the face. The groom, a young and enthusiastic man, went staggering back, but recovered and bored in again.

The butler hurried, portly but powerful, to join in the fray. Gregg called out:

"That's not the man! The other's here, behind the paneling! This one makes no odds!"

"This one's good enough for me!" said the groom between his teeth.

It was at this moment that Sir Tristram, mounted on Clem's horse, reached the wicket-gate at the back of the garden. He had heard the pistol shots as he rode across the park, and had spurred his horse to a gallop. He pulled it up, snorting and trembling, flung himself out of the saddle, and setting his hand on the wicket-gate vaulted over, and went swiftly round the house to the library window.

An amazing sight met his eyes. Of Ludovic there was no sign, but

## GIRLIGAGS



"ONE THING about a woman is—the better her line, the better her catch."

four other men were there. One was on the floor. Two were fighting, while Beau Lavenham's prim valet hovered about the group with the branch of candles in his hand, saying:

"Not that one! I want the other!"

Sir Tristram stood for a moment, considering. Then he drew a long-barrelled pistol from his pocket, and with deliberation cocked it, and took careful aim. There was a flash and a deafening report, and the branch of candles held by the valet crashed to the ground, plunging the room in darkness.

SIR TRISTRAM, entering the library through the window, heard the valet shriek: "My heavens, he must have got out! No one else could have fired that shot!"

"Oh, could they not?" murmured Sir Tristram, with a certain grim satisfaction.

Half in and half out of the window, his form was silhouetted for a moment against the moonlit sky. The valet gave a shout of warning and Sir Tristram, coolly taking note of his position from the sound of his voice, strode forward. The valet met him bravely enough, launching himself upon the dainty seen figure, but he was no match for Sir Tristram, who evaded his clutch, and threw in a body lift which almost doubled him up. Before he could recover from it Sir Tristram found him again, and dropped him with a terrific right to the jaw. He crashed to the floor and lay still, and Sir Tristram, his eyes glowing accustomed to the darkness, turned his attention to Bundy's captors. For a few seconds there was some

wild fighting. The groom, leaving Bundy to the butler, tried to grapple with Shield, was thrown off, and rattled in again, as game as a pebble. There was no room for science; hits went glaringly abroad, furniture was sent flying, and the confused bout ended in Shield throwing his opponent in a swinging fall.

Bundy, who had very soon accounted for the butler, turned to assist his unknown supporter, but found it unnecessary. He thrust towards the window and scrambled through it just as the groom struggled to his feet again. Sir Tristram followed him fast and two minutes later they confronted one another on the park side of the wicket-gate, both of them panting for breath, the knuckles of Shield's right hand bleeding slightly, and Bundy's left eye rapidly turning from red to purple.

"DANG me if I know who you may be!" said Bundy, breathing heavily.

"You may not know me," said Shield wrathfully, "but I know you, you muddling, addle-pated jackass! Where's Mr. Ludovic?"

Bundy, rather pleased than otherwise by this form of address, said mildly:

"I misdoubt I don't know what you're talking about."

"You fool, I'm his cousin! Where is he?"

"Now, don't go wasting time having a set-to with me!" begged Mr. Bundy. "I don't say I wouldn't like a bout with you, but it ain't the moment for it. Mr. Ludovic's got himself into that priest's hole he was so crazy to find."

"In the priest's hole? Then why the devil didn't he come out when I shot the candles over?"

"Happen it ain't so easy to get out as what it is to get in," suggested Bundy. "What's more, the cat's properly in the cream-pot now, for that screeching valet knows where he is—ay, and who he is! He means to watch till his precious master gets home."

"He'll do no watching yet awhile," said Sir Tristram. "I took very good care to put him to sleep. He's the only one we have to fear. The butler has never seen my cousin, and I doubt is not in his master's confidence."

"You're right there," corroborated Bundy, "he ain't. But he knows there's a man in the priest's hole, because t'other cove told him so."

"I can handle him," said Shield briefly, and catching his horse's bridle set his foot in the stirrup. "Stay here, and if I whistle come to the window. May need you to show me where to find the catch that opens the panel."

Sir Tristram, breaking through on to the road, turned towards the Dower House and rode up the neat drive at a canter. Dismounting, he not only pulled the iron bell violently, but also hammered an imperative summons with the knocker on the front door.

In a few minutes the door was cautiously opened on the chain, and the butler, looking pale and shaken, and with a black eye almost equal to Bundy's, peered out.

"What the devil's amiss?" demanded Sir Tristram. "Don't keep me standing here! Open the door!"

"Oh, it's you, sir!" gasped the butler, much relieved, and making haste to unfasten the chain.

"Of course it is!" said Sir Tristram, pushing his way past him into the hall. "I was on my way home from Hand Cross when I heard unmistakable pistol-shots coming from here. What's the meaning of it? What are you doing up at this hour?"

"I'm—I'm very glad you've come, sir," said the butler, wiping his face. "Very glad indeed sir. I'm so shook up I scarce know what I'm about. It was Gregg's doing sir. No, not precisely that neither, but it was Gregg as had his suspicions there was a robbery planned for to-night. He was quite right, sir; we've had house-breakers in, and one of them's hidden in some priest's hole I never heard of till now. I've never been so used in all my life, sir, never!"

"It seems to me you have conducted yourselves like a set of idiots!" said Sir Tristram angrily, and walked into the library.

Please turn to Page 45

## Safeguard YOUR Silver with SILVO

Silvo is a safe polish that cleans quickly as well as kindly. This gentle liquid polish restores and preserves the delicate, lustrous surface of the finest silver, without injury.



Silvo cannot harm Silver. It contains no mercury and no acids—neither does it scratch. Silvo is the finest of all Silver polishes.

## SILVO

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# TALISMAN Ring

Continued from Page 44

SHIELD went over to look at the valet, who was breathing stertorously.

"Knocked out," he said. "You'd better carry him up to his bed. Where's this precious panel you talk of?"

"It's here, sir," answered the groom. "I'm a-watching of it. Only let the cove come out, that's all I ask!"

"I'll keep an eye on that," replied Sir Tristram. "You take this fellow's legs and help Jenkins carry him up to his room. Get water and vinegar, and see what you can do to bring him round. Gently, now!"

Under his authoritative instructions the groom and the butler lifted Gregg from the couch, and bore him tenderly from the room. No sooner had they started to mount the stairs than Sir Tristram closed the library door, and called softly:

"Ludovic! All's clear; come out!" "Happen he's suffocated inside that hole," remarked Mr. Bundy's fatalistic voice from the window.

"Nonsense, there must be enough air! Where's the catch that opens the panel?"

Bundy, leaning his head and shoulders in at the window, indicated the portion of the frieze where it might be found. Shield ran his hands over the carving, presently found the device Ludovic had twisted, and turned it. The panel slid back once more, and Shield, picking up the candelabra, went to it, saying sharply:

"Ludovic! Are you hurt?"

There was no answer. Sir Tristram bent, so that the candles illumined the cavity, and looked in. It was quite empty.

Sir Tristram put the candelabra down and once more twisted the device, closing the panel.

"He's not there," he said.

Mr. Bundy betrayed no surprise.

"Bang the boy!" said Sir Tristram.

"Get away from that window! There's someone coming!"

Bundy promptly ducked beneath the level of the window-sill, just as

the door opened and Gregg staggered in, supported by the butler.

His jaw was much swollen, and two front teeth were broken. Sir Tristram put his grazed right hand into his pocket. It was evident that although his head might be swimming the valet still had some of his wits about him, for no sooner did his bleared gaze fall upon Shield than he turned an even more sickly color, and catching at a chair-back to steady himself, said in a thick voice:

"It's like that, is it? But I'll watch I have the keys of the doors. If he's there still he won't get away!"

The groom came into the room and said in his serious young voice:

"I'd get him a drop of brandy if I were you, Mr. Jenkins. Regular shook to pieces he is. Now, don't you fret, Mr. Gregg! No one can't get out while you've got them keys."

The butler, who thought that a drop of brandy would do him good also, said graciously that he believed the lad was right, and went away to fetch the decanter. The groom, coming up behind the valet, said solicitously: "You shouldn't ought to have come down, Mr. Gregg," and knocked him out with one nicely delivered blow under the ear.

Before Sir Tristram, considerably astonished by this unexpected turn events had taken had time to speak, the butler, hearing the sound of Gregg's fall, came hurrying back into the room. The groom at once turned to meet him, saying: "Blest if he ain't swooned off again, Mr. Jenkins! Done to a cove's thumb, he is!"

"Carry the poor fellow up to his room again, and this time keep him there!" commanded Sir Tristram, recovering from his surprise.

"Just what I was a-gone to do, sir," said the groom. "Now, Mr. Jenkins, if you'll take his legs we'll soon have him in his bed!"

"Ah, I warned him not to get up!" said the butler, shaking his head.

The groom thrust a hand into Gregg's pocket and extracted the keys from it.

"I'm thinking your honor had best keep these," he said, and held them out to Sir Tristram.

The butler, puffing as he bent to raise Gregg, agreed that Sir Tristram was certainly the man to take charge of the keys. For the second time the valet was borne off upstairs. Mr. Bundy, reappearing at the window like a Jack-in-the-Box, remarked phlegmatically: "It looks to me like young master's met a friend."

At this moment Ludovic strolled into the room.

"Well, of all the shambles!" he remarked, glancing around. "I'd give a monkey to see the Beau's face when he comes home! What brought you here, Tristram?"

"Clem fetched me," replied Shield. "How did you get out of the priest's hole, and what the devil have you been doing all this while?"

"There's another way out of the hole," explained Ludovic. "I thought there might be. It leads up to Basil's bedroom. It seemed to me I might as well hunt for the ring since you had the affair so well in hand down here. Then I heard Bob Kettering's voice, and gave him a whistle."

"GAVE him a whistle?" echoed Sir Tristram. "With the whole household looking for you—you whistled?"

"Yes, why not? I knew he'd recognize it. It's a signal we used when we were boys. Bob hadn't a notion he'd been set on to hunt for me. Lord, we used to go bird's nesting together!"

"I thought you'd met a friend," nodded Bundy. "Did you happen to find that ring o' yours?"

Ludovic's face clouded over. "No. Bob helped me to ransack Basil's room, but it's not there, and it wasn't in the priest's hole."

"Did young Kettering chance to remember that he is in Basil's service?" inquired Sir Tristram.

Please turn to Page 46

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LUDOVIC looked at him.

"Yes, but this was for me, my dear fellow!"

The groom came back into the library as he spoke, and said urgently: "Mr. Ludo, you'd best go while you may. We'll have Jenkyns down again afore we know where we are!"

Sir Tristram grasped him by his sound shoulder and propelled him to the window.

"Take him away, Bundy. If you don't go you'll find yourself in difficulties again, and I warn you I won't get you out of any more tight corners."

Ludovic, astride the window-sill said:

"You don't call this a tight corner, do you? I was as safe as a bank!"

Tristram saw Ludovic go off under Bundy's escort, and turned back to Kettering. His level gaze seemed to measure the younger man. He said:

"I take it you can keep your mouth shut?"

The groom nodded.

"Ay, sir, I can that. Me to help trap Mr. Ludo! Begging your par-

don, sir, but it do fair rile me to think of it!"

"Well, if you do get turned off for this night's work come to me," said Sir Tristram. "Now, where's that butler?" He went out into the hall and called Jenkyns, who presently came hurrying down the stairs. "Here are your keys," said Sir Tristram, holding them out to him. "Now, let me out!"

The butler took the keys, but said in a blank voice:

"Are—are you going now, sir?"

"Certainly, I am going," replied Shield, with one of his coldest glances.

Five minutes later he joined Ludovic in the park and dismounted from Clem's horse. Clem had by this time reached the scene of activity, having walked from the Court, and Ludovic was already in the saddle, looking rather haggard and spent. Sir Tristram gave his bride into Clem's hand, and look! I shrewdly up at his young cousin.

Ludovic let the reins go, and stretched down his hand.

# TALISMAN Ring

Continued from Page 45

"Oh, curse you, Tristram, I am sorry, and you're a devilish good fellow to embroil yourself in my crazy affairs! Thank you for coming to-night!"

Shield gripped his hand for a moment, and said in a softer voice:

"DON'T be a fool! We will find your ring, Ludovic. I'll see you to-morrow."

"I'll try to keep you out of trouble till then," promised Ludovic.

When the adventurers got back to the Red Lion they found both Nye and Miss Thane awaiting them by the coffee-room fire. Relief at seeing Ludovic safe and sound had its natural effect on Nye, and instead of greeting his graceless charge with solicitude he rated him with such severity that Bundy was moved to expostulate.

"Adone-do, Joe!" he said. "There's no harm done, and he's had a nice little mill. Just you take a look at my eye."

"I am looking at it," replied Nye. "If I ever met the man as gave it you I'll shake him by the hand! I wish he'd blacked 'tother as well. Now, what have you been about, sir? Where's Sir Tristram?"

"Gone home to bed," yawned Ludovic. "I dare say he'll be glad to get there; he's had a full evening, thanks to you, Sally."

Miss Thane demanded to be told the full story of the night's adventure. It seemed to amuse her, and when Sir Tristram arrived at the Red Lion midway through the following morning she met him with a pronounced twinkle in her eyes.

He saw it, and a rueful smile stole into his own eyes. He took the hand she held out to him, saying:

"How do you do? This should be a day of triumph for you."

She put up her brows.

"I believe you are quizzing me. Why should it be a day of triumph for me?"

"My dear ma'am, did you not guess that at last you have succeeded in making me feel grateful towards you?"

"Odious creature!" said Miss Thane, without heat. "I had a mind to go myself to rescue Ludovic."

"You would have been very much in the way, I assure you. How is the boy this morning?"

"I fancy he has taken no harm. He is a little in the dumps. Tell me, have you any real hope of finding his ring?"

"I have every hope of clearing his name," he replied. "His adventure last night will at least serve to convince the Beau that we mean to bring him to book. Where is Ludovic, by the way?"

"Eustacia has persuaded him to stay in bed this morning. Five miles to the Dower House, and five miles back again, with an adventure between was a trifle too much for one little better than an invalid. Do you care to go up? You will find Hugh with him, I think."

They found Ludovic drinking Constantine wine and arguing with Sir Hugh about the propriety of breaking into other people's houses to recover one's own property.

## LUDOVIC'S

immediate desire was to learn from his cousin by what means he now proposed to find the talisman ring, but they had not been discussing the matter for more than five minutes when a chaise was heard approaching at a smart pace down the road. It drew up outside the inn, and Eustacia, peeping over the blind, announced in a shocked voice that its occupant was none other than Beau Lavenham.

"What audacity!" exclaimed Miss Thane.

"Yes, and he is wearing a waistcoat with roquellot stripes," said Eustacia.

"What?" ejaculated Ludovic. "Here, where's my dressing-gown? I must take a look at him!"

"Oh, no, you must not!" said Sir Tristram, preventing his attempt to leap out of bed.

"It is too late; he has entered the house. What can he want?"

## "PROBABLY

to convince us that he was really in London last night," said Shield. "We'll go down to him, Eustacia."

"Very well. What shall I say to him?"

"Whatever you please, as long as it does not concern Ludovic." He looked across the room at Miss Thane. "Do you think you could contrive to be as stupid and talkative as you were when he last saw you?"

"Oh, am I to be allowed to take part?" asked Miss Thane. "Certainly, I can be as stupid."

Beau Lavenham was not kept waiting long in the parlor. In a very few minutes his coming joined him there. He shot a quick, searching look at them under his lashes and advanced, all smiles and civility.

Please turn to Page 48

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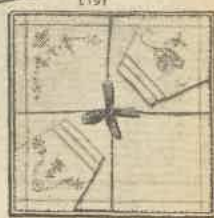
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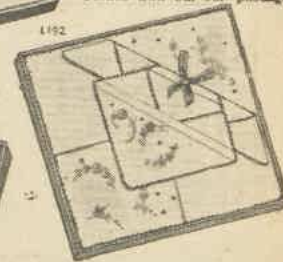
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"My dear Eustacie! Tristram, too! You behold me on my way home from a most tedious, disagreeable sojourn in Town. I could not resist the opportunity of paying a morning call upon you. I trust I do not come at an awkward time?"

"But no," said Eustacie, opening her eyes at him. "Why should it be?"

Sir Tristram came over to the fire in a leisurely fashion and stirred it with his foot.

"Oh, so you've not been home, Basil?" he inquired.

"No, not yet," replied the Beau. He put up his ornate quizzing-glass and through it looked at Shield. "Why do you ask me so oddly, my dear fellow? Is anything amiss at the Dower House?"

"Something very much amiss, I am afraid," said Shield. He waited for a moment, saw the flash of eagerness in the Beau's eyes, and added: "One of your Jacobean chairs has been broken."

There was a moment's silence. The Beau let his glass fall, and replied in rather a mechanical voice:

"A chair broken? Why, how is that?"

The door opened to admit Miss Thane. Until she had exclaimed at finding the Beau present, greeted him, inquired after his health, the condition of the roads and the state of the weather in London, there was no opportunity of reverting to the original subject of conversation. But as soon as she paused for breath, the Beau turned back to Shield, and said:

"You were telling me something about one of my chairs being broken. I fear I don't—"

"Oh," exclaimed Miss Thane, "have you not heard, then? Has Sir Tristram not told you of the shocking attempt to rob you last night? I declare I shall not know how to go to bed this evening!"

"No," said the Beau slowly. "No, he has not told me. Is it possible that my house was broken into?"

"Exactly," nodded Sir Tristram. "If your servants are to be believed, a band of desperate ruffians entered through the library window."

"Yes," chimed in Miss Thane, "and only fancy, Mr. Lavenham! Sir

## TALISMAN Ring

Continued from Page 46

Tristram had been dining with us here, and was riding back to the Court when he heard shots coming from the Dower House. You may imagine his amazement! I am sure you should be grateful to him, for he instantly rode up to the house. You may depend upon it, it was the noise of his arrival which frightened the wretches into running away."

THE glance the Beau cast at his cousin was scarcely one of gratitude. He had turned rather pale, but he said, in quite level tones:

"I am indeed grateful. What a fortunate chance that you should have been passing the house just at that moment, Tristram! I suppose none of these rogues was apprehended?"

"I fear not," replied Shield. "By the time I entered the house there was no sign of them. There had been (as you will see for yourself presently) a prodigious struggle in the library—quite a mill, I understand. I am afraid your fellows were much knocked about. In fact, your butler," he paused, stooping to put another log on the fire, "welcomed my advent with profound relief."

"No doubt," said the Beau, breathing rather quickly. "I do not doubt it."

"The poor butler!" said Miss Thane, with a tinkling laugh. "I am sure I do not wonder he should be alarmed! He must feel you to be his preserver, Sir Tristram. He will be doubly glad to exchange his masters!"

The Beau looked at her.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am?"

Miss Thane said: "I only meant, since he was about to enter Sir Tristram's service—"

"You are mistaken, Miss Thane," Sir Tristram interrupted, frowning at her. "There is no question of my cousin's butler leaving his service that I know of."

"Oh, how stupid of me! Only you had found Mr. Lavenham's butler, and he asked, do you not remember, whether his memory—"

Eustacie said, in a hurry: "I hope so much that nothing has been stolen from your house, Basil. To have—"

"So do I hope it, my dear cousin. But pray, let Miss Thane continue!"

Miss Thane, encountering a frown from Eustacie, stammered:

"Oh, indeed, it was nothing! I would not for the world—I mean, I was mistaken; I confused one thing with another. My brother tells me I am a sad scatterbrain."

Sir Tristram intervened, saying in his cool way: "I am making no attempt to steal your butter from you, I assure you, Basil."

"Of course not! The stupidest mistake!" said Miss Thane, all eagerness to atone. "It is not your present butler, Mr. Lavenham, but one you used to employ. I remember perfectly now!" She looked from Sir Tristram to Eustacie and faltered: "Have I said something I ought not? But you did tell Eustacie."

The Beau was gripping his snuff-box tightly.

"Yes? A butler I once employed? Are you thinking of taking him into your service, Tristram?"

"Why, yes, I confess I had some such notion," admitted Shield. "You have no objection, I trust?"

"Why should I?" said the Beau, with a singularly mirthless smile. "I doubt, though, whether you will find him so useful as you expect."

"Oh, I dare say I shall not engage him after all," replied Shield, and made haste to change the subject.

THE Beau did not linger. Excusing himself on the score of being obliged to go home to ascertain what losses, if any, he had sustained, he very soon took his leave of the party and drove away.

No sooner had he left the inn than Eustacie cast herself upon Miss Thane's bosom, announcing that she forgave her for her unfeeling conduct of the night before.

"You did it so very well, Sarah! He was boisterous, and I think frightened."

To Be Continued

## IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 26 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and ungood for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1 1/2, household size 4 1/2. Dissent a substitute.

## Michel The King of Lipsticks

## Actress gives recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture

Miss Nancie Stewart, whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles, gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it without use of "crude" dyes:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Oris Compound, and 1/4 oz. Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It cannot be detected; does not discolour the scalp; is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if sent for postage to Depart. "A" Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.

## FRIEND'S ADVICE STARTS EXCITING CAREER!



YOUR COMPLEXION'S LOOKING LOVELY

THAT'S BECAUSE I ALWAYS USE LIFEBOUY NOW!

A lovely complexion is so easy to acquire if you give your skin regular Lifebuoy care. Lifebuoy's lather gets right into the skin-pores, ridding them of the impurities that cause dull and blotchy skin. The result is a glowing, healthy complexion.

**B.O. (Body Odour) Means Lost Opportunities!**

So many misunderstandings are caused through B.O. For it is such a delicate subject on which to advise. Play safe! A daily bath in the deep-cleansing Lifebuoy lather—containing the famous health element—gets right into the skin-pores, thoroughly cleansing them of odour-causing waste. After a Lifebuoy bath you are safe from B.O. Lifebuoy's clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Millions say... "It agrees with my skin."

MEN - LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM CONTAINS 52% MORE MOISTURE TO SOAK BEARDS SOFTER FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES!

LIFEBOUY Shaving Cream

CONTAINS THE SAME FINEST SOAP - 100% NO SHAVES IN THE END YOU'VE WON!



# THE MOVIE WORLD

February 6, 1937

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

## CALLING

### Australia!

## Here's Hot News From All the Studios

From Our Special Representatives: JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; JUDY BAILEY, London.

### Will They Part?

THE hottest rumors of the moment are ament that famous couple, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, who are said to be splitting up. Everyone in Hollywood seems to think the end of their union is imminent.

The reason? The current explanation is—a producer.

### Serious Romance

IT looks as though the romance between Anne Shirley and Owen Davis, jun., might be serious. They quarrelled after a recent party because Anne thought he was paying too much attention to Gertrude Niesen, and weren't speaking for a couple of days, but now they are holding hands again. The other day I was on the R.K.O. lot, and every time I saw Anne, Owen was not far off.

### We've Been Tricked

THE scandal's out! In the past two years you have never seen Jean Harlow's own hair. What was announced as her "brownette" hair was really a wig—and wigs she has worn ever since in all her pictures.

Since she gave up her platinum-blonde hair she has never dyed her hair, but she did have it bleached a week ago so that it now looks bright pink. But she's letting it grow back to normal. Her normal shade is "mouse" blonde.

### Lord of Babel

WHEN British film directors build a corner of Paris or an Italian dockside in their studios, and wish to people the settings with authentic types, they ring up John Barry.

In Soho, tall, swarthy John Barry is the uncrowned king of the district. A Maltese, educated by Jesuit priests, he has taken degrees at the Universities of Paris, Madrid, and Rome.

To-day he acts as a liaison officer between Soho and the studios, and at shortest notice provides directors with genuine Continental types, who leave their stalls to spend a day speaking French, Greek, or Italian in studio settings of their homelands.

### Barrymore Tragedy

THE death of Irene Fenwick Barrymore breaks up one of the finest marriages in the film colony. All Hollywood is sympathizing with Lionel, who was a devoted husband to Irene ever since their marriage in 1923.

Lionel's grief was all the more poignant because he had known that his wife would not recover. She contracted pneumonia, the fatal consequence of breaking a rib in a fall about a year ago. Reports that Lionel succumbed to his sorrow and had to be taken to hospital are untrue, however.

Irene Fenwick was a noted stage actress from 1904, at the age of 17, up till 1925. Then she gave up her professional career to join her husband in Hollywood, where he was devoting himself entirely to pictures.

Lionel was Miss Fenwick's third husband. He had been married once before.

Up to the time of her serious illness, Miss Fenwick was one of Hollywood's most prominent hostesses.

### Princess at Large

LITTLE Princess Kouka, oval-faced, ebony-colored daughter of the prominent Sudanese chieftain, is looking at London out of brown eyes wide with wonder.

Kouka, discovered in the desert by Producer Walter Putter, and brought to England to play opposite Paul Robeson in "Jericho," had never seen any city other than Cairo, which she visited once with her father.

She is tasing Life with a big "L" while scripters are working overtime on "Jericho." She has spent hours with the make-up people and the hairdresser.

Kouka is particularly intrigued by the cinemas. She really cannot believe that in the very near future her own image will be flashing across thousands of silver screens.

### Eleanore Hysterical

SCREAMING hysterically, Eleanore Whittney was carried from a Hollywood night club after watching a fist fight between the master of ceremonies, Billy Grey, and one of the guests.

Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor were among those who witnessed the scene.

Billy Grey was performing a burlesque fan dance, and when he passed Eleanore's table he indulged in a bit of by-play. One of the guests at the table took offence, and struck at Grey. Grey struck right back and threw him to the floor. Eleanore began to scream uncontrolledly, and her escort, James Ellison, carried her out to a taxi-cab.

Highly-strung Eleanore was so unnerved over the unpleasant incident that she was unable to go before the camera the next day.

## Dots & Dashes

• Mickey Neilan donning grease paint for the first time in twenty years to play a part with Janet Gaynor in "A Star Is Born" • Barbara Stanwyck going in for raising thoroughbred horses for racing • The picture girls are wearing plus fours at Palm Springs • Warner Bros. getting a letter complaining about their picture, "Three Men On a Horse" ... claimed it was inhuman to put such a load on the poor horsy ... Honest! • Carole Lombard wearing a new Travis Banton gown with five zippers on it with monograms on the tabs.

of the guests at the table took offence, and struck at Grey. Grey struck right back and threw him to the floor. Eleanore began to scream uncontrolledly, and her escort, James Ellison, carried her out to a taxi-cab.

Highly-strung Eleanore was so unnerved over the unpleasant incident that she was unable to go before the camera the next day.

## SCREEN ODDITIES

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



JEAN HERSHOLT LOST 7 POUNDS BEFORE BEGINNING HIS ROLE OF THE ROTUND DOCTOR IN "HIS BROTHER'S WIFE" AND THEN HAD TO WEAR A FALSE STOMACH BECAUSE HE DID NOT LOOK THE PART!

LILY PONS LOSES SO MUCH WEIGHT WHILE MAKING A PICTURE THAT SHE HAS TO EAT 5 MEALS DAILY TO AVOID BECOMING TOO THIN.

## SYDNEY REVIEWERS Select BEST FILMS

"Romeo and Juliet," M.-G.-M.'s fine Shakespearean production, has been voted by The Film Critics' Guild of Australia to be the best picture released in this country during the period January 1 to December 31, 1936.

At the same time, the Guild declared Cinesound's "Orphan of the Wilderness" to be, in its opinion, the most meritorious Australian production released during the same period.

THE Guild membership is made up of permanent reviewers attached to Sydney's daily and principal weekly journals, and their decisions, therefore, reflect the opinion of a group accustomed regularly to seeing and judging films of all kinds.

Of the imported films considered by the Guild, the following were considered outstanding. They are listed in order of precedence.

1. "Romeo and Juliet."
2. "The Life of Louis Pasteur."
3. "Fury."
4. "Dodsworth."
5. "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "Mutiny on the Bounty," "The Petrified Forest."

The last three received an equal number of votes for fifth place.

Most interesting was the result of the voting on Australian films. While "Orphan of the Wilderness" had the distinction of being placed first, "Uncivilised" and "Rangle River" were close behind, only a very few points separating them from the winner and each other.

The Guild will present a plaque to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to commemorate the selection of "Romeo and Juliet" as the finest picture of the year.

Our readers will be interested to note that of the seven imported pictures selected by The Film Critics Guild of Australia, six were awarded three stars, when they were released in Australia, by the Australian Women's Weekly reviewer.



# My Dentist's Wife Told Me This...

"MOST BAD  
BREATH BEGINS  
WITH THE  
TEETH!"

**COLGATE'S  
DENTAL CREAM**  
helps you to avoid  
bad breath... makes  
teeth brighter, too!



DECAYING food deposits in  
crevices between the teeth and  
around the gums and tongue...  
that, say dentists, is the real cause  
of most bad breath, as well as dull  
teeth and much tooth decay.

That is why Colgate's Dental  
Cream is advised to combat bad  
breath. For Colgate's penetrating  
foam works into every crevice be-  
tween the teeth. Odour-breeding

deposits are emulsified, washed  
away. Every surface of every  
tooth is cleaned—your whole  
mouth is fresher, your breath pure.  
At the same time, a soft, grit-free  
ingredient gently and safely pol-  
ishes the enamel. Teeth gleam as  
natural lustre is restored.

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less  
than any other leading toothpaste.  
Get a tube—for a purer breath  
and brighter teeth.

VISIT YOUR DENTIST  
EVERY SIX MONTHS

LARGE SIZE  
1/3  
GIANT SIZE  
TWICE THE  
QUANTITY  
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ONLY **Germolene**  
ENDS PAIN PAINLESSLY

The first cooling touch—and burning inflam-  
mation, throbbing pain, die away. But that's on-  
ly half the story! The amazing speed with  
which Germolene conquers ANY skin  
trouble, however serious, is little short  
of miraculous. Thousands of sufferers  
have found glorious freedom from Skin  
Trouble with Germolene Skin Ointment.  
On the right is a typical letter—unsolicited,  
straight-from-the-heart gratitude. Read  
it. Then get your tin for CUTS, BURNS,  
SCALDS, ECZEMA, BAD  
LEGS, PILES, SORES,  
ACNE, ETC.



All Chemists

**Germolene**  
SKIN OINTMENT 1/9 & 4/- Per Tin

## PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

### ★ ★ A WOMAN REBELS

Katharine Hepburn, Herbert Mar-  
shall. (R.K.O.)

WHATEVER position Katie Hep-  
burn holds in the screen world  
she has won by her acting ability  
rather than by saccharine sweetness  
or sex appeal—qualities which  
have proved sufficient for the pur-  
poses of most of the "stars" who  
perambulate on celluloid before our  
tired eyes. "Mary of Scotland"  
shook the Hepburn reputation  
rather badly, but admirers of her  
histrionic ability will be reassured  
by this, her latest picture.

Cast as a rebel against the mid-  
Victorian suppression of women by  
the male, Katharine does a good  
job, carrying over its most arti-  
ficial moments a story which is  
definitely stagy in sections. She  
rebels against her father, has a  
child without benefit of clergy, gets  
a job in an age in which women did  
not work, brings up her daughter as  
her niece, goes through the purga-  
tory of divorce at a time when a  
divorcee automatically was classed  
as an abandoned woman, and finally  
gets the lover who has waited  
patiently for twenty years.

As I have said, the story is weak  
in sections. The acting, however,  
carries it. Apart from the Hepburn  
you'll see Herbert Marshall—who  
has less chance than usual of being  
wistful—and attractive Elizabeth  
Allen as the major figures in an  
adequate supporting cast.—Mayfair;  
showing.

### ★ ★ LADIES IN LOVE

Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor,  
Constance Bennett, Simone Simon.  
(Fox.)

AN unusual picture, inasmuch as  
four lovely ladies, each a star  
in her own right, share the leading  
roles. Of the four, three are good;  
but I continue to remain unsold on  
the roughest Simone, whose ability  
as an actress has yet to be proved

### Week's Best Release

#### A WOMAN REBELS

R.K.O. Feature. Hepburn's  
acting gives it more "body" than  
any of its competitors.

to consist of anything more than  
flagrantly displayed sex appeal.

The main theme of the story is  
made up of the reactions to Luv  
of three young Viennese women: a  
modiste's model, a chorus girl and  
a maternally-minded tie-salesgirl—  
Constance, Loretta and Janet re-  
spectively. Constance is the play-  
mate of a vacationing mine man-  
ager; Loretta falls for a Count;  
Janet hesitates between a young  
doctor and a vaudeville magician.  
Janet is the only one who gets her  
man; maybe because she runs two  
strings to her bow.

It is all quite amusing in a sophis-  
ticated manner. Paul Lukas is seen  
to advantage as the mining man;  
Don Ameche makes a good job of  
the doctor; Alan Mowbray is the  
best thing in the picture as the  
vaudeville man.

You'll get a lot of amusement out  
of it.—State; showing.

### ★ ★ UNDER YOUR SPELL

Lawrence Tibbett, Wendy Barrie.  
(Fox.)

A GOOD musical; vocal trills by  
baritone Tibbett; romantic  
wooing, squabble and reconciliation  
by Lawrence and Wendy Barrie;  
comedy supplied by Arthur Treacher  
and Gregory Ratoff. All told, an  
enjoyable mixture.

The story hinges on the deter-  
mination of a spoilt young mil-  
lionaire to have a famous opera  
star (Tibbett) sing at her party.  
This resolution is made difficult in  
execution by the singer's sudden dis-  
appearance. Nothing daunted, the  
girl pursues him, thus fixing every-  
thing for a love between the two of  
them which is destined to be as  
stormy as, in the end, it will be  
triumphant.

The Tibbett baritone has been  
well recorded, and will please all

### OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—  
excellent.  
★★ Two stars—  
good films.  
★ One star—  
average films.  
No stars... no good.

admirers of a first-class voice. Story  
is bright and amusing; laughs plen-  
tiful. You won't regret seeing it.—  
State; showing.

### ★ THE MAN I MARRY

Mary Nolan, Michael Whalen.  
(Universal.)

A FIRST-RATE comedy support  
—as good a one-starrer as they  
come. The story combines plenty  
of action, lots of wholesome comedy  
of the kind male escorts will en-  
joy, and a romantic interest very  
well handled by blonde and exceed-  
ingly attractive Mary Nolan, with  
the support of Michael Whalen.  
Mike by the way, does better in  
this offering than he has in any of  
his Fox pictures.

To help along this tale of a  
young playwright who hates fem-  
inine interference in his life, and  
yet can't escape from it, Universal  
have placed in support Chic Sale  
and Skeets Gallagher, with Nigel  
Bruce and Margery Gatenon as a  
middle-aged chorus.

Altogether a bright show; laughs  
have been included generously.—  
Mayfair; showing.

### ★ CHARLIE CHAN

AT THE OPERA

Warner Oland, Boris Karloff.  
(Fox.)

THE exotic Mr. Chan, or, rather,  
Warner Oland—the two names  
are inseparable—is still solving  
murders which baffle the dull-witted,  
routine cops. In this picture he is  
aided and abetted in the business of  
providing entertainment for the  
multitude by Boris Karloff. Boris,  
needless to say, is as maniacal as  
ever.

The murder of two opera singers  
provides the piece de resistance in  
this offering—that, and, of course,  
Mr. Karloff's gibberings, the latter  
being designed to cloak the identity  
of the real killer.

Honorable Charlie Chan triumphs  
in the end. Daffy Boris regains his  
senses after being shot in the head  
—drastic treatment, but efficacious.  
And the ingenue maintains a gen-  
eral standard of bad acting from  
beginning to end. I don't know her  
name, but it's of no importance.—  
Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

### ★ A SON COMES HOME

Mary Boland, Julie Haydon.  
(Paramount.)

AFTER taking lovely, blonde Julie  
Haydon back into the Holly-  
wood fold, Paramount have not  
done much for her so far as this  
picture is concerned; her part is a  
minor one—as, indeed, all of them  
are with the exception of Mary  
Boland's. However...

The story is built around that  
much-exploited theme: mother love.  
Mary Boland is the mother; Donald  
Woods the boy accused of murder,  
who, for some obscure reason,  
claims, at first, to be her long-lost  
son; Anthony Nace, the killer who  
in reality is the son; Wallace Ford,  
the reporter friend of motherly  
Mary; and Julie the girl who sup-  
plies the romantic interest.

It's melodrama, of course—but  
how many murder pictures do you  
see which aren't slick treatments  
of the same old material used by  
the barnstormers of an earlier gen-  
eration? I've sat through much  
worse, anyway.—Cameo and Civic;  
showing.

Printed and Published by Consolidated  
Press Limited 168-174 Castlereagh Street  
Sydney



## THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip  
devoted to the finest  
motion pictures.]

Do you know that "Lionel  
Lady" is the most successful film  
ever made?

While you may not be partic-  
ularly interested in statistics showing  
how many people have laughed  
their heads off during its current  
season at Sydney St. James, evi-  
dence of the entertainment value of  
this M.G.M. Roadshow is appar-  
ent in the fact that it has beaten every  
attendance record in the history of  
show business.

No Wonder! Jean Harlow,  
Bill Powell, Myrna Loy and  
Spencer Tracy romp hilariously  
through its brilliantly written  
story, ready for a fight, a fire or  
a frolic.

One sample of the wit. Search-  
ing for Bill Powell somebody sug-  
gests Australia. "Sure"—thunders  
Spencer Tracy. "Try Sydney"  
that guy was always crazy on the  
tapes.

Ever heard about Peggy Eaton?

Her thrilling romances have  
been brought to the screen by  
M.G.M. in "The Gorgeous Hussy".

Joan Crawford as the "Hussy"  
provides a new romantic thrill as  
we see her in the arms of hand-  
some Robert Taylor. But Bob  
does not win without a struggle  
for Joan has many lovers...  
among them Franchot Tone, Mel-  
wyn Douglas and James Stewart.  
And Lionel Barrymore gives his  
best performance as President  
Andrew Jackson.

Another big picture on the way  
is "Born to Dance".

Eleanor Powell, whose fame in  
a single appearance was sensa-  
tional, will return to you in  
"Born to Dance," presenting no  
less than 14 types of dancing,  
ranging from "taps" to "ball-  
room".... singing Cole Porter's  
songs (he wrote "Night and  
Day") and enacting a romantic  
comedy with James Stewart, Fran-  
ces Langford, Una Merkel, Sid  
Silvers, Buddy Ebsen, Virginia  
Bruce and Raymond Walburn, in  
settings which dwarf the famous  
"Pretty Girl" sequence of "Zieg-  
feld".

All these great attractions will be  
seen at the St. James (Sydney),  
Metro (Melbourne), and Gremorne  
at Metro (Brisbane).

Yours for entertainment,  
LEO, of M.G.M.

### THEATRE ROYAL

NOW PLAYING NIGHTLY!

J. C. WILLIAMSON, LTD.

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COLONEL DE BASIL'S

MONTE CARLO

RUSSIAN BALLET

## DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible  
Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or bat-  
teries. Guaranteed for your lifetime.  
Write for free booklet.

NEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shop-  
ping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

Here is Taken No.  
36 for The Aus-  
tralian Women's  
Weekly Australian  
Home Gardener.

G  
36

Here is Taken No.  
12 for The Aus-  
tralian Women's  
Weekly M a m  
a n's Book.

WB  
12





*Merle Oberon . . . . Soon to be Seen in "Beloved Enemy"*



# HUNTRESS DIANA REAPPEARS

## Females Pursue Males In Hollywood

**M**EN are the hunted, women the hunters, in the movie metropolis.

This amusing story, telling how and why, is by—

MARY OLIVIER

**T**IME was when a lady sat demurely by the fireside or spinet waiting for the postman to arrive with a gilt-edged invitation from some Prince Charming to the local bout of lancers. Even in these modern days Miss 1937 occasionally sticks around at home in anticipation of a phone call from one of the retinue of boy friends.

*But not so in Hollywood. In that gay and glamorous town the old order changeth. The girls, taking matters into their own fair hands, now seek out the boys, and in the great pursuit of romance and matrimony she who hesitates is lonesome indeed.*

**W**ITH so much competition the lovely ladies of film land are out to get their men, and they don't bother to wait until they are invited. They jump into their 1937 super-speed streamlined models, and the chase is on.

It started, in a mild sort of way, when Ronald Colman first crossed the Atlantic to stand feminine Hollywood on its ear, and screen romance on its feet. Ronnie was, and still is, a retiring person, fond of privacy, and conservative to the nth degree. Being English, he was used to the deeply-ingrained idea of masculine dominance and freedom.

### Charming Ronnie

**N**OW Ronnie was charming, Ronnie was handsome, and the little old town hadn't had a masculine thrill in years—especially one to compare with the newcomer. Result: he was immediately the most sought-after person in Hollywood. In the first week after his arrival he received five proposals of marriage from women who should have known better. 125 invitations to dine, play tennis and swim, 100 boxes of cigarettes, 7 neckties, 300 letters of welcome, and a set of gold cuff links.

It was not unusual for him to come home in the early hours of the morning to find some known or unknown female whose name rated electric lights waiting for him with an, "Oh, I just dropped in for a moment on my way home," as an excuse for her presence.

It got that way that Ronnie was looking under the bed before retiring. His personal friends confessed that it would not have been surprising to them at that stage if he had packed his trunks and returned to England.

### A New Thrill

**S**OON he became accustomed to Hollywood's unconventionalities, and, as he made it quite clear that he welcomed no advances from the opposite sex, they gradually left him alone. So much alone that Colman is now regarded as the hermit of Hollywood. It is only very seldom that a lady makes a play for his affections, and she is usually squashed before she gets past the early stages.

With Ronald removed from the scene, the man hunting continued at a fairly even pressure without making itself too apparent again until Gary Cooper arrived. Gary came to Hollywood as one of the least likely-looking screen stars we have ever seen. He was shy, awkward, savvy, with the wide open spaces still clinging to his clothes.

Women immediately saw in the quiet, reserved, silent young man a new thrill, and the chase commenced with renewed vigor. The girls swarmed around him like pails about an Irish sweepstake winner. They fawned upon him, spoiled him, flattered him, feted him. Before

Gary woke up he was reported engaged to Clara Bow, then to Evelyn Brent, to a titled lady, the Countess Dorothy Di Frasso, to Lupe Velez. In fact, his name was linked romantically with every young woman who liked to do a shot of trailing—and there were plenty.

Poor Gary! Fresh from the country, he was positively lost for words or actions, too afraid to take a step in the wrong direction lest his move be misunderstood. It took him a long time to tumble to what was going on around him, which was mostly Lupe Velez at that time, and

to shake off the husband-hunters and be himself. Of course, in the end, Gary quietly selected a young and beautiful girl from New York society (Sandra Shaw) and married her.

Next heart-throb to arrive in the cinema colony was Clark Gable. This time things were slightly different. Gable brought with him a wife, the second Mrs. Gable, by the way, whose beauty, wit, and talent was a match for any of movie-land's lovely damsels. Wherever Clark went, so did Rhea. If anything she was even a greater social

success than her famous husband, who preferred his boots and saddles to cocktails for two.

Despite his dislike for the role of playboy, Clark won his spurs among the Hollywood crowd, and was soon being lionised by the ladies. In no time they were all clamoring for him as their leading man. Producers at Gable's studio can show files of demands, and tell of impassioned requests and tears from practically every female on the lot to have Gable in her next picture.

Other studios tried to borrow him,

Invitations were as frequent as fan mail. Never before had any male star been so much in demand. To be made love to by Gable was the ambition of every feminine star. Since he was obviously in love with his wife, it was out of the question in real life, so, compromising with the next best thing, they decided to get their thrill just the same by having him with them in their pictures.

### Hunt Began

**A**FTER months and months of pleading and chasing the girls grew weary of the quest, but the moment Rhea left her husband a dozen stars and near-stars marked him for their own. Again the hunt began. Now Clark does not like to be beset by feminine attention. He has old-fashioned ideas about women. As a matter of fact he isn't terribly interested in the opposite sex at all, but when he is, he likes to make the advances himself.

Clark's first loves are his hunkies, his fishing, his horses, and, if he has any time left over, he likes to work and read. Nevertheless, the ladies are always after him. Fat, thin, fair, dark, tall, and short, famous and obscure, wherever Clark moves so do at least half a dozen females. You'd be surprised, too, to know some of the names of those who are pursuing him right at this moment.

Pursuit of Clark eased off slightly when Robert Donat burst upon Hollywood with his good looks, his charm, and his sudden fame. A new broom always sweeps clean, but Donat just about swept the film sizes off their feet. Still he, too, was married with two strapping children.

Continued on Page 7.  
Movie Section

● *ONE of the hunted*  
—Robert Taylor, who, following his rise to fame, was literally pursued by eligible, and ineligible, ladies.



● *CAROLE LOMBARD, who supports the modern view that women has the right to capture a mate.*



# PITY the POOR INTERVIEWER



● ONE OF THE NICE PEOPLE to interview—youthful and blonde Alike Faye.

● SEEING THAT WE ONLY LIKE PLEASANT PEOPLE, we are keeping the unpleasant ones off the page, and conclude with a picture (below) of another star who is always charming to interviewers.—Norma Shearer.

## Press Unpopular With Many Stars

By JEANNETTE MacMAHON

*I*'M a hound! I'm a low, dim-witted excrescence upon the face of the earth, simply spending my time writing scurrilous lies about Hollywood in general—and one Star in particular! At least, that's what this particular Glamor Girl would have you think. But 'scuse it, I have every reason to think otherwise!

Being an interviewer isn't all champagne and caviare, believe you me! When you're dealing with Movie Stars, you're handling sure-fire dynamite . . . and many, many is the time that the dynamite has gone bang, with poor little me sitting right on top of the explosion.

**H**OWEVER, stop me from crying on your shoulder. I've written about the stars before and, goshdarn it, I'm going to do it plenty more, despite Miss So-and-So, who hit the roof just because I called her female Pekingese, Jimmy." But, while I'm at it, I'll tell you something.

I have never understood why the petted darlings of cinemaland do not comprehend and accept the obvious fact that without Hollywood publicists, who must of necessity scoop and ask questions occasionally, there would be no publicity. Without publicity there would be no bright, shiny cars, no tennis court, no tiled pool in the backyard, and no romance with the Marquis. But the fact remains that just at the very moment they have a nice

new contract, signed, sealed and delivered, and tucked away in the old oak chest, they think that they can go high-hat on all those who would do their best to help them. They regard fan-writers and the Press in general as something which has escaped from a stagnant pool just to annoy them with questions about their private life. It makes me sick!

And so-o-o-o! You may have gathered that interviewing, and being interviewed in Hollywood, is just another necessary evil that its inmates have to put up with, like the black plague or scarlet fever or something. Most of our top-line stars nowadays grant half an hour to a writer, not because of the valuable publicity that will result from a nice heart-to-heart chat, but because the star just can't evade the studio publicity department's edicts any longer.

And the fan-writer takes the in-



● DICK POWELL is always gracious to the Press.

terview—not from the apparently pleasant and glamorous occupation of sitting down next to and talking with someone who is a world figure, and whose handsome face makes the girls of the world go twitter-twitter. No ma'am. Simply because a yarn turned into a news magazine means a few dollars to pay the rent, the grocer and the instalment on the radio.

Talking about this slant on things reminds me of the horrified star who asked a reporter how much she got for penning her life story. "Five pounds," said Little Miss Reporter.

### "Oh, My Goodness"

"Oh, my goodness," said the Glamorous One. And now we're trying to figure out whether she was so disgusted at the meagre pitance which some sections of the community earn, or at her views on life being publicised to the world in general for so small a sum!

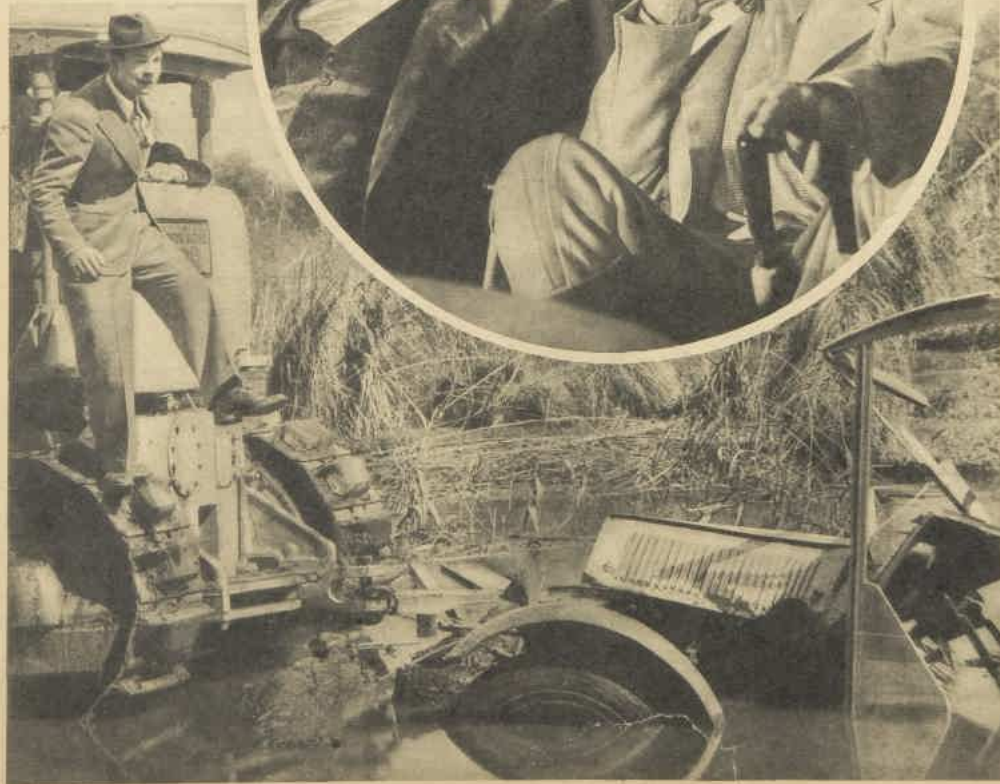
Every fan-writer, too, can tell you endless stories of how she's been tricked by Mr. or Miss Glamour . . . and this is another evil with which they have to contend, in addition to suffering from the oft-times unenviable job of asking some Big Lollipop how she enjoyed her honeymoon—and expecting a civil answer.

I remember how Bing Crosby once told me that he would retire from the screen at the conclusion of his contract with a major studio. This I regarded in the nature of a scoop, because Public Crooner No. 1 was just as popular then as he is now, and I couldn't imagine him casting away thousands of dollars in screen salary just to satisfy some whim or other. Anyhow, I wrote the story, and it was duly published.

Continued on Page 7,  
Movie Section



# JOE PLAYS WITH TRACTORS



"EARTHWORM TRACTORS" is the new Joe E. Brown opus to be released by Warner. With the comedian are June Travis and humorous old Guy Kibbee.



## Poor Interviewer

Continued from Page 5  
Movie Section

AND you can just imagine how I felt when, before the end of the picture he was then making, he signed up for another five years with poor little me left holding the baby, and looking all kinds of a ninny in the eyes of my editor.

But I will say this, though! Despite these many disappointments and similar trials, it's a decent kind of a life. Possibly because my experiences with the Glamorous Ones have been most pleasant, with few, if any, heartbreaks.

So don't let's talk about our misadventures. It's far more engrossing and enjoyable to recall our most gratifying experiences. Which puts me in mind of W. C. Fields, Fatsy Kelly, Norma Shearer, Bette Davis, and many, many more real people who will entertain as well as enlighten you... with the result that a swell time is had by all.

Bill Fields always greets you with—"What's noo, my little chickadee?" or words to that effect. And he will proceed to go through his whole bag of tricks, even to juggling his walking-stick on his nose.

For a good straight business-like interview, pleasant but not too flippant, I like Norma Shearer. Of course, it may be a different story now that she no longer has her beloved Irving. I haven't seen her since that tragic happening, because she's been too sick, both mentally and physically.

Bette Davis is frank and volcanic. She does what is vulgarly known as "shoots off her mouth." And many is the time she's got into hot water from the studio about it. Never mind, though. She's good copy, and the writers love her for it.

You can count on laughs from Bill Powell. Gary Cooper is quiet, and George Raft talks too much—and then says, "but you can't print that." Stars whom I am fond of interviewing, mainly because they don't consider me a snake in the grass or a shiny weevil undermining their private lives, are Loretta Young, Alice Faye, Joan Blondell, William Powell, Dick Powell, Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Claudette Colbert and Sylvia Sydney. The last-named has a stock greeting for me. She always says, "Hullo, worm. I suppose you want another story. Well, come and I'll take you to lunch... but you've got to pay."

## WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

### Fortune Smiles and Frowns on Clever Aquarians

There is a remarkable and innate cleverness in people born under the sign Aquarius (between January 20 and February 19.)

It is a cleverness which is scientific, investigative, intuitive and progressive, and which makes some of them shine as such bright stars in our earthly firmament that they typify "genius" and "brilliance."

AQUARIANS who lived a hundred years ago had less chance of becoming famous than they have to-day, for the very reason that the world then was not ready for their extreme and far-sighted ideas. They were regarded as "feather-brained" and "peculiar," whereas they should have been credited as beings who were living one hundred years before their proper time.

On the other hand it must be admitted that Aquarius also produces some remarkable "cranks" and self-satisfied eccentrics and egotists.

Yet, sometimes the "crank" of to-day is the genius of to-morrow. The difficulty lies in the fact that we seldom know just where to draw the line between the genius and the pretender.

In short, Aquarians are unpredictable—even the quiet ones.

As they have a definite niche to fill in world progress, they should strive to use whatever mental brilliance they possess with all the wisdom at their command.

From the ranks of the Aquarians come many of our ablest research workers, inventors, originators, and scientists.

#### Wake Up!

THOSE few Aquarians who are living stolid and regulated lives should wake up to their innate potentialities and make a determined effort to create or produce something that is new and original.

They should cultivate their "cleverness," not let it lie dormant and wasted.

Most Aquarians can produce original and unique ideas with the same ease that a conjurer produces rabbits from a hat.

They are idealistic and inspirational people, brimful of notions and inventions, but sometimes lacking in enough enterprise, determination, and concentration to bring their "brain-waves" to fruition in some practical form.

Above all, let it be stressed once more that that which is eccentric, far-fetched, and impractical must be eliminated at all costs, and replaced with scientific cleverness expressed in some practical manner.

#### The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

**ARIES PEOPLE** (Mar. 21 to April 21): February 3, 6, and 7 (to daylight) should be fair.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Live cautiously. Delays, obstructions, and other annoyances may beset you this week, especially on February 2, 3, and 4. New ventures not advised.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Try to begin some new and important enterprise on February 2, but guard against losses and partings on 3, 6, and 7. Balance of week fair.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 21): Attend to routine tasks. Live cautiously on the 7th (after dusk), 8th, and 9th.

**LEO** (July 22 to Aug. 21): Do not be venturesome or over-confident. Your stars predict worry, conflict and disappointments, especially on February 5th (after 4 p.m.), 8th, and 9th.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 22 to Sept. 21): Specialise on routine work. 8th and 9th fair.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 22 to Oct. 21): Try to prepare important plans which can be put into operation next week. Anticipate changes and improvements. Fair from dusk on February 2nd to 4 p.m. on February 5th for small ventures.

NOW is the time for Aquarians to "show the world" what they are capable of doing.

Civilisation is on the lookout for new ideas and originality. It demands that which is modern, unusual, new, and progressive. Aquarians can shine at these things.

Quite fair on February 6th, 8th, and 12th. CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Not spectacular. February 8th and 9th fair. AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Be confident and enthusiastic. Try to start new enterprises, make changes, ask favors and seek advancement. Fair from February 8th to 9th. Better still next week.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Slightly friendly on February 3 (night), 3rd, and 4th, but poor on 5th and 6th. (The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

## Huntress Reappears

HE did not lose any time in making it quite clear to the film people that he was among them not for social but for business reasons, that he intended to work all day with them but that his evenings were his own exclusive property.

If Robert Donat let the local girls down, another Robert—surname Taylor—made up for their disappointments. From the moment he appeared his stock went soaring way above that of any other male rave, including the great Gable.

In one week Taylor took a different girl out each night. Janet Gaynor, Irene Hervey, Virginia Bruce, Jeanette MacDonald and Barbara Stanwyck came in suc-

Continued from Page 4  
Movie Section

sion—every one of them young, beautiful, eligible. They simply went mad over this handsome overnight sensation.

In turn he was reported engaged to one beauty after another. Then, gradually, as he made apparent his preference for Barbara Stanwyck (when he was working with her in a picture), the other girls, losing heart, started to look for another victim.

Rumors of impending marriage to Barbara have now been squashed by the announcement that Bob is paying court to none other than Greta Garbo. Perhaps he really does love her, perhaps it is only for the sake of dear old publicity for the picture they are making together. Garbo is supposed to captivate every man with whom she acts; perhaps Greta has at last found her man.



"What! Go to bed? . . . Now? . . . Well, that's a dirty trick! We let you get us all dressed up, and we did our best stunts for your old company . . . and now your dinner's ready, you pack us off to bed!"



"We won't lie down—and we'll never go to sleep! Not one eye will we close all night long. You'll see how much noise twins can make! Our feelings are hurt—and we're prickly and cross!"



"Ah-h . . . look! She's getting that smooth Johnson's Baby Powder! (Good teamwork, eh?) When we get sprinkled with that silky-slick powder we'll purr like kittens. Mother—we forgive you!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is the comfort and joy of millions of babies, because it soothes away all little skin irritations and makes baby happy. Soft and smooth as satin, it is good for your own skin, too.

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# She tried to hide her Secret...

## AND NEARLY PAID THE PRICE



### NEXT EVENING



## Your Daily Dose of Schumann's is the Quickest Road to Health!

### Neuritis Banished

Suffered intense agony from Neuritis—pain in neck almost unbearable, could not move head. After three jars of Schumann's Salts, completely cured. Not a twinge for over two months.

J.B., Coolamundra.

### Four Years Of Suffering Ended

After four years of terrible suffering from Rheumatism and Neuritis... was unable to walk. After a short treatment with Schumann's Salts, all swellings have gone and am able to go about my duties.

Mrs. J. O'H., Darlinghurst.

Modern living conditions are multiplying constipation in young and old alike. Constipation means that your system is clogged with poisonous waste matter which undermines your health, saps energy, blemishes your complexion, and takes away your vitality. There is no need to resort to harsh aperients or laxatives to relieve constipation or to keep yourself free from it. A regular daily dose of SCHUMANN'S SALTS will ensure complete, yet gentle elimination of poisonous

waste matters from your system. SCHUMANN'S SALTS will keep you internally clean, will ensure a clear, healthy complexion, and a full store of vitality.

SCHUMANN'S SALTS are pleasant to take and do not form a habit. They supersede all other salines and aperients because they are specially adapted to modern living conditions, modern diet and the common disorders of current times.

SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS cost 1/6d. or (for the double quantity) 2/9d. from any chemist or store.

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This Supplement must not be sold separately.

# RACE the SUN



Complete  
Book-  
Length  
Novel

By . . . DALE COLLINS

FREE SUPPLEMENT  
TO THE AUSTRALIAN  
WOMEN'S WEEKLY



# RACE THE SUN

By DALE COLLINS



IN the first greyness of the new day the air-screws made shining discs of silver. And so, and so, they were off on their greatest adventure. They had to be.

To Kay in the second seat, Rex's head was a blob of gold before her eyes, the hair waving down over the crown and fanning out at the back slightly in the tiny rucks' tails that the women, no doubt, loved to stroke. He towered, shoulders square, resolution in every line of him. Kay thought: If only it wasn't you. To be doing this with simply anyone else! I hate you. I hate you.

Good to know she looked very small and smart and feminine snuggled in the softness of the new dove-grey flying-suit that wasn't paid for yet. The Press would remark how becoming yet practical. Beautifully cut, too. Casually she opened her handbag and powdered her nose. That would be noted and commented on. A good touch. If you always had to go on and on, faster and faster, farther and farther, vitally important to watch details and staging. She smiled into the mirror—smiled at that dot of a thing in the oblong of silver. The flying-cap, by Thar-rap and also unpaid for as yet, was cute. Built for the job and also for pretty little Kay. Those cheeky wings were apt. Oh, yes, details and sum total were right. She could be proud of herself, and how she hated that smug, blond head in front.

In the other world of the land from which they were already insulated and remote, flashlights were blazing off, blinding bright flowers blooming and dying, fierce in the monochrome. Just clear of the hurricane of the screws, men in raincoats and slouch hats stood about, ghostly, hands thrust into pockets, looking like a flock of sad storks. Though so alum they had to be there and had to be thrilled. They were the Press, the slaves in a way of Kay and Rex and the slaves in no uncertain fashion of all the millions of the public. In turn Kay and Rex were slaves of all mankind and also slaves of the machines.

In the background against the floodlights, officials and friends and fans, seen in wavy outline, like fish in an aquarium. They seemed far away and in the past already.

The engines roared louder. Kay wished she were at the controls. Even at the very last when she had begged him to, he should have bowed and held out his hands in graceful acquiescence and let her have the big moment.

"Darling," he should have said, "anything you ask. I know you'll do it just as well as I can. Better, perhaps."

That should have been his line. Instead of whispering fiercely that she could go to the devil and like it.

Just because he was a man and thought himself a superior creature. The gentle egotism of it! Leaving her to

smirk through the side panels and wave and be sweet and girlish and dependent when all the time she could have nursed the Bat through those vital minutes far more cunningly.

She threw a final kiss as requisite, and adjusted the earphones. The throat phone rested against her vocal chords beneath her jawbone. She smiled again. It always amused her that you could really talk through your neck. There were queer little things like that in life you never got used to. Life, she thought passively, was rather wonderful these days what with all the gadgets and so on. She discovered that her head ached. That would be the champagne. Foolish to let so early in the morning. Foolish to let the wedding guests thrust it on her. She patted her sleek dark hair neatly into place for the benefit of those drab and sullen birds out in the grey of dawn. A pity she wasn't blonde and fluffy all the same. She'd always thought that.

"Here we go then," Rex said. His voice came metallic yet muffled, as if the cups against her ears had spoken of their own accord. It was quite dissociated from that fine bulk of masculinity in front.

The ground no longer pushed at them in its silly, cloddish fashion. The Bat had taken wing, climbed. The engines roared all out. The drab world dropped down, swinging over a little. Trees and telegraph wires rushed to meet them, but as they did so stooped a little and were no more. Kay could feel the Bat aching with the effort of that lift, straining like a horse on a steep gradient. Not straining really, of course. The Bat, thank goodness! was a machine and would either do it or not. But also something more than a machine. A throbbing creature with wings that had to rise and rise, lifting such a cruel weight. She leant forward in her seat—she, Kay Connelly, after all her experience—and lifted with the Bat, foolishly, uselessly, yet employing every atom of her strength.

She forgot about hating Rex and forgot about not being at the controls. She was lifting the Bat up from the dull earth of Mildenhall, up into the air, into the sky, heaven high. Her nails bit into her palms. Her nails were scarlet. They had to be, just as her eyebrows had to be plucked and her mouth a Cupid's bow. Part of the job. She couldn't be just a pilot. She had to be a woman, too—an attractive, well-groomed woman. She had spent yesterday morning in Bond Street and thereabouts while he'd been at Buckingham Palace. He could be any kind of a man so long as he did his work. That made her mad.

Forget it. The Bat was going to pull the trick and nothing else mattered really. She had climbed above wires and trees; she had escaped into her own territory. The sky carried her now, surely and certainly as the sea cradles a ship. So it was not going to be a flop after all? So they'd done it? So the Bat was all right?

Kay dropped back in the air-cushioned seat and unclenched her hands.

The sun came out of the east in a smoky ball of fire. It came swiftly, soaring up with them, not as it did for groundlings. They dragged the sun up with them. The sun came for them out of France, out of Italy, out of Arabia, out of the Persian Gulf, out of India, out of Malaysia, out of Australia. It came soaring to greet them, and presently would be behind them on its and their great flights. When next they met it would be far, far from Mildenhall, far, far from England, from Europe, out in the east, out in the sun's own lands, away on the other side of the puny globe.

Little England, away below, was a patchwork quilt with all the millions asleep beneath it. Only the trees were waking. No smoke from the chimneys yet, and the roads were white and empty bands. The air was calm until the Bat churned it into commotion: just as the weather reports had promised. That was good.

Cinderella's coach had been a mere box of glass compared with the Bat. To turn a pumpkin into a mere box of glass was nothing. To dig ore from the ground and shape it into this chariot of theirs made the most mythical of myths probable and even ordinary.

"Listen, you," said the aluminium voice in her ear, "what'd you mean talking to the Press that way?"

"What way?"

"You know what way."

"What way, then?"

"Making that scene. Saying you should have been at the controls when we took off."

"So I should have been."

"What do you think I am? A passenger?"

"What do you think I am?"

"I'd hate to tell you."

"That goes for me."

"Thank you, wifey."

"And you, hubby."

"Don't you see I either had to do that take-off or I had to want to. Otherwise, where's the story?"

Kay sighed.

She would have to sit behind his hateful golden head half-way round the world and for hours and hours and hours.

Millions of newspaper readers later read the following report:

**STRATOSPHERE FLIGHT BEGINS  
TO AUSTRALIA IN A DAY?**

**FAMOUS AIR PAIR OFF**

**"KAY" SHARES GREAT FLIGHT  
WITH NEW-KNIGHTED HUSBAND**

(From our Special Correspondent).

Mildenhall, Tuesday.

Knighthood by the King at Buckingham Palace yesterday morning, married in the afternoon to the equally famous woman pilot, Kay Connelly, Sir Rex Masters, Britain's ace airman, started at dawn to-day with his bride on the first lower stratosphere flight to Australia.

The Rex-K, a Brunner-Wild Bat, mid-wing, all-metal monoplane whose twin-engines each develop 1000 h.p., giving a



## RACE THE SUN

3

cruising speed of 300 miles an hour, took off perfectly under the skilled hands of Sir Rex, though she carried over a thousand gallons of petrol. Considerable anxiety had been felt on account of the great weight she had to lift, and this was one of the reasons why the Air Ministry gave special permission for the flight to begin from Mildenhall, which is one of the largest aerodromes in the country. A sigh of relief went up from the onlookers as the great machine, making a remarkably good take-off, rose smoothly and steadily. It was a triumph of British engineering as well as a masterly piece of flying.

Many friends and aviation enthusiasts had gathered despite the early hour.

They included a number of the wedding guests still in evening dress, and Lt.-Col. F. C. Shielmerdine, Director-General of Civil Aviation.

Never before has a honeymoon been spent in such circumstances, and the young bride, whose charm and beauty belie her distinguished record as an airwoman, was warmly complimented by a host of admirers.

An amusing and characteristic incident occurred as they walked to the machine which was waiting in readiness.

The bride of twelve hours, a petite figure in a smart and becoming yet most practical suit and hat specially designed for her, turned to her tall handsome husband and said:

"Darling, the only wedding present I want is the joy of being at the controls for the take-off."

The big airman laughed heartily at this suggestion, but apparently he had no intention of entrusting that grave responsibility to her. He shook his head and, bending down, whispered something in her ear. She blushed and smiled happily.

As she followed him to the plane an elderly woman rushed forward and thrust a spray of white heather into her hand with the remark, "Here you are, duckie. For luck. It won't die before you get there."

Kay Connelly, as she still is to her public, stood on tiptoe and kissed her elderly admirer.

Then, five feet nothing of feminine pluck, she stepped gallily into her unique wedding coach.

The crowd cheered, and they cheered again when Kay calmly produced a puff and powdered her nose. Meanwhile Sir Rex settled down to demonstrate again his supreme qualities as a pilot. The engines roared into life, and the Rex-K was away on her astounding journey of 10,000 miles in two terrific hops at an altitude of 30,000 feet and even more.

The plane is fitted with all the latest improvements, including oxygen masks, heating and an automatic pilot. In order to save weight Sir Rex decided to dispense with wireless.

"If we're going to get there, and we are, you'll hear from us almost before you know we've gone," he said.

A full description of the Brunner-Wild Bat and the Flight by our Air Correspondent on page 4; a sketch of the careers of Sir Rex and Lady Masters on page 8; and pictures of the machine and the start on page 12.

The following appeared on the social page.

### A LONDON'S WOMAN'S LETTER By LADY DAPHNE

Mayfair, Tuesday.

It's grand for all of us Kay fans to see her name everywhere again. After all, she has been rather out of the news of late, but now she is back in it with a splash. Of course I braved the rigors of the dawn and saw them off at Mildenhall. Kay looked an absolute duck in a dream of a dove-grey flying-suit and an inspired little hat which managed to suggest a winged helmet. It's too quaint seeing her beside her huge husband. I'd a feeling she must be going to Hartnell's for a fitting rather than starting out on a hair-raising flight. Her mascot, Puffin the Penguin, went with her, of course. Lots of the wedding guests turned up and everyone was in high spirits, particularly the happy and daring couple. I sometimes wonder if we realise what romantic times we live in. Lady Masters—doesn't it seem odd to call her that?—and her husband will be honeymooning in Australia almost by the time you read this.

OUTSIDE a great round moon, whiter and brighter far than the moon men saw walking in Asia far below, and a multitude of brilliant stars. Though the moisture which condensed on the warm glass washed them from his view, Rex felt strongly conscious of them. It was as if the Bat had been drawn by that great moon and sailed about her as a satellite speck. The earth was lost, gone. Only the moon and stars out here. And this little warm, bright, noisy box carrying them both through space.

The altimeter showed 35,000 feet. On the dashboard the gauges and indicators were lively alive. The oxygen mask had ceased to irritate him now. The oxygen fed into his lungs. He fancied it had a sweet taste. Imagination probably. He had slipped aside the earphones because Kay's breathing had been far too like a lullaby. Hard enough to keep awake without that. The roar of the motors had turned to a steady drone of sound, flowing smooth and unbroken like a deep river. The rim of his eyes burnt as if irritated by sand.

Nothing to do, save keep awake and watch the sky creatures of the dashboard. The Bat flew herself, under the guidance of the twin spinning tops of the gyroscopic pilot. Set on the course they were more efficient than a mere fallible man. So Rex had only to sit there, and jerk himself out of sleep, and listen to the ocean of silence through which they went so steadily down their steady, tiny current of noise. He nodded again.

"Curse," he said aloud to fight the drowsiness, "a man driving a slow freight-train would have more to do."

He turned his head and looked over his shoulder. Kay had slumped in her seat, the oxygen mask giving her a goblin, un-human look. She had taken off her flying-cap. The straps of her parachute put her in harness. A ray of light made a path on her smooth hair. The fass they made over her. Just because she was a woman. Just because of that. What did it matter? Was she as good a pilot as he? Would they say she was if she were a man? They'd call her Lucky Connelly and laugh. Lucky. A hundred flukes had put her where she was and made it good policy for Sir Rex Masters to marry the jumped-up little nobody.

"Oh, it seemed a good enough idea, Piggy," he said aloud, though Lord Midge was thousands of miles away and thou-

sands of feet below, "but it was crazy. I did honestly think a business marriage might clear up lots of things. I wanted to be able to get on with the job. That's what matters. But I hate her, I tell you. Oh say it's jealousy, jealousy, jealousy, if you like, and say it's a good scheme since we're flying together to make it more romantic, romantic, but I'm tied to her now, aren't I? And I don't want to be married to a pilot. There's no point in marrying someone who's only happy in overalls with a grease-rag or posing for Press cameras or shouting over the air what a great flight she's just made. I can do all that, can't I? I? I? She was cuckoo. We were cuckoo. They were cuckoo. Cuckoo. Cuckoo. And now we're beautifully tied up, aren't we? The Sweethearts of the Air. Fine publicity if we have a divorce, won't it?"

He turned angrily away back to the little lives in their glass houses. They moved and pulsed; they kept their vigil; the current of noise in the immeasurable ocean of silence flowed through him. He nodded into sleep and woke himself with a jerk.

Slipping back the earphones he called roughly, "Here, you! Here, you, wake up."

The steady breathing broke with a jerk. "Hullo?"

"Your turn, useless," Rex said. "You may as well be a pilot."

"And am I a pilot?" said Kay's neck to his ear.

"So I've read."

"You can read, eh?"

"Aren't we bright?"

"That's just the worst of it," Kay said bitterly, "you make me realise we're not."

"You keep awake, wake, wake," he warned. He would have turned and shaken his flat at her, but he was so sleepy. He huddled down in his seat so that she had a full view of the peeping controls, and the ocean of silence broke the current of sound into a low, insistent purring in his brain.

Kay yawned and wondered if they had the same ground staff at Allahabad.

KATHIE CONNELLY jumped off the electric tram before it stopped, and turned impatiently to wait for Sylvia. Sylvia valued her neck and her ankles.

"You're crazy, Kathie," she said. "You might kill yourself, and it's only a matter of a second."

"You're too slow to catch worms," said Kathie.

Arm in arm they crossed the Esplanade. The warm yellow moon of an Australian summer night looked down, but they did not notice it, for on the lower level of the Esplanade the bright lights of the Palais de Danse beckoned them to the true romance. That was where Life went with a lift; that was where the boys were.

"So I said to him," Kathie resumed, "Well, Mr. Hoagins, you may be the floorwalker, but if you think you can talk to me like that you're making a big mistake. I'm no slave. Well, he looked daggers, but he took it like a lamb. Just walked away."

"All the same," said Sylvia, "you'll get it in the neck one of these days. Giving up like that to Mr. Hoagins. You're too independent, if you want my opinion."

"They can't trample on me," said Kathie. "Not on your life. Oh, listen, they're playing that new fox-trot."

Called on by the music they paid their sixpences at the desk and went into the big, bright dance hall.



"Oo," cried Kathie ecstatically. I wish I could live here all my life." She was sixteen, neat, small, with a body that looked like a supple, well-shaped doll's. Her eyes were brown. Her dark, smooth hair was cut short and framed an eager young face.

"There's Jim," said Sylvia, and called "Hullo, there, Jim!" She gave him a wave.

The acre of floor was crowded. They made their way round the side to their accustomed place near the band. The boys would know they were there. It was Saturday night. They were always there on Saturday night. The boys knew that. Fred was first to come alone.

They danced and there were all the colored lights and the music and the people watching from the sides and the other couples weaving about them and the floor springy beneath their feet and Kathie liked Fred holding her so eagerly. Oh, it was a lovely place, the Palais, after the long, stupid day in the shop.

In accordance with custom they clapped and were given two encores, then the floor cleared, and Fred, again in accordance with custom, for the etiquette and routine were as firmly established at the Palais as at a Court, took her back to the place by the band and thanked her and drifted off, leaving other young men to claim her for the next.

Then that which she had been waiting for while marking time with Fred happened. A man she had never seen before, not one of the boys at all, stooped down at her. He was tall and dark with a keen, hawk face and eyes which Kathie felt went right into you. Eyes so brown that they seemed almost black, eyes that put a sudden warmth into her brown eyes.

"You dance beautifully," he said. "I've been watching you. May I have the next?"

"Rather!" said Kathie without any false coyness.

She followed him to the little pulpit where a haughty blonde lady tore tickets from a roll and gathered in the cash.

They took the floor. Kathie was determined not to be shy or clumsy. She would not trip over his feet no matter what he did. But she needn't have troubled. He danced differently from the boys, but it was easier really. He didn't know all their steps. He danced beautifully, all the same.

"You don't come here much, do you?" she said, looking away up at him.

"No," he said. "I've never been before. I'm only back from England a month or so."

"Glad to be?"

"In a way. I knew you danced like an angel."

"You do yourself," said Kathie earnestly.

"You seem very young and small to be here."

"Me?" lied Kathie. "Why, I'm eighteen."

"You only look about ten."

"That's the worst of being tiny."

"Or, the best. Mind telling me your name?"

"Kathie Connelly. What's yours?"

"Nigel."

"That's a nice name, Nigel," said Kathie. "Suits you," she added shyly. "But it must be funny to have only one name."

"Sorry," he said, with a grin. "Nigel Saunders."

After a silence he asked:

"What do you do for a living?"

Kathie hesitated momentarily. Should she pull the old card and say elegantly she just lived with her parents. After another glance she decided that was a poor game. "I'm in the gloves at Samuelson's," she said.

"Hard work?"

"Dull, but I don't mind it. I can always come down here, and I know lots of people. What do you do?"

"Me," he said, and also considered briefly. "Me? Oh, I'm a pilot, an airman, you know."

Kathie missed a step. It was so right that tall, dark Nigel should be that. "Perfect!" she said, happily.

"How do you mean?"

"You know," she said.

"You're a funny one," he smiled. "But you're nice. I like you, Kathie. Bit of luck we met."

"Rather!"

"We must see more of each other. Can't stay to-night, I'm afraid. But what about some other time? Ever been up?"

"Never."

"Care for a flip?"

"Oo, I'd adore it."

"All right," he said. "What about to-morrow afternoon, latish, about five?"

The boys made no impression on her for the rest of the evening, and she insisted on leaving early. Sylvia made no protest, though she did not want to go. She had a queer kind of feeling that something important had happened to Kathie, who'd never been quite like the other girls anyway.

KATHIE was not going to be scared or bashful or anything just because the place was so queer with the big tin shed and the vast bare paddock and the aeroplane looking like a double dragonfly waiting to dart away. Most of all she was not going to be scared because Nigel would meet her. In a queer way she had almost forgotten what he looked like—tall and dark, of course, with lovely eyes. But she could not be sure just what he looked like, nevertheless. If a girl was going to be taken up for a flight it behoved her to look her best.

A good thing she had bought the new hat at Samuelson's Bargain Counter. It had been, she decided, a real bargain, which few of them were. And just right for the occasion, neat and trim yet very feminine.

Chin up, she went through the five-barred gate into the aerodrome. The plant sat there, resting its tail on the ground, ready to go.

Before the domed tin shed, which was rather like a smaller Palais stripped of all glamor, men were standing about. Perhaps Nigel was one of them. She dared not look too hard or appear too eager. May be he had forgotten all about her, and they'd laugh at her and she'd have to trail back to the station and back to her home, and just cry there. After all it had been a casual meeting. Quite on the cards that he wasn't a pilot, but had only said it, as she had nearly said she lived at home with her people.

And then Nigel had taken shape miraculously from the nondescript group of men and was coming towards her with easy strides of his long legs.

"Hullo, Kathie," he hailed from quite a distance, hand flung up in welcome. "So you didn't funk it?"

"Funk it," she laughed, suddenly happier and more alive than she had ever been. "What, me?"

"I didn't think you would." His long legs had brought him to her. He took her hands and stood, smiling down, brown eyes almost black.

"You don't know how much I'm looking forward to it."

"Grand. Let's go then." He beamed down with a kind of dusky glance. "You babe," he said.

"Babe nothing," said Kathie. "I'm an old woman. I'm nineteen next birthday, and I'd hate to tell you how soon that is in case you thought I was hinting."

"Good for you," he said. "But you look about ten."

"You said that last night."

"And I'll say it ten years hence."

Kathie's heart gave a bigger jump. Ten years, that was a lifetime away. In ten years she would be twenty-six, and old. He could never imagine that he'd still think she was only a baby when she was twenty-six, and yet he'd said it, his eyes fixed on hers. He put his firm, cool hand under her elbow.

"Off we go, then."

They had reached the plane. A man had cut across from the shed and stood ready. There was a little ladder leaning against the side. The wings spread out suddenly above her like the wings of a vast bird. They cast long, black shadows.

"Hop up," he said. "Better take your hat off. Just hold it."

She hopped up. There was a round hole in the dragonfly's body with two seats in it, one behind the other. She knew hers would be the back seat. She climbed into it. Smiling sideways at her he lowered himself into the front one. There was a smell of oil. The back of his head was smooth and shiny in the sunlight. She would have liked to have stroked it. She took off her hat and tucked it beside her. Then she clenched her hands and waited.

There were exchanges between Nigel and the man. Contact, she caught. The propeller spun slowly, gathered speed, the engine roared. She gripped the sides, and a great wind rushed at her. The engine roared and roared, deafeningly. The wind lashed her face. She wondered whether they had forgotten to undo something, an anchor, a rope. The plane was working so hard and could do nothing. Then it tipped slightly as if it might topple over.

Kathie looked over the side anxiously. The ground wasn't there. They were up in the air. The man was walking back to the shed, looking small, like a Noah's Ark man, and the others in front of the sheds had dwindled, too. They stood about smoking, as if nothing had happened. A dog ran among them, the smallest of dogs. And the engines roared and the wind lashed her.

The plane began to swing and dip and toss. She loved the sensation. It sent cold shivers which made her burn through every corner of her being. She whooped and tears ran on her cheeks. The far earth showed at strange angles. The sun was a great red ball in the sky. The sky had never been so blue. Then a cloud wrapped round them, like torn, wet cottonwool. No world any more. Kathie sat bemused. To be alive without any world—there was a strange thing.

A felt roused her. She looked over the side to see the far-off world, and there was the dry, brown grass alighting

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by under the wheels and the plane was bumping back towards the shed, and the men were wandering across to meet her, the dog romping round them. The propeller, that had been only light, became a propeller again. She saw the blades. They spun round and round, losing pace, growing clearer, slower and slower. They stopped. The plane stopped. The wind died, and the air was parched again with the breath of a late summer afternoon.

"Well?" said Nigel, turning about. But Kathie could not speak. She nodded helplessly at him. Tears were wet on her cheeks. She knew her eyes were shining, and a wary corner of her mind guessed that her nose was red. But she did not care. They had put the ladder against the side. He climbed out and extended his hand.

"Enjoyed it, eh?"

"Oh, Nigel!"

Men were standing about grinning. She dared not venture more. He'd hate her if she made a fool of herself and him. She could not have borne that. Love her. Oh, Nigel had to love her, as she loved him. His hand was under her elbow again, cool and steady. He was delighted that she had adored it so. He felt proud.

"I think we'll have to make a pilot of you," he said.

"Oh," was all she could say. Perhaps he meant it. No, silly, it was only his way.

"Tell you what," he was saying next. "Let's go for a run down the Bay. Get a bite of food on the way, and look at the moon later. What do you say?"

"Yes," said Kathie. There was nothing else she could say. It was so bewildering to fall in love and go flying all in one hectic hour.

They were in a low, open car, and he was driving. They talked, but Kathie hardly knew what they talked about. He said things and she answered whatever he wanted her to say. She always knew what that was, without thought or anything. His arm was about her. He drove with his right hand, and he drove fast. The sun they had been so near went down in a blaze. The dark came out of the purple waters of the bay. They stopped and ate something or other in the open air, opposite each other across a small white block of table with trees about and a creek sliding by.

They went on again. Very fast through the dark, so that it was like flying. A full moon rose. They did not talk now, but just rushed on.

Then, as if it knew, the car stopped, and they were walking down through the patterns of the ti-tree and out on to a beach all silver in the moonlight by a silver sea.

"What a night!" Nigel said, choking, in his throat.

He took Kathie in his arms, and they kissed. They walked along the beach round a little bay where rocks rose black and glistening from the silver sea. Cliffs wailed the end of the little bay, sharp and sheer with trees on the crest standing against the sky.

"You babe," said Nigel, as if he would cry.

"Oh, Nigel!" said Kathie, trying to put into his name all she had to thank him for and worship him for.

"I love you, Kathie," said Nigel.

"I love you, Nigel."

"You're such a lovely thing."

"So are you, Nigel."

"Kiss me, Kathie, and mean it."

Kathie kissed Nigel and meant it.

"Will you love me always?" she asked, her mouth warm and wet on his.

"Always, always," said Nigel.

At the end of the long counter they paid the reckoning and took their black composition trays to the corner table which was the quietest. A bit of luck that it should be unoccupied in the rush hour. Each had chosen the same: a pot of tea, a cream puff, a bun, a piece of pink cake and an apple. It had said in the paper the previous night that apples were good for the complexion. The cafeteria was white-tiled and clean like a bathroom. Crockery clattered. Steam hissed from an urn.

"My, it's nice to see you again, Kathie."

"Nice to see you, Sylvia. I love the frock."

"You do look happy," said Sylvia, considering her. "I'll bet you get lots of glad-eyes even when people don't intend to give them that way. You look kind of shining and warm inside."

Kathie nodded. "That's how I feel," she said, suddenly quite solemn, reverent almost. "It's queer to be so happy you want to cry."

"You don't look as if you wanted to cry. Or you didn't till just now. You looked like you wanted to sing and dance about."

"So I do. And cry, too."

"You're a funny one," said Sylvia, regarding her with the puzzled admiration Kathie always aroused in her, even in the old days before Nigel. "But I've told you that a thousand times, I expect. The boys missed you again Saturday night. They go on asking after you. Kathie out with the nobel! they say, and I say, 'Kathie's where she wants to be, the way she always will.'"

"Do you think so?" Kathie wondered, looking for her, almost afraid.

"Positive."

"So I will."

"Don't I know it? You were too good for the boys down there. But they're very nice about you."

"Give them my love," said Kathie.

"How's young Fred?"

"Just the same. You don't ever miss them all and the Palais and all the fun we used to have?"

"I suppose I should, Sylvia, but to tell you the truth, I don't. It's as if, I don't know, as if I'd gone on from there, left it all behind. It all seems kind of little, like, like the world looks when you're up in a plane."

"I think I know. You still love flying, don't you, Kathie?"

"I adore it more and more. And Nigel gave me that, like he's given me everything."

Sylvia poured herself another cup of tea. "It must be grand to be in love in a real way. Like you, I mean. Not just going with a steady, but in love like they are in the pictures and books. That's the way you're in love, I reckon."

"Yes," said Kathie. "Somehow, I never thought it could happen really. But it does. It does, I mean, when you're in love with Nigel." She munched at her cream puff, looking through Sylvia with brown eyes dreamy, at the white tiles where Nigel was, as he was everywhere.

Sylvia sighed, feeling excluded. "You're lucky," she said, "but I knew you'd never be ordinary, even when we were bits of kids. Still, I didn't think you'd get a move on so quickly. I thought you'd

have to wait a bit, particularly looking younger than you are, being such a mile of a thing. Well, you never know, do you? Kathie changed the trend of the conversation.

"It's heavenly to fly, Sylvia, and I can't say what it's like to fly with him. It's like—I don't know." She held out small brown hands in a helpless gesture. There was some cream on her thumb. She licked it off thoughtfully. "And the new plane's got dual control. When we're up at a good height he lets me take over."

"No! You mean fly it yourself?"

"Myself! Oh, it's a thrill, darling. You can't imagine! It's as easy as easy, but it's marvellous. It's not like just driving a car—he lets me do that sometimes, too."

"Doing any dancing these days?" asked Sylvia hastily.

Kathie smiled, and flashed back into herself "Lots," she said.

"Palais?"

"No, He takes me to the Embassy."

"The Embassy?"

"It's lovely, Sylvia. We dance and dance. He wears his dress clothes. I've got a new frock—sort of russet-brown."

"The Embassy! You looked well dancing together that first night."

"We dance better now."

"Naturally," Sylvia ventured.

"He dances beautifully. He's all rhythm. Not just steps like the boys. He's the poetry of dancing in a way, you know."

"He's everything. Isn't he, little Kathie?" said Sylvia with a smile. And now she felt much older than her friend.

"Everything," said Kathie, and looked into the tiles as though they were a crystal gazer's globe.

Sylvia put on lipstick. It was a new shade, but she did not ask Kathie's opinion. Those days were gone somehow. "Oh, by the way, Kathie," she said, "About Fred."

"Fred?" said Kathie.

"So you have heard the name then?" mocked Sylvia.

"What about Fred?"

"Only, you see, now that he's not getting much of a spin with you he's rather taken to hanging about me, but I don't want you to feel that I'm poaching or anything like that."

"With Fred?"

Kathie laughed suddenly, gaily, softly. People at adjacent tables looked up, gratified by the sound. "Sylvia precious," she said, "how sweet you are! You can have Fred and every other male so long as you leave me Nigel."

"Thanks a lot," said Sylvia, still hearing Kathie's lovely laughter. "I don't think I can use them all, but I will take Fred."

"Heavens, it's five to two. We must fly."

"Yes, fly!"

Sylvia realised the word meant much more to Kathie than rushing back to Samuelson's. Kathie had it badly. Kathie would.

NIGEL wasn't there. Kathie knew the people about the front of the hangar well enough now to see that at a glance. It was Saturday afternoon, four o'clock, as they'd arranged. He should have come lounging eagerly across to meet her as soon as she turned in through the five-barred gate. She shivered. The first nip of autumn was in the air. Along the road the English trees had begun to turn to just the shade of her evening frock. Kathie



paused. She turned up the collar of her cloth coat. Yes, it was cold. She looked about with experienced eyes. A large car, a Bentley as she knew now, for she was quick to learn such things, stood on the cement outside the hangar. There were no planes on the field. She looked up. Nigel's plane was just entering a silver cloud, away, away up. She smiled at Nigel's plane. Stupid! Of course, he had the job to attend to. Some wealthy people had come along and wanted a joy-ride. The Bentley had brought them. Cheered, she crossed to the hangar to wait for Nigel to come back to earth.

THE group of men nodded to her. They were casual. They did not raise their hats. She knew and liked them; they knew and liked her.

And then the plane came through the silver autumn clouds, and drifted down in easy spirals, swooping like a hawk. Kathie clasped her hands and gazed up, adoring. Nigel was the living heart and brain of that great swooping hawk. Her Nigel. Climbing down the hill of heaven back to her.

The plane touched the grass, jumped a little on a rut, settled down, roared across the field, stopped. How well he handled her. She wanted to run to him when she saw him climb out, but she remained on the case. There was only one passenger, a lady. He helped her out, as he helped Kathie out, and together they came across to the hangar. They were talking earnestly, heads close together, his hand beneath her elbow. All natural enough. She would be excited about her first flight, full of praise for him, and the aerodrome was not as smooth as it might have been.

They came closer. She was tall and fair and walked with easy grace which was almost a swagger, as if she owned the ground beneath her feet. She was snugly wrapped in an expensive coat. Mink. Kathie imagined, though she could never be quite sure of those expensive furs. Mink sounded right. Her hat was perfect. Her shoes were perfect. In every way she matched the Bentley standing by. As they drew nearer she slipped her arm through Nigel's and gave his arm a squeeze. Like her nerve. But then she'd be all churned up. Kathie knew. Nigel was laughing with her.

They came to the Bentley. He opened the door and she got into the driving seat with the same air of assurance. The Bentley was hers, and she could handle it. She was very lovely. An ash blonde. Nigel stood with one foot on the running-board. They laughed and were happy. Kathie watched from the packing-case. She wasn't angry or anything like that. But she would be glad when the Bentley took the lady away. Very glad.

Nigel ran his hand over his hair, smoothing it back. His other hand was on the side of the car. She patted his other hand. The car began to purr on a deep, rich note. At last it was going to take her away.

Then, suddenly, without any warning, Nigel bent down quickly and kissed the blonde in the Bentley.

It was over so soon that Kathie hardly believed it had happened.

The car leapt off. The lady flung up her hand in affectionate farewell. Her face was all smiles. She went wooming out through the gate and down the road

between the English trees that were turning russet brown. Nigel stood gazing after her, hands thrust into trouser pockets.

Kathie waited on the packing-case for the simple and natural explanation of all this, and she waited hopelessly.

Nigel swung about when the car was out of sight and came across to her, tapping a cigarette on his silver case.

"Hullo, there, Kathie," he said. He looked very happy. His black eyes sparkled. He did not seem ashamed or embarrassed. His manner was so natural that Kathie took heart.

"Hullo, Nigel. Who's the lovely lady?"

"Oh, that's Helen Delamore."

"I see."

"We'd been up for a flip. Smoke?"

"I see. No thanks."

"She's crazy about the air."

"So I gathered. Is that all she's crazy about?"

Nigel looked at Kathie. She had never seen his eyes more black. His mouth smiled at her, but his eyes did not. He put the cigarette in the corner of his smiling mouth and extended his hands.

"Jump down, nipper," he said. "Let's not go up again to-night. It's getting late, and I've had enough. We've been up an hour. Anyway, I want to talk to you. Let's go for a stroll across the field. Down you come, Kathie."

She took his hands. It was good to touch them again. She jumped down, and would have swayed had she not put her small feet so firmly on the ground. For something awful was happening, though she could not credit it yet.

"What do you want to talk to me about, Nigel?" she asked.

He tucked her arm through his. "Things," he said. The autumn wind came whispering through the long grass of the flying-field as they walked across the slightly ridged ground which still bore, deep down, the scars of the plough.

"Things?" He was away above her, still inclined to smile at the memory of the lady in the Bentley. "You and I and so on. It's time we got this business straightened out. You wouldn't like me to muddle about, would you?"

His voice was sensible and friendly. It had no ring of love in it. He was going to be practical. "No," lied Kathie, who did not care what he did so long as he did not say that which he was going to say.

"We've had some grand old times, haven't we, eh, Kathie? Flying, dancing, kissing. We've had grand times together, haven't we, nipper?"

"Yes," Kathie said in a small voice, and then vehemently, "Oh, we have, Nigel, we have. It's been heaven."

"Grand," he agreed. "I've enjoyed every minute of it. And I do really mean that, Kathie-babe, just as I mean I'm sorry it's over."

The wind ran through the grass. They were in the centre of the field now. The sun rested on the top of the trees. Grey was washing out the blue of the sky. The wind-indicator stood out stiffly, held by the rising breeze. Her arm was still tucked into his, and her feet were moving mechanically.

"Over?" said Kathie.

"Sorry to be brutal about it," Nigel said evenly, "but that's how things are. It's only that I'm so fond of you has made me not tell you before. I've been wanting to. But then again I'm so fond of you. See how it is, Kathie?"

Kathie looked very straight ahead and said flatly, "Yes, I see."

"I mean we've had such fun and been such friends and all that. Only, of course, the best of things must end, mustn't they?"

"Must they?"

White gulls from the bay were wheeling above them making thin, lost noises. Kathie's eyes were quite dry and she still looked very straight ahead. Her arm was still in Nigel's.

"So," he said, "I don't want you to feel bad or anything about this. After all, I'm getting on and a man must marry and settle down some time."

"Yes, I see," said Kathie.

"I don't like having to tell you all this, nipper, but it's only fair I should. I've always tried to play fair by you, Kathie."

"So you're going to drop me, are you?"

"That sounds beastly."

"Isn't it?"

"It needn't be, if only you'll see the thing properly. I mean we can still be friends, see each other now and then, might even do a bit of flying."

"That will be nice," said Kathie emptily.

He freed her arm, checking her as he did so, and then swung her about so that she faced him. Through the gathering dusk he looked down at her, gravely, sadly, fondly, but not caring at all, remote, utterly ruthless inside. Kathie looking up into his dear, dark eyes saw all that.

"You see, Kathie," he said, "I've fallen in love. I mean really, properly."

"You said you were in love with me."

"But not this way. This is different. Oh, I did love you, nipper, and I still love you in our way, but that's not the same thing."

"Evidently not, Nigel."

"I mean we couldn't ever be married, now could we?"

"Why not?"

"Well—" he said, and broke off lamely, swaying a little from foot to foot.

"It doesn't matter," said Kathie.

"The whole fact of the matter is that I'm engaged, Kathie, and I feel I ought to tell you."

"I suppose you ought."

"I've wanted to warn you."

"YOU'RE engaged to the blonde in the Bentley, are you, Nigel?"

"To Miss Delamore, yes."

"I suppose she has lots and lots of money."

"I'm sure I don't know."

"I can't make anything out," said Kathie. "But she has lots and lots of money and a mink coat and a hat with wings and is a somebody. And she thinks you're marvellous. And so I'm ditched, eh, Nigel?"

"You're not ditched at all," he said with meaningless warmth.

"Oh, yes, I am," said Kathie. She paused, looking up at him away up there in the deepening dusk at his dusky eyes and his well-remembered mouth and every well-remembered line of his beloved face. He was so relieved that it was all said and done he would have liked to have hugged her.

"Poor nipper," he said. "Let's get back. You're cold. Your coat—"

"It's not mink, you see," she said.

"Let's go back," he said again. "I'll run you home, sweetheart."

"No," she said.

"But surely you don't hate me?"

"I love you, Nigel."



# RACE THE SUN

7

"And I love you, Kathie, in our way," he said. He tried to take her hands but she drew back into the dark little cars were running along the road that led down the Bay, their lights bright above the trees.

"Good-bye, Nigel." He paused irresolute, eager to be gone lest he should be late for dinner with Miss Delamore, and yet not happy about this exit.

He strode off into the night, indignant and aggrieved. Kathie stood very still and watched him go. Again her lips were almost smiling, but despite that smile her eyes were dry. She made no sound. She did not call his name that had been a magic spell. She stood with clasped hands limp before her and looked after him. The lights of the hangar shone warm and friendly, but very far.

Above, grey clouds like witches were scurrying across the first pale stars.

"O. sky," she prayed, "kill him, please kill him."

Then she stood up, brushed the dust from her knees, climbed the post-and-rail fence, and walked to the station.

**K**ATHIE'S prayer was answered. The following announcement appeared in all the newspapers.  
**AIRMAN CRASHES FROM 5000 FEET**

## WING SNAPS FROM PLANE

### ACCIDENT AT GLENHUNTLY

While flying at a height of 5000 feet above the Glenhuntly aerodrome this morning a recently-assembled monoplane lost a wing and crashed to the ground from a height of 5000 feet. The pilot, Mr. Nigel Saunders, was killed.

Eye-witnesses state that the wing seemed to snap off for no apparent reason, and the plane immediately dived to the earth. It crashed in a field of cabbages and burst into flames. People who rushed to give assistance were unable to approach the blazing machine, but the body of the pilot was recovered later from the ashes. He was 33 years of age, unmarried, and before joining Austral Flight, Ltd., held a commission in the Royal Australian Air Force. Mr. Saunders was a pilot of long experience, and was very popular in air circles.

The cause of the tragedy is unknown. An official inquiry will be opened to-morrow.

**S**YLVIA had some all the way to Murrumbidgee that Sunday afternoon to tell Kathie the news and take her out of herself. But now, as it was there it did not seem to matter that Fred and she were properly engaged, and the hints she had planned to drop of the fun they were having remained unspoken. They sat together in Kathie's bedroom, and through the jerry-built wall heard the snores of Kathie's father who was a postman and earned his Sunday rest, for he suffered from flat feet and suffered long.

Kathie was mending a torn seam in the black frock she wore at Samuelson's. Her head was bent over her work. It was not often that Sylvia found nothing to say to Kathie. But that was the case now. Kathie seemed far away. You could not get at her. She was shut up inside herself. Sylvia studied her. Nigel's death had changed her more than loving Nigel. It seemed to have made her wiser, and old and cold and certain.

"It's no use me saying again how sorry I am, Kathie."

"I know, Sylvia," said Kathie, looking up to give her a grateful glance. "I do know how sorry you are."

"I can understand how you feel. Why, you might have been married by now."

"Yes, we might have been," Kathie had told no one about the blonde in the Bentley and her talk with Nigel was a secret she shared only with those first pale stars and the witchlike clouds.

"You're young. There'll be other men even though you don't think so now."

"There won't be other men," said Kathie.

Kathie had finished her sewing. She laid down the frock and went to the window where she looked up and out at the winter sky.

"I know just what I'm going to do. I'm going to become the best woman pilot in the world."

"But, Kathie, how can you?"

"I can," said Kathie, from inside herself. "I know I can. I'm going to. Nothing can change that. Nothing else matters." She turned away from the window and held out her small brown hands to Sylvia. "The sky killed Nigel. You wouldn't understand, but that's why I've got to conquer the sky."

She looked so resolute that Sylvia was almost afraid, so small and young and yet so resolute.

"You always were different from the rest of us," said Sylvia. "You're more different than ever now. I believe you'll do it."

"I will," said Kathie. She said it so solemnly, quietly and firmly that Sylvia thought it was almost as if she stood before the altar.

## PART 2

### SHOP-GIRL'S AIR SUCCESS

#### FLIES SOLO IN RECORD TIME

Miss Kathleen Connolly, who is employed in the Glove Department at Samuelson's Emporium, has flown solo in what is claimed to be the record time of two flying hours.

Her instructor at the Glenhuntly flying field says that she is the best pupil he has ever had to train. "Miss Connolly is a born pilot," he declares. She intends to continue flying and hopes to gain her B licence in the near future.

## NEWS IN BRIEF

From *Gloves to Joystick*.—Miss K. Connolly, formerly of the Glove Department at Samuelson's, has followed up her earlier success by qualifying as a commercial pilot, and has joined the staff of Austral Flight, Ltd.

**C**HARMIAN had an eye for young men like Greek gods. Her friends averred they could not blame her because she was married to Sir Wesley Ponsford, and that cried out for an antidote. She had an appreciative and thoughtful eye for the young Greek god who was filling the Rolls from the scarlet petrol pump.

The tank filled, he strolled across to take the money which Parker held out disdainfully from the front seat.

"Oh, I say," called Charmian.

"Yes, miss?"

He came to the open window. On the other side of the glass partition Parker stared straight ahead down the road.

The garage hand had the bluest of eyes, sure enough. He looked into the dove-grey jewel-case of the Rolls and paid

frank and youthful tribute. Charmian's eyes were brown and her lashes were ridiculously long and curling. Her hair was brown and held a glitter.

"Good afternoon," she said.

"Good afternoon, miss."

He made quite a picture in the dove-grey frame of the window.

"Do you work here?" asked Charmian, which was rather superfluous but one had to begin some way.

"Yes," he said. "As a matter of fact, it's my Dad's garage. He and my two brothers and I run it." He had a pleasant voice, and though still dazzled stood firm on his feet and without being cheeky was not awkward.

"How's business?"

"Not too bad."

**I** SHOULDN'T have thought there'd be enough to keep four of you busy here."

"To tell the truth, there isn't," he said. "But we just make a go of it. It's not easy to find outside openings nowadays."

"That's so," agreed Charmian. "Are you a good mechanic?"

"There's isn't anything I don't know about cars," he said so simply that it was not bragging. "I've been brought up with them. I was playing about with cars when most kids are playing with hoops."

"I see. Know the Rolls?"

"I do. And the Baby Ford."

"I see. There was a light golden down on his neck which Charmian liked. She nodded. "I see," she said. "She had the right eyes to do that. 'Ever thought of taking a job?'"

"Sometimes," he said. "There's darn little here for me really."

"I'm looking for a chauffeur," said Charmian.

"A chauffeur?" said the young man, glancing at Parker's set back.

"He's my husband's. I've only borrowed him for the day. Care to consider it?"

Blue eyes looked very hard into brown.

"I'd love to."

"Good, what's your name?"

"Rex Masters."

"So. Rex Masters. You'd have comfortable quarters, and the work isn't strenuous. Just the usual kind of thing. As a general rule I use the Swallow. She's open and I like that in the summer. Then, too, you don't have to give your friends lifts. That's always a mercy. We live at Little Dimpton. It's only forty miles from here. Could you run over in the morning and we'll discuss details?"

"Certainly," said Rex. "I've got my motor bike."

"Here's my card. Make it eleven o'clock. Turn sharp left at the cross-roads in Little Dimpton and you can't miss it. The big white house standing back on the right."

"Thank you," said Rex. He grinned because he was flattered and the grin was so spontaneous and sunny that Charmian did not mind at all.

"Eleven then."

"Eleven. And thank you."

She smiled on him again.

"Home now, Parker," she said.

The Rolls moved off in a stately fashion carrying its precious jewel.

The sun streamed warmly into the little cove which faced due west. The cliffs rose warm and brown. The sea was warmly green. They had left the Swallow at the top and scrambled down into this haven, leaving the world behind.



Charman lay and played with a handful of sea-washed shells.

"You see how natural it is for you and me to be here together, Rex?" she said.

"It does seem so," he agreed.

"And how much better and more natural it is when you're out of your stupid uniform and can be just yourself?"

"I know," he said.

"You're still a bit shy with me, aren't you? You can call me Charman, you know, and I won't bite."

"You're wonderful to me," said Rex, and meant it.

He turned to look at her with a kind of wonder. Almost impossible to realise that this was his boss' wife, Lady Ponsford, this soft-eyed, soft-voiced girl with the lovely body in a brief pink bathing-suit. She was so at home and at ease with him, and so long as he did not stop to think he was more at ease and at home with her than he had ever been with a woman before. Even in her bathing-suit she looked so different, precious and rare and beautiful, easily breakable, to be worshipped from afar.

"It's a hard life for a girl who's got to marry money," she suddenly announced. "Still, I must say we manage very sensibly. He hates me and I hate him, which gives a nice mutual basis, lacking from so many marriages. I help him spend his money and I entertain his awful guests, and I give him all the freedom he wants, so that really we're very well matched. Don't you think so, Rex?"

"You're queer," said Rex. "You look as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth and yet you say the most awful things as if they were nothing."

"Awful to hate Sir Wensley?"

She turned on her side and gazed fondly at him, tying his glance in hers.

"I know you're not as tough as you try to make out. I know you're gentle and kind and sweet and sort of sacred."

"To you."

"Yes, to me."

"You're dear," said Charman.

"So are you. You're the loveliest thing I've ever seen."

Rex considered for a space. "Yes," he said. "I'm scared stiff of you."

"Why, do I?"

"I'm crazy about you. I have been ever since that first day. You've known that, haven't you?"

"I've had my suspicions," she said, smiling up so lazily.

"It's true. Being with you like this, alone together, it's been a kind of mixture of heaven and torture, Charman. I've never met anyone like you before. I didn't think there were people so lovely."

Charman smiled more widely and yet more fondly at his expression of youthful earnestness and dismay.

She was on her feet in one graceful movement. She flung her arms wide to the sun and stood on tiptoe. The sun was slipping down into the west, flooding the little red cove with fiery light.

Charman laughed gleefully. "Whoops," she cried. "I feel about two years old. Come on, Rex darling!"

She took his hand and ran with him down to the sea. The water was warm and green about their ankles. It deepened quickly. Laughing they dived together, each seeing the other in a streaming silver cape of bubbles.

LORD MIDGE was at the Porchester, of course. He had to be.

It was the gala opening night of the twenty-two Brownie Beautiful Blondes and all the Gossip of London was present.

Among it, naturally, Sir Wensley Ponsford, though for more aesthetic reasons than the illustrious peer who, in this democratic age, was compelled to be there to do his job for his paper. He would much rather have been playing darts with the locals at the "Running Horse."

"Lord," said Lord Midge to his friend the society novelist, who was up for a few days from Cornwall, "how do these old blighters do it?"

"Sorry," said his friend, "afraid I don't connect. You see, Piggy, I don't know any of the old blighters."

"You don't know anything, fool," said Lord Midge, gravely. "I refer, inevitably, as one must on these occasions, to Sir W. Ponsford, if you take my meaning."

"Sir W.?"

"Over there," said Lord Midge, jerking his thumb.

"The porpoise on the verge of apoplexy?"

"Precisely," said Lord Midge. "You hit it off as only a novelist could. May I use that?"

"By all means. But please steal my thunder without acknowledgment. What about it, anyway?"

"Oh, it," said Lord Midge. "Is just one of the Seven Wonders of the Modern World. The Colossus of Rhodes, or elsewhere I gather, has nothing on him. You will see, my dear, that the gent is in cups."

"Definitely."

"I can assure you he was that way last night. And will be to-morrow night. He is never much any other way. He has it with him even in his Hispano. Need I say more?"

"Can such things be?"

"Not in your simple Cornish Mayfair, I grant you, but positively here."

"The fact that does outstand is that, with all these hobbies such as loafers like you and me dare not indulge in and could not afford, and having carried on these hobbies for an incredible period of years, he is still Member of Parliament for Little Dimpton—which, I grant you, means nothing—and also probably the third richest man in England, which you, as a writer, will allow amounts to the devil of a lot."

"The devil of a lot," said the novelist, moving slightly as if to bow to Sir Wensley.

"He started this astonishing climb," said Lord Midge, lighting a Gold Flake with a gesture, "from the very gutter. He has all the vices that chain gents like what you and me are to the gutter. He spends money like water, he is idle, dissolute. He has not, my dear book-maker, the mind or soul of a rodent. I doubt if he can read, and the simplest arithmetic, such as we learnt at Eton, would be beyond his comprehension, yet in the face of these incredible odds he continues to amass oodles and oodles of shekels and can persuade eighteen hundred thousand citizens that he is the man to represent them in the Mother of Parliaments. Can you explain that?"

"Is he married?" said the novelist from Cornwall.

"For crying out loud," said Lord Midge, "you are too perfect. Of course he's married. There is a further and interesting angle. The worthy and naturally wealthy Sir Wensley has a wife who revels in the name of Charman."

"I might use that some time," said the novelist, intending to make a note of it but forgetting.

"This Charman is, I do assure you, my dear hick, as beautiful as any movie queen."

"Upon my soul," said the novelist, "do you know this paragon?"

"I am among the few without that honor as yet," said Lord Midge. She has exotic tastes. She would always prefer a geranium to an orchid. They get like that. But how do you explain the presence of Sir W here to-night, in dear old country cousin, in this dump?"

The novelist leant forward and shook a knowing finger.

"Just excuse me a second while I dart across and have a quick word with the old tick. He knows better than any man in England what's going to be the next Stock Exchange ramp."

The novelist was not sorry to be left alone. It meant that he could buy a quick and real one for himself on the side, as it were.

Lord Midge crossed to Sir Wensley's table and made a small bow.

"Good evening, Sir Wensley," he said.

The knight closed one eye and presently recognised Lord Midge.

"Hallo, Piggy," he said genially. "Sit down. Hi, you, waiter. What are you doing loafing about there? Bring another brandy. Make it three more brandies."

"The show's going to be good," promised Lord Midge.

"Of course it's going to be good."

"Do you know anything else good?" asked Lord Midge awfully, for his pay was not enough.

"Buy Barrotagasta," said Sir Wensley vaguely. "Buy 'em. Buy 'em and get out again lively." A less astute mind than Lord Midge's might have taken this for mere drunken abuse, but his lordship knew that here was the most important thing that would happen to him that week. He was now ready to be gone but good taste indicated that he should await the brandy.

THE tang of wood-

smoke was in the damp air. The trees were golden in the headlights, and the glistening black road was starred with the bronze of the leaves flattened to its surface by passing tyres.

There was a plaintiveness in the breeze. It sighed among the branches. The Swallow was open to the sadness of the autumn night, but Charman and Rex liked that. The contrast was so good. She was snug in her furs, he in his blue greatcoat, and they were warm in each other's company. The lights went before them, blazing silver through the gloom. She nestled to him, and he would have liked to have driven forever through the night and never had to take her back to the big white house on the right past the cross-roads at Little Dimpton. Rex hated the big white house. It sat on his happiness like a bloated toad.

The road climbed and, emerging from the trees brought them out on a ridge of common land where only grass and bracken grew. The openness after the walls and roof of trees gave a sense of great height. They seemed to be on the top of the world alone with the stars and the wide dome of space. The wind freshened.

"Why not stop here a while?" said Charman.

"Fine," said Rex.

He drew in on the grassy marge. The



engine roared more loudly and died. It was very quiet then.

He rested his chin on her hair. Her hair was soft to his skin. The faint, sweet smell of it was in his nostrils. Above her head he watched the stars.

There was one star up there that was brighter than its fellows and moved more swiftly, sailing smoothly across them. He watched it. An aeroplane. It would be fine to be up there among the stars sitting behind mighty motors and driving down the road of the sky.

"It would be fine to be an airman," said Rex.

"An airman?" said Charmian, stirring slightly.

"See? Up there!"

She raised her head to look, and gave a little shiver. "So high and lonely," she said.

"It would be grand," he said. "Cars are well enough in their way, but think of an aeroplane engine. Think of the power in it. Think of its delicacy and its strength and its certainty."

"You and your old engines," said Charmian, like a drowsy child.

He watched the high, swift star, and thought of the man riding a star through the night.

Yes, a man was up there.

An ordinary kind of a man, a mechanic like himself, a chauffeur doing his job. "Charmian," he said. His voice had a thrill in it and yet was lowered as if he spoke of secret things.

"You don't want me always to stay a chauffeur, do you?"

"Please," she begged in that way of hers.

"But I can't, and I won't."

She sat up and looked at him, eyes big and soft in the starlight.

"Rex," she said, "whatever are you talking about?"

"I've just made up my mind," he said, nodding up at the plane. "That's my job."

"But your job's here with me, because I love you."

"You'll love me more when that's my job."

"But, darling, you might be killed."

"I shan't be killed, Charmian."

"I'd hate it. To think of you flying."

"You'd love it. You'd feel the man you love was doing something to show the world. It's a brain-wave, I tell you."

Charmian considered his rapt and eager face.

"At that," she said suddenly, "it may be. It would be fun to fly. It would be grand to fly with you. I mean really fly. Not just step into an aerial char-a-banc and be waddled off to Paris with all the other sheep, but to fly when you wanted to and how. In an open plane. At night." Her eyes were shining now. Here was something new.

"You really mean you think—"

"I know you can do it, and you're going to. Oh, it will be glorious."

"I'll have to find ways and means," said Rex.

"Ways and means, you goose," said Charmian. "How solemn and awed you look. Anybody'd think it was going to be difficult. Nothing's difficult when you've the money."

That done, Lord

Midge paused and from the vantage point of the high, tiled step surveyed the row of wash-basins. He made a habit of choosing his basin with care, for it was always possible in the informal atmosphere to enjoy a friendly word which might lead to a paragraph

An expression of pleasure flashed across his lordship's features. Sir Wensley Ponsford was just taking off his coat. He had not lunched as yet, but he looked as if he had.

Lord Midge considered the magnate with a kind of brooding envy. It seemed to him, as it always did when he saw Sir Wensley, odd and tantalising that such a man should be able to pile fortune on fortune. They had stamina, or something, these magnates, which he lacked.

Lord Midge sighed and hugged the next basin.

"Why, Sir Wensley," he cried in delight when he discovered the identity of his neighbor. "You're looking remarkably fit, if I may say so."

Sir Wensley straightened up with soap on a moustache that had lost some of its round dignity and even looked rakish, as if the soap were froth. His eyes were bloodshot, but anyone who knew who he was would also have known them at once as the eyes of a keen and alert mind.

"Good Heavens," said Sir Wensley, after a space. "It's Piggy. Don't mean to tell me you wash?"

Lord Midge laughed heartily. "Alternate Tuesdays, what?" he said.

Sir Wensley blew water from his moustache with a snort like an indignant walrus.

"I hear, by the way," said Lord Midge, "that you're taking up flying."

"Me? Flying? Nothing of the sort."

"Bingo Cork said he'd sold you a machine."

"Not me," said Sir Wensley. "I'm sick even in the Paris air-liners. No, no planes for me, Piggy. That's for the wife. That's her latest crazy idea."

"Fun for her."

"I don't doubt it."

"Will she be her own pilot?"

Sir Wensley took up a towel and looked at Lord Midge over it.

"You pulling my leg, Piggy?"

"Your leg?" said Lord Midge as shocked as if he had never suspected Sir Wensley of possessing legs.

"You know her," said Sir Wensley, rubbing briskly. "Do you think she'd go up in the air or anywhere else without a man?"

"Nice work—flying," said Lord Midge.

"Lovely, if you can get it," said Sir Wensley, "but it makes me sick, as I say."

"Suppose she's all fixed for a pilot?"

"She is, you bet your life."

"I only thought there might be a chance for Bingo. He's getting a bit fed up with being a salesman."

"No chance for Bingo," said Sir Wensley. "He hasn't got the right goods to sell. A matter of fact, I'm having one of the chauffeurs trained."

"Not old Parker?"

"Do you think I'm mad? Parker's about the only person I can trust, bar myself. I wouldn't risk his neck for any folly."

"These novices are apt to have crashes."

"I've thought of that," said Sir Wensley, and he smiled.

"Risky for Lady Ponsford."

"I don't think so," said Sir Wensley. "She'll land on her feet. She always does. If there's a crash it'll be the pilot who'll go. She'll be rescued by someone who'll find her among the wreckage looking as fresh as a daisy. I ought to know. I married her, didn't I? You don't hurt the frail little ones like Charmian. They bounce."

They went out together.

"Talking of crashes," said Lord Midge, "thanks a lot. I got out of Barro-

fagastas with a nice little profit before the crash there."

"Of course you did," said Sir Wensley. "So did everybody else who mattered. I've no patience with these fools who try to make money on the 'Change without knowing a thing about it. Always hanging on for more. Told 'em so straight out at the Barrofagasta annual meeting when they tried to make a fuss. Pooh!"

He went his way, snorting, and quite forgetful of the fact that a nobleman has a throat.

THE reek of hot oil. It oozed up, Charmian's delicately cut nostrils and fell in a slow-motion cascade through her interior, where it formed a heavily unsteady pool. Had she mocked the monsters of Imperial Airways? Foolish. They were splendid eagles, and this was a crazy scarlet humming-bird.

Sitting right over the engines was vastly different from being comfortably ensconced in the passenger saloon. The noise was terrific, deafening. There was no headroom. You were shut in, cribbed, cabined, and confined. The little plane teased on the waves of the air. She felt very queer, and the color had gone from her cheeks. It would be too humiliating to be sick in that little tight box.

Before there had always been other passengers to provide diversion, the fact that one was evading the stupid Channel crossing, the anticipation of Paris or the Riviera or whatever might be the goal. Nothing of that now. They were flying for the joy of flying. Just flying. Unadulterated flying.

She glanced sideways at Rex. He had forgotten her now almost, though in the first few moments when he'd been in a sweat that he might kill her he'd known well enough she was beside him. Not now. Now that he knew he wasn't going to, he had given himself up to the joy of driving his two hundred horses.

Her hands were a trifle clammy. She thrust them into the pockets of her coat.

The pool of oil down in the pit of her stomach put a nasty taste in her mouth. She closed her eyes for a while. Her head ached with the noise.

More questions came into her head, and with them the knowledge that of late there had been quite a number of them popping about.

Wasn't it rather silly to waste all this noise and energy getting no place in particular?

Wasn't she very uncomfortable?

Rather unhappy?

Fighting down sickness?

Wasn't she a fool?

Lots of questions and doubts.

She opened her eyes and, feeling a little better, looked down.

The sun was bright, the sky blue, the clouds beautiful, but these things were not so much yours shut up in that little, roaring box as they were on a hilltop—or in a little warm cove by the sea. Now they were just a couple of batteries in the engine of a mechanical bird.

"Oh, Rex," she said aloud. "Poor Rex."

He looked round, almost surprised to find he was not alone. His shining eyes irritated her. There wasn't much behind them if he could not feel even in his heart the futility of all this.

The futility of just flying.



## RACE THE SUN

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"Down now," she cried. "Had enough?"

"What?" his mouth shaped, astonished, for he had read her lips.

"Plenty!" She pulled her hands from her pockets and jerked the thumbs inward and downward, like a bored and cross patrician lady condemning a gladiator.

He looked a little hurt and puckered his brow. But he obeyed, of course. She was sorry that he should be hurt. Poor Rex. But if he were a fool, whose fault was that?

She closed her eyes, and awaited the earth.

The din stopped, the motion stopped, the roof and side of the box opened, and they were under the sky again and the grass awaited their feet. She climbed out on to the little platform and descended the short flight of steps.

A group of men rushed up.

"How did you like it, Lady Ponsford?"

"Lovely, but I felt a bit groggy. I'd never been in such a small machine before."

Rex joined the group.

"Well?" he said, but he was still away, still with his clockwork bird.

"Fine," said Charmian. "You didn't kill me or anything. In fact, I think you're quite a pilot."

She gave the group her smile and a friendly nod and walked away with Rex.

"I don't believe you liked it," he said.

"In a way, Rex. But, of course, I'm not like you. I haven't got a real air mind. I suppose. And the oil smell."

"You'll get over that," he said.

"Sure," said Charmian, easily, "I believe you're more of a bird than a man, Rex."

"I'd like to be," he said, the spell holding.

"I'm psychic, maybe," said Charmian.

"You're going to get your wish."

She gave her aerial chauffeur her lovely smile, and he did not notice that her lovely smile was quite, quite empty, for Rex was still in the sky.

THE cocktail party, like so many things of late, had been dull. Not any more. Charmian opened her doe-brown eyes just a little at John Spencer-Bricece. He was one to be wary with an yet reckless.

"So you're the surgeon?" she said.

"Yes," he said.

She was glad he did not make the obvious objection to that "he." He accepted it. He was the surgeon. He stood before her, glass in hand, shortish and broad, with a rather heavy, Napoleonic head, black shining hair brushed smooth, and looked at her with wise eyes. Quite young, considering. She had never seen a man more rightly sure of himself.

Charmian appreciated being just a little scared of John. He would appreciate that, too. With a quiet internal smile, which would admit that he had most cause to be afraid.

"You terrify me," she said.

"I believe that is my effect," he said, and gave his mouth a tiny twist. "Why is it?"

"I only wish you weren't so clever. Clever men appal me. I'm just another society woman to them, and they take me all to bits, just as if I was made of Meccano and just as easily and then they look at my neuroses or what-have-you and generally dissect me and tag the little bits."

"You're quite safe with me," he said.

"I don't carry any tags."

Charmian laughed and shook her head in wonder. "You men are strange," she said. "If I were a man and had to spend my time with sick human beings, I'd never look at them during my leisure!"

John laughed now.

"Funnily enough," he said, "it doesn't work out that way. Quite the contrary."

THE ground was hard with frost and gleamed whitely in the cold glow of the floodlights. Above the cloudless sky was a pale, chill, powder-blue. It went up and up and up into the frozen nothingness of space. A big, dead moon sailed high. Another plane recently landed breathed out warmth in plumes of mist. A mechanic stood ready to spin their screw.

"I'm looking forward to this," said Rex.

"Our first night flight. And perfect for it. Do you remember that bus that went over us like a star?"

"A star?" said Charmian.

"You remember," he said, surprised.

"That night it all began."

"Oh, yes, began." But surely that was the night it all began to end? "Listen, Rex," she said, "let's not go up just yet. Let's sit here a while and talk. Once we're up we're up and we're all muzzled by the noise. I want to talk to you."

"Sure," he said, "I always want to talk to you. As a matter of fact, I've a lot of things I've been dying to say. Let's have a talk. Here in the old bus. That will be grand." He opened a window and shouted, "All right, Charlie. Leave her a while. We're not taking off yet. I'll give you a shout in a bit."

"O.K."

It was odd sitting in that little cabin, that hutch, cocked at a bit of an angle, ready to climb into the sky, but instead remaining on the ground, still and stiff like a stuffed bird. The glass clouded. The lights were dimmed. They were close together, warmed by their narrow quarters, though outside it was a bitter winter night.

Rex took her hand and held it. "Seems right we should talk in the old bus somehow," he said. "I've got tons of things to say."

"What things?" asked Charmian, letting him hold her hand. He had changed a lot. He was no longer the adoring youth from the garage. He fancied himself. He was doing well. He was quite a person.

"Well, it's this way. I haven't let you down, have I? You gave me a start and I've made the most of it?"

"Yes, Rex."

"I'm terribly grateful, and all that, but I'm not happy about us."

He paused for her to speak, but Charmian said nothing. She waited in the little dark hutch.

"We're not like we used to be. We're not so happy. But I know what's wrong."

"What?"

"It's the way our lives are. All this secrecy. That was why I was so keen to get a start as an airman. Well, I'm the real thing now. They say I'm as good a pilot as they've ever turned out. I've been offered a job—a real job."

"How fine for you," said Charmian. And she was pleased. She liked young men to get on. "I'm delighted."

"And so am I," said Rex, giving her small, inert fingers a squeeze. "You see, it's fine for you, too. Fine for us. Now at last I'm on my own feet. The money's not much, but with this start I won't stand still. I'll go on. Of course, I'll never make money like he has, but I'll make money

anyway. Enough to live on. Enough to give us everything we really need."

"Us?" said Charmian.

"Us, of course. That's why I've been longing to tell you, only I wasn't sure about the job until this evening. And perhaps I wouldn't have had the nerve to say it all right out now if it wasn't that we're sitting in the old bus which in a way has done it all."

"But—" Charmian said.

"No, you listen to me," he insisted, his voice eager. "It's my turn now. I know sometimes I haven't had much to say for myself, but I've plenty now. I'm going to do my he-man stuff now, little Charmian. We've got to stop all this secrecy and come out into the open. You're my girl. You don't want him and all his wealth. You don't love him, and so—"

She took her hand from his. "But Rex," she said, "you're taking so much for granted."

He fumbled for her hand, found it, clasped it tight again. "Only your love for me," he said. "And that's all that matters."

"But Rex," she checked him again, "don't you see what you're doing?"

"I'm not, Charmian. Oh, no, I'm not. I know what I'm up to. I've got to take charge now. I know I usen't to be very practical and was only a bit of a kid, but you've changed all that. You've made me a man. Charmian, as well as a pilot. All right! This is what we must do. You'll have to leave him and come away with me."

"Leave my husband?"

"You know better than I do just how little he means to you. You know that you wouldn't have fallen in love with me no matter how much I loved you if he meant anything to you. You're not the sort to do that. I know it'll take courage, but isn't it worth it? And he'll come to his senses. So there it is. Just a bad patch, and then clear sailing forever."

She had taken her hand away again. Carried off by his own eloquence, and the beautiful simplicity of it all, he had hardly noticed that. Now he held out both his hands and exclaimed triumphantly, "Well?"

But Charmian had drawn back to the side of the cabin and was sobbing in little broken gulps.

"Why, what's the matter?"

His hands were no longer held out in proud inquiry. They sought for her. She thrust them away.

"No," she said, "no. Don't touch me. Sit where you are. Oh, don't you see how you've spoilt it all?"

"Spoilt it all?" he gasped.

"Yes," she said brokenly. "Oh, Rex. No, stay where you are. I can't bear you to touch me."

"Charmian!" he said. The word was more eloquent than all the rest.

"You don't seem to understand, Rex. You don't seem to have listened to anything I've ever said to you. I did think I could trust you to know how I really felt."

"But I did. I do."

"You don't. Oh, Rex, you don't. Can't you see that by carrying on in this crazy fashion you're proving it over and over? I've always tried to be straight with you, but it seems I haven't been straight enough. I don't believe in adages much, but apparently there's something in the one about being cruel to be kind. I may seem cruel in what I'm going to say now, Rex, but it's really kindness, I mean. It's



not to be cold and merciless. You make me make it so. It's got to be"—and she gave a queer little quick laugh, "like a surgeon's knife."

"Charman, what are you saying?"

"What I've been saying to you all along, but you haven't paid any heed. I told you that I couldn't leave Wensley: I said I was the perfect wife for him. Didn't I now?"

"You did. I know you did. But you weren't serious. You were only—only poking fun at your marriage. Laughing at it because we were in love and your marriage didn't matter."

"But it does matter, and I never said it didn't. It matters tremendously."

"How can it, Charman?"

"Oh, Rex," she protested, "wouldn't you ever grow up and get some sense? You know simply nothing still. You're a babe in arms. I hate having to be ruthless, like a knife. But it's the only way. You never take anything into consideration. 'Love,' you say, and think that solves every problem. It doesn't, not by a thousand miles. It doesn't begin to solve anything. Life, particularly a life like mine, is a mighty complex affair, Rex. You can't just say a word and solve all the problems."

Rex sat numb now, drawn back against the other side of the narrow cabin, huddled up in the gloom.

"You can't see, you simply don't know. Oh, I admit life should be simple and beautiful and straight ahead, but it isn't. What do you know about my life? Nothing. To you I'm just a girl who's been friendly to you and with whom you've had lovely times."

"No," he said.

"Anyway, just a girl. I'm so much more than that. I'm Lady Ponsford, which sounds snobbish, but Heaven knows I don't mean it that way. What I do mean is that I've certain responsibilities as a result. Say if you like that I've a queer idea of carrying them out. I can't help that. They're my ideas. They suit my husband. I make absolutely the best of it."

She laughed again, longer now and more bitterly.

"I suppose you think it's great fun doing that. Well, it isn't. That's why I take what fun life has to offer outside. But even apart from my marriage there are a host of other strings which tie me hand and foot. For instance, I have a mother who's dependent on me, and a sister who's dependent and is a consumptive, dying oh! so slowly, in Switzerland. She will go on dying for years. My father is a retired colonel who has only his pension and gambles every penny of that, and more. They're all relying on me. They live in luxury, because I do. Their luxury means so little to him that Wensley doesn't even miss its cost. How would I feel if I jauntily flung them on to the scrap-heap for the sake of love?"

"So love isn't real?"

"Love is heaven," said Charman, but don't you see as soon as we have to come down to earth and face bare facts that's the end of heaven."

"You said love was forever."

"Forever!" Charman said. "Forever is a day, and a day is forever. You don't use words in the same way. You're in heaven and you can play with words just as you wish."

"I see," Rex said.

"I only hope you do, Rex. I've done my best to keep your eyes open all along. It doesn't seem to have been much of a

success. Did I ever promise I'd run away with you? Ever hint it?"

"You told me you loved me, and forever."

"Forever! Forever! Perhaps I will in a way."

"It's a queer way then."

"You're beastly," she said.

"Perhaps I am now. But that's how it is. Isn't it a pity?"

"I hate you," she said.

"I hate you," he said, "much harder and with much more cause."

"Then if that's how you feel," said Charman, "I'll drive myself home. You can get your things in the morning, and it'll be better if you don't see me."

"I shan't," Rex said.

She flung open the door. There were steps on the plane. She knew them now.

"What a fool I've been," she said, looking back into the stuffy little coop.

"And me," said Rex. "But there's one thing you can't take from me."

She paused, interested.

"What's that?"

"The sky, your ladyship," said Rex.

"You can keep that," said Charman.

She jumped down and went quickly away to the hangar where the car was. She went so quickly that she almost ran. Rex sat in the old bus for a long time. He sat very numb, looking at the clouded glass. Presently he climbed out wearily, as if he ached, as if he were a pilot who had flown the Atlantic. The frosty ground rang beneath his feet as he jumped down.

"And I will keep it," he said. "From now on I'm an airman."

He felt as old as the moon sailing away up there where he belonged.

hadn't gone to the Palais that night. If we'd gone to the pictures, say. Or even if we'd got there a bit later. Or even if you'd had that dance with someone else, none of this would have happened. I suppose."

"So," said Kay, looking back with mooring brown eyes at Kathie dancing with Nigel.

"Lord knows what would have happened, Kathie. I mean Kay. You might have married Fred after all, instead of me."

"Would you have minded that, Sylvia?"

"I don't suppose I would have if you had, because I'd never have known how nice it was to be married to Fred then, would I?"

"There's that. So it is nice being married to Fred? You're happy?"

"I'm so happy I could cry sometimes," said Sylvia, looking as if one of those times had arrived. "It's just perfect. Of course, Kay, we're only happy in a quiet sort of way. Not the way you are. Grand. Exciting."

A tall, dark, impressive, shy man in tails came to their table and made a bow.

"Excuse me intruding," he said. "You don't know me, Miss Connolly, but I, you see, know you. I'm Alan Drew, editor of the 'Standard.' I'd just like to congratulate you on your flight."

Kay put on her very best smile. It made her look almost as much a child as she had in the old days.

"You're very kind, Sir Alan," she said, "but that's only a beginning."

He beamed on her because she was a bit of a kid and plucky.

"Not a bad beginning," he said. "It's a hard enough flight for a man to beat the Perth-Melbourne record, but when a girl who should almost be still at school does it, then there's cause for cheering."

"Everyone's been wonderful," said Kay. "You've earned it. You're going to keep on going on, aren't you?"

"You bet!" said Kay.

"That's the stuff. Oh, by the way, the story you gave to our man was fine."

"I'm glad. So was your cheque."

"Plenty more waiting," said he. "Won't you and your friend join our party for coffee and liqueurs?"

"That would be grand."

"They'll be thrilled. Whenever you're ready, Miss Connolly."

He bowed again and left them.

"Oh," said Sylvia, horrified. "Must we really?"

"Of course we must, goose. He owns half the papers in Australia. He's one of the biggest makers of popular heroines we've got. It isn't just enough to fly, if you're going to be famous."

"I think I'll go home," said Sylvia.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said Kay. "Who's he? He was only an ordinary reporter a few years back."

“Ah there, Kay.”

“What cheer, Kay?”

“How’s the pocket wonder to-day?”

Kay turned their friendly greetings with friendly ease. They all knew and liked her. She didn’t dislike any of them.

The group was composed of airmen and reporters and enthusiasts. Not many of them.

The occasion did not warrant a big gathering.

She had driven Sylvia down to the Laverton aerodrome to watch the arrival, for the afternoon was warm,



and it made a pleasant run. Her car was still something of a new toy to her. She introduced Sylvia to the men in the immediate vicinity, and they liked her. People always did. She was so shy and simple, so completely her own self.

"When are you going to fly to England, Kay?"

"Some day," Kay said with confidence. "You bet she will, and then Heaven help all previous holders."

"She'll beat the lot," said Sylvia, emboldened.

"When I get the chance!" Kay promised.

It was late afternoon. A hot wind blew out of the north and raised little whirls of dust. Three Air Force planes, which had been swooping above, formed in line and flew off into the wind.

"They must see him."

"He's made quick time from Sydney."

"Best ever, I'd think."

"There he is."

THEY were all pointing now at the dot that came out of the north on the wings of the hot wind.

The military planes grew smaller, joined the dot and formed a line of dots which grew and widened into dashes. The group gazed up and the cameraman made ready. The planes were overhead now, and while Air Force pilots looped in welcome, the stranger swung round in a smooth curve and came rushing down in the teeth of the wind that had brought it.

Kay felt a thrill. Three days ago that big monoplane had crossed the English Channel. And yet when she herself flew across the channel she would bring Australia even closer in time than that.

She was sure of it. She watched with a critical eye. He could handle his craft all right. A perfect landing. The machine taxied across the field and drew up immediately before the group with a kind of casual ease, as if it had only been up for a flip instead of coming half-way round the world.

In the cockpit sat a big, blond Englishman. His skin looked very fair by comparison with the brown faces all about. He was tired and grimy and his eyes were sore and red. The veins showed in them. He raised his hand in welcome, and there was weariness in the gesture. The men ran forward to help him out, and cameras clicked and cinema cranks turned.

"Welcome to Melbourne, Mr. Masters."

"Fine performance, sir!"

"Better luck next time."

They lifted him out, carried him a few yards on their shoulders, and set him on the ground. The pressmen crowded about him. The earth was strange beneath his feet. His knees were not steady. He took off his flying cap with a grunting sigh. His hair was fair and curly. A bit like Lindbergh. The cameras clicked again. Women readers would appreciate him, and they were the readers who mattered.

"Well, anyway," he said, glumly. "I've taken twenty minutes off the Sydney-Melbourne time. I suppose that's something."

They raised a cheer.

With this wind and a bus as good as mine I could hardly help it," he said. He didn't want to talk. He wanted a hot bath and a cool and quiet bed. But he hadn't earned the right to rest yet. The task wasn't done until this reception was over. "I'd have broken Hobson's record for the whole flight," he went on

doggedly, "if it hadn't been for the bad luck at Baghdad. That native child running across the field and causing me to swerve and damage a wing held me up just nine hours. I couldn't win them back, and yet I failed by only eight."

"Darned bad joss!"

"Stiff luck!"

"Oh, well—" he shrugged.

"Is it true, Mr. Masters, that three years ago you were a chauffeur?"

"It is."

"This must be more exciting."

A sardonic look passed over his face.

"In a way," he said.

"You don't mind us calling you The Flying Chauffeur?"

"Call me anything you like."

"It will go down well with the motorists."

"And what are your plans, Mr. Masters?"

"I'm going to stay a week or so and overhaul my machine, and then I'll have a shot at the homeward record. I should be able to bag that, anyway."

A wag in the group said, "You won't hold it long."

Masters pulled a face. "I don't suppose so. That's the trouble. You've always got to go farther and farther and faster and faster." He looked harassed.

"But the record I set will take some beating." He was determined about that.

In the face of bitter disappointment it was his consolation.

The wag said, "It won't trouble our champion." He was a fat and foolish reporter, a little drunk.

The airman looked irritated. His nerves were raw.

"Who's that, anyway?"

They had allowed Kay and Sylvia into the front of the group because Kay was so small that she'd have seen nothing otherwise.

"There she is," the wag said. "Kay Connelly. Just broken the Perth-Melbourne record. She's a world-beater. She'll smash all the records before she's through. Three cheers for our Kay."

Others in the crowd cheered. Kay felt uncomfortable and yet heartened by their confidence. This man looked so big and sure. She hated him, and she had suddenly found out why. Though he was not at all like Nigel something about him reminded her of that other.

His manner? The fact that he was handsome and a pilot? But it might have been Nigel standing there. She hated him. She was glad the crowd annoyed him by cheering her. Illogical, unjust, but there it was.

Masters looked down at her contemptuously from his height. His blue eyes behind dark lashes were scornful in their red rims. This was his moment, and he was all done up. He didn't want anyone else to steal the moment from him. Anyone else had a nerve to butt in.

"When I was a chauffeur, women-drivers were a pain in the neck to me on the road," he said. "Now I'm a pilot, women-pilots are a worse pain. The air's no place for women."

Kay could not make allowances for his state. She smiled.

"Oh, isn't it?" she said hotly, taking a step forward.

Masters took a step forward also. "No," he said. "Go and get yourself a husband and rear a family. That's your job." Even as he spoke he looked surprised and hurt, as if not he but something in him spoke, taking advantage of his weariness. But he could not stop. Kay seemed to

be a point on which all his chagrin could centre. "You," he said, "you a pilot! Don't make me laugh! You break my record! You!" He smiled down at her from his height, the big man patronising the mere girl child.

"You're impossible," said Kay. "I hate you."

They were so ashamed of their outburst that each hated the other the more. For a second their glances held, savage and bitter. Then one of the air force pilots took Masters by the arm. "Come on, old man," he said. "You want a drink and a rest." He and a comrade led Masters away. He walked as if asleep.

The pressmen began a wordy argument as to whether it was a fair thing to use the story.

"No," one of them said. "It was all Jamesie here's fault. Flinging Kay up at him like that when he was done like a dinner. We oughtn't to use it."

"Not fair on Kay, either."

"I didn't mean to say it," said Kay. "Only he made me mad. Don't say anything about it, please. I'm sorry."

"O.K., Kay," they said.

Kay took Sylvia's elbow and pushed her through the crowd. She was a fool. It was simply crazy to behave that way. If the papers did use it it would do her no good.

"Oh, Kathie," said Sylvia, "I never saw you so angry before."

"I don't suppose you have," said Kay. "But I couldn't help myself. I think he's the most hateful man I ever saw. Somehow he reminded me of Nigel."

Sylvia said nothing. She could not make it out. If the airman had reminded her of Fred she'd have felt like kissing him. But, of course, Kay was different. She had secret places. She wasn't just an ordinary little thing.

They were silent on the drive home through the sunset.

Cutting from the English daily newspaper some weeks later.

LUNCHEON FOR AIRMAN

Mr. Rex Masters will be the guest of honor at a luncheon to be given to-day by the Royal Aero Club in recognition of his fine flight in which he broke by seven hours the Australia-England record. His time would have been even better had he not been delayed for some hours at Baghdad, where he also met with an accident on his outward journey which robbed him of that record. The King has signified his intention of being present, and the guests will include many leading figures in aviation circles, including Colonel Charles Lindbergh, who is at present visiting London, and Sir Alan Cobham. Among the speakers will be Sir Wensley Ponsford, M.P.

THE office was large and impressive, nearly as large and impressive as Mr. Samuelson's, which Kathie had glimpsed once through an open door. She had been awed by that glimpse and never forgotten it. She was not awed now, for Kay Connelly was in this office, and though quivering with excitement she did not show it. The room hummed with a distant purring of machinery.

Sir Alan Drew, looking very young and heavy and shy and masterful, lounged back in a tilted office chair on the other side of the huge, bare expanse of desk. He smiled in a fatherly and affectionate fashion at Kay sitting opposite him like a most efficient but very junior stenographer. He had given orders that he



would see no one. His manner was fraught with a suggestion that this was no ordinary chat.

"Won't you smoke, Miss Connelly?"  
"No thank you, Sir Alan," Kay said. She wanted to seem very businesslike and to let him see that she appreciated that this was not the moment for dallying with a cigarette. Not in the office of the great Sir Alan Drew.

"Nursing the nerves?"  
"Too interested in what you're going to say."

"How do you know I'm going to say anything interesting, Kay?" asked Sir Alan. He laughed as he used her Christian name. It was so natural. Everyone thought of her just as Kay. That was one of the reasons why she had such news value.

"I'm not a complete idiot, Sir Alan."

"Very far from it. Well, I have something quite interesting to say, as it happens. Something to make your hair curl, Kay."

"It would take a good deal to do that," Kay said, giving her short, straight hair a shake.

"True," he said. "Anyway, you may, or may not, know that we plan starting a new monthly which is going to be more than merely a national publication. It will be an international one. My plan is to make it carry news of Australia and pictures of Australia and stories of Australia all over the world. Just as the great American and English magazines do for their countries. It's ambitious, I know, but I believe quite possible for us."

"I see," said Kay, who didn't see what mattered.

"Very good. Now if this is going to be done at all it must be done in a big way. Publicity. Money no object. That is the way I intend to do it. Between ourselves, Kay, all our chain of papers have been doing extremely well for years and we can afford a magnificent gesture. That is what the monthly is going to be."

"I see."  
"Our first issue must make a splash not only in the Commonwealth, but all over the world. It must be News. It must be a Sensation. It must have a better send-off than any paper's ever had. When you're small, as we are in the eyes of the world, you've got to throw your chest out the harder. You watch a small man. He was pleased by this. A good touch. He beamed on Kay as if she had said it for him.

It was on the tip of Kay's tongue to ask what about a small woman, but she swallowed the jest. This was no moment for flippancy. Better to leave anything of that sort to the large man on the other side of the large desk.

"Very good. Now I have been considering this, and I see one way in which we can help this ambition. Don't you think it would be a fine thing if copies of the new monthly addressed to all the leading people could arrive in England in the shortest time anything had ever reached there from Australia? Arriving in their own plane which breaks all records. Don't you?" He steeped his hands, rested his chin on the point, and grinned at her like a schoolboy.

"Oh!" said Kay, wide-eyed.  
"I do. It would be quite arresting. And supposing the plane then after the briefest of halts crossed the Atlantic to New York and broke records again and brought to worthy Americans the copies of this new magazine from the Antipodes. Eh?"

"Oh!" said Kay.  
"It would cost a small fortune, of course, but, given the money and the will to

spend it, would be quite a show. Certainly it would put our magazine on the map. I've been sounding various people—fuel, oil and so on—and they're interested and would co-operate, which would help with the expense. Of course, it would be an excellent thing for them, too." He paused to look drolly at Kay. "I've asked you to come here to-day, Kay, because I am wondering if you could suggest a pilot for such a flight."

"Me!" Kay cried. She leapt to her feet and hammered on the desk with a small, clenched fist. "Me! Me! Me!"

"You?" said Sir Alan, registering astonishment.

"Me!"

"But surely this is a man's size job?"

"It can be any size it likes but I can do it."

"But could you do it?"

"If anybody can I can. I'm only small, I know, and I am a woman, but I've as much stamina as any man and I'm as strong as a horse and no nerves at all, and I've my own very special reason for not being afraid of anything."

"What reason's that, Kay?"

"My own. But it is so. I'll get your papers to London and New York."

"I believe you might, and you'd be piloting the best machine money could buy for the purpose."

Kay wrung her hands and leant across the desk.

"I can! I will! Don't torture me, Alan. Don't please! Say I am to."

"You seem so certain that I'm convinced," he said. "O.K., Kay, you get the job."

"Darling!" whooped Kay. She darted round the vast desk so swiftly that he had no chance to stop her from flinging her arms about his neck and kissing him. Perhaps he would not have made the attempt. Even great editors who are knighted are human, and it is pleasant to be kissed by a deliciously happy child who is a national heroine.

THE weather reports had said no storms over the Atlantic, and you could not wait forever. What if heavy banks of fog were off Newfoundland coast? That was far away, and by the time you got there they might have cleared. Well, they hadn't, and that was that. Rex's jaws munched as he chewed gum.

He dropped down to five hundred feet, to two hundred. Risky. But the fog was just as thick. He did not like the feel of the cold, hidden sea so close beneath him. He climbed away from it, higher and higher. At four thousand he found a clear belt between the top of the fog and the clouds, but that was not much better. The plane roared down a tunnel with damp grey walls.

The two compasses were behaving strangely. That was bad. Other flyers had reported the same trouble in fog off Newfoundland. It was thought that the wetness caused the steel of the plane to become magnetised. If his compasses were at fault he might be, far off his course; he might be flying in futile circles. He remembered the squadron of airmen who had started on the east-west flight and never reached America. It would be a queer go if he was to be the next one.

The ends of airmen on long-distance flights were strange. There was seldom a moment when the world knew they were really dead. First they were overdue, and then they were missing, and then they might have been picked up by a ship

without wireless or have made a forced landing in some uninhabited part. Sort of semi-obituaries appeared.

And in a month or so the world would have forgotten all about Rex Masters, and someone else would hold the Australian record. But he was getting morbid. He wasn't dead yet, not by a long chalk.

Perhaps that girl would hold the record. Kay something. The one who had spoilt his arrival in Melbourne. The one who had stolen the lunch given by the mayor, simply by staying away. The one who'd been in bed with a chill and at the same time walking down the street had smiled jeffily through you.

Well, he had more vital things to worry about than that she'd ever beat his time. The compasses were quite crazy.

Meanwhile the newspapers continued to be published.

#### AMERICA WEEK BY WEEK

#### BRITISH AIRMAN'S GREAT FLIGHT

#### LITTLE PUBLIC INTEREST

#### CROONER'S DIVORCE SENSATION

#### WALL STREET ACTIVITY INCREASING

(From our own Correspondent)

NEW YORK, Saturday.

Is the public growing blasé about great feats of flying? The question seems to be answered in the affirmative by the lack of excitement over Mr. Rex Masters' magnificent lone crossing of the Atlantic from east to west. Not only is this one of few occasions such a solo flight has been performed, but Mr. Masters did so in better time than any of those who preceded him and also went on to New York itself direct thus completing a perfect performance. Yet his arrival aroused little enthusiasm.

"I see the Atlantic's been flown again," said the man-in-the-street and let it go at that.

This attitude in itself is indicative of the great strides made by aviation. Only a year or so ago Atlantic fliers were invariably treated to a triumphant progress up Broadway amid showers of ticker-tape and a snow-storm of leaves from telephone directories while everyone turned out to cheer. Colonel Lindbergh became a national hero and a world figure by achieving the first solo crossing on the much easier west-to-east journey. But it seems those days have passed. To-day it is the Atlantic has been flown again—and that's all.

While Kay, also in America, stood before the microphone after her epic flight.

"KAY CONNELLY is standing right here beside me at the microphone. No doubt most of you know her already from the papers and the news-reels, because she's not easy to forget alongside that big boat of hers that's brought her from the other end of the world to New York, but I feel I'd like to tell you how she looks to me. Well, she looks just grand, and isn't she the littlest lady with the blizgest nerve! Five foot nothing and every inch the right stuff. Trim and cute as they come, and listen, girls, so smart and feminine you'd think the highest she'd ever been up in the sky was the Rainbow Room to dance. Sure, she dances. And are her eyes brown!



And can she use 'em. All right, Kay, I'm sorry. I'll lay off the compliments, though it's kind of hard. You get even an announcer that way. O.K., Kay.

"This is station WJKZ and this chat with Kay Connelly is being broadcast on a nation-wide link-up by courtesy of Dixie Drops. Don't forget, Dixie Drops, Dyspepsia's Doom. Now then, Kay, spin us your yarn, Miss Kay Connelly."

"Good evening, everybody. I can assure you it gives me great pleasure to be here talking to you all, because there have been times in the past few days when I thought I might never get the chance to talk to anyone again. Still the luck held, and my plane didn't let me down, and I managed to keep awake, so here I am. I can't say I feel my normal sunny self yet, but a few days' rest will put that right. To fly from Australia to England, and after a day's break there, fly on east-west across the Atlantic to New York is a strain and a big strain. I don't mean just because I'm a woman. Any man pilot living would tell you the same."

"No, I can't say I'm sorry it's over, but I'm very glad I got my chance. If I'm nothing else I suppose I am the world's greatest newspaperboy. Or should I say newspapergirl? Anyway, no other paper has ever travelled so fast and far before. These copies of the new magazine, 'Advance, Australia,' which it's my job to deliver in New York weren't printed a week ago. They're still almost wet from the press, and yet they've crossed three continents and two oceans and spent a day in England, which is pretty good going. To tell you the truth I haven't had a chance to read one yet, but I'm told they're worth the rush."

"Good for you, Kay. And did you have many adventures?"

"Adventures are what you don't want on a flight like this. All you want to do is sit up in the sky and hustle along. Once the adventures start the flight's likely to end, and I'd promised I could do it so I just had to."

"Attagirl."

"I struck some bad weather over the Arabian sea, and had a landing I hadn't reckoned on at Karachi, but otherwise the flight to England went like clockwork, which is the way it should go."

"You broke that record, didn't you, Kay?"

"Only by four hours, but I broke it."

"And what about the Atlantic?"

"I had the luck there. A following wind that gave me a push of anything up to thirty miles an hour."

"That's unusual, isn't it?"

"A miracle. Most of the year the prevailing winds are westerly. That's what makes this crossing the most difficult. But the gods looked after me, and though I got a bit off my course towards the end I was able to make the best time ever between England and America."

"Good for you, Kay. Both these records were held by the British airman, Rex Masters, weren't they?"

"Yes."

"He talked from this station just after he landed in New York. Through this very microphone. Do you think he'll be sore?"

"I'm afraid I don't know."

"Are you pleased with your American welcome?"

"Pleased? It's been staggering."

"Well, you're rather staggering your-

self, Kay. I mean the contrast of what you do and how you look. What about the Pacific? Do you figure on conquering that some day?"

"Yes, the Pacific, too. And the South Atlantic. And I'd like to fly to the Pole."

"And how. Thank you, Kay, again, and you know we'll all wish you the very, very best of luck in your future high endeavors. Look after yourself."

"I will."

"Good-night, Kay."

"Good-night, everybody, and thank you so much."

"That ends the Celebrity Chat for the week. You have been listening to Miss Kay Connelly, the Australian airwoman, and the talk comes to you by courtesy of Dixie Drops, Dyspepsia's Doom. Remember now, if you want to keep fit in the air or on the ground, Dixie Drops put you right."

## LORD MIDGE

ordered large pink gins.

"But my dear old numbskull," he said, "no career that I have been able to discover or get so much as an inkling of is all beer and skittles. Had a whisper of any such career reached my ears you may be sure I'd be following it. The air hasn't done so badly by you on your own showing."

"It isn't that," Rex said. "In many ways I can't grumble. Here I am taking it for granted that it's quite natural for me to be in the Savoy among all the big noises."

"And," Midge said, "drinking gin at the expense of a marquis. A rare experience."

"Yes, that, too," said Rex. "I suppose I might very well just be reading about places like this in the papers, and selling petrol at the garage, if it wasn't for flying."

"And one thing and another," said Lord Midge casually. "Mind you, my precious, you might have been happier. Village Blacksmith stuff, you know. Do you prefer chestnut trees, or juniper bushes? Here's how."

"Here's how," Rex said. "The trouble with this job is it doesn't get you anywhere."

"I should have thought it got you most places."

"You know what I mean. You do a flight and if you get through that's that, and if you break the record that's better, but though it gives you grand ideas there's no money in it and no security. You're always on the verge of going broke."

"There's nothing any more in long distance, record-breaking flights."

"Why do 'em, then?"

"What else can I do? Fly to and fro like a shuttle between London and Paris? That's the devil of it. These flights of mine have wrecked me for ordinary commercial flying. It seems dull. I need the big gamble, the big kick of doing the big things. It gets into your blood, Midge."

"But it doesn't seem to bring in the shekels." Lord Midge smiled a little. "You know, my numbskull," he said, "your trouble is that you're in a racket that's becoming effeminate."

"Effeminate?"

"The word. In a world which it seems to me these days is run entirely for women you are superfluous."

"I don't get you."

"Who cares a whoop what flights you

do or what records you break? But if you were an equally beautiful and blonde damsel—oh, boy! That's the whole trouble, Rex. Flying isn't a man's job nowadays."

"You talk some awful bodge."

"Don't I? Let's have a drink." He ordered again. "But that's my privilege, seeing I'm the host. Have you ever noticed? Hosts, having you at their mercy, always talk bodge. There may be exceptions, but not to my knowledge. To continue, then, in my role of guise as host. I suppose you'll very shortly be settling out to shatter the records recently shattered by Miss Kay Connelly."

Rex frowned. "I'd like to," he said, "and I'd do it like a shot if I could get the backing. But funds seem to be drying up a bit. She'd never have broken my times if she hadn't had the devil's own luck. That second delay at Baghdad on my flight home just lengthened my time long enough to let her break it, and who ever heard of such good joss as having a steady following wind all the way across the Atlantic from this side?"

"Granted," said Lord Midge, with a graceful gesture. "The facts are beyond dispute. That, however, was not my point. My point was rather that (a) you could and may win back those records, and (b) that it's scarcely worth doing. Hush! The luncheon is mine and you must repay. Why not worth doing?—you would ask hotly if I gave you the chance."

"Um," said Rex.

"Conversationaly you are almost the perfect guest. No doubt some of your gloom arises from a relatively empty stomach. 'When' you clamor inwardly, will this ass atop blithering and lead me to the trough? At any moment, I hope. I only await my other guest."

"Who else is coming? Not Bingo?"

"Not Bingo."

"Who, then?"

"A little surprise," said Midge and looked ominously mischievous. "Someone you should meet. Someone it is imperative you should meet. Someone it will give me much pleasure to watch you meet. She is usually punctual, for a woman."

"She?" said Rex. "A woman?"

"She, and still a woman. 'Ah,' he said on a gratified note, rising. 'Here we are.'"

Rex stood up, too, mechanically. The lounge was crowded now with chattering people passing through to the grill. It was rather like a parrot cage with all the noise and color.

Lord Midge was bowing over the hand of his second guest. He screened her from Rex.

"And as lovely as ever," said he.

"You didn't expect me to change since cocktails last night, did you?"

"I only feared you might have, precious," said Lord Midge. "And now I've a surprise. Someone I want to see you meet." He swung about with a flourish. "Miss Connelly, may I present Rex Masters. I think you'll place each other."

If his Lordship had anticipated an interesting moment his anticipations were fulfilled. Kay and Rex both stiffened, their formal smiles were smudged away, they glowered, he from his height and she from way down below. It was a relief to Lord Midge that the probabilities were neither was armed.

"Isn't this nice for us?" he said, gaily. He liked a spot of drama now and then. His two guests were still stiff and still glared in hatred.



"I say," he asked innocently, "are you happy to meet each other? Or what?" Rex took a step from behind the small table.

"Miss Connelly and I don't lunch together," he said. "I've a chill. I'm in bed. She'll explain. Sorry, Midge."

He intended to march off on that, but Kay, very determined though such a midgest, blocked his path.

"Oh, I know I made a fool of myself back in Melbourne, but we were both children then. We're grown-ups now. Sit down and finish your drink and stop looking as if I were a leper. What if we couldn't trust Midge to use this funny story? Don't make a bigger fool of yourself than you are, I tell you. People are looking. Sit down."

To his surprise Rex sat down. He did not want to, and yet there was so much in what she said. He could go on hating her, but if he showed his feelings he only betrayed his wounded pride. It wasn't playing the game to be jealous. And as a Public Hero he had to play the game.

"That's better," she said, taking the chair Midge held for her. "Excuse the little sorting out. Rex and I knew each other ages ago and hate each other, but we can't let a trifle like that stand in the way of our social duties. If you keep an eye on us through lunch and see we don't poison each other's food, all should be well."

"I can't begin to tell you how happy I am to be in the chair on an occasion like this, my dears," said Lord Midge. "The mere chronicler so seldom lives actively. I love to think of you two boiling with fury on my right and left hands. Let us laugh and be merry, dear enemies. A drink, perhaps, Kay sweet?"

"Inside."

"Then let me lead in my twin furies," said Lord Midge. "No tripping, now. This is a respectable hotel."

**D**ESPITE the detested presence of Rex Masters, Kay was enjoying her lunch. For some reason, perhaps on account of her victory over him in the matter of running away, perhaps from the emotional zest aroused by disliking him so intensely and being disliked so intensely in return, she was in one of those seething moods when the familiar becomes strange and noteworthy. Nothing unusual for her to be eating in this place, but to-day it seemed novel and exciting. She looked about with brightened eyes and there was a deeper color in her brown cheeks.

She was famous and among the famous, not just to that village called Melbourne, but in mighty London at the heart of the world. And none of the women was better dressed or more attractive. Some were more beautiful, but that was not quite the same thing. Yes, she could hold her own here. Sylvia would have been proud. To little Sylvia these ordinary human beings among whom she sat were great figures seen on the screen and great names read in print.

Kay gave Lord Castlerosse a beaming smile as he lumbered by. That smile should be worth a mention next Sunday, particularly when given from beneath a hat built for smiling purposes.

She looked at Rex who was arranging with their host to go to the fight that night at the Albert Hall.

That resemblance which was no resemblance, that echo which said everything so differently.

So male and proud of himself, that

might be part of it. Yet she had done more than he had. More than Nigel had. And Nigel had been ever so much older than she was when the sky broke his wing.

"You care to come, Kay?" asked Midge.

"No, thanks," she said. "This lunch has been enough fighting for me for one day."

"Personally," said Lord Midge, "it's been rather a disappointment. I had hoped for a little gouging with fish forks at least. That's the trouble with you commoners—you have such perfect manners. If you weren't so polite there might, falling all else, be surely some slight exchange of flung Scotch woodcock. But, no, an outward calm masking the lava of scorn. Tell me, why do you hate each other?"

"In my case," said Kay, "I should think that might be obvious to a man of your taste."

"Well," said Lord Midge, "it is and it isn't. But in the case of Rex here, I can see no earthly reason, unless he's jealous of you."

"Jealous my boot," Rex said. "What have I got to be jealous about?"

Kay laughed.

"I mean to say," Lord Midge explained, "you might be annoyed because she has a better complexion, or is able to wear a hat that suits her while you are compelled to wear that odd affair you arrived in."

"I like that hat," Rex said.

"Really? You must give an opinion, Kay."

"I'm not interested."

"And I don't want her opinion."

"Pon my soul, pon my soul," said Lord Midge, "aren't they the two spoilt children of the modern nursery where they have such lovely mechanical toys? What will you have now, dears? Some ginger-pop and ice cream, while Uncle Piggy-Porker takes his brandy and coffee?"

"How do you run on," Kay said, but she liked him. In her swiftly amassed experience so many people looked shrewd and weren't. She had never seen anyone look more like a silly ass than his Lordship.

"Oh," said Masters suddenly, under his breath. "Look who's here." His expression, surly enough before, was surlier now, and a kind of uneasy anger blazed up in his blue eyes behind the dark lashes. "You don't seem to like anyone much," said Kay.

"This is a great party," he said bitterly. "Why," said Lord Midge rising, "if it isn't Sir Wensley, Walter, bring another chair. How are you, Sir Wensley? Don't tell me; let me guess. Blooming! I thought as much. You know my illustrious companions, of course."

The large, popping globular man gave Masters a goggling look and said, "Hullo, Masters!" Then he goggled at Kay. "I haven't had the honor of meeting Miss Connelly yet," he said. "That's the only reason I came over."

"Blunt but honest," said Lord Midge. "Brilliant to the core. The honor and pleasure are yours now, Sir Wensley. Kay, this is Sir Wensley Ponsford."

"How'd'y do, m'dear," Sir Wensley said, collapsing into a chair.

"How do you do," said Kay. She seemed to have met a number of Sir Wensleys, mostly at meals that began with Real Turtle Soup, and she was not impressed.

Masters looked at his watch.

"I say, Midge," he said, "do you mind? I must rush off. I've a date."

"Of course! Of course!" said Lord Midge. "So you mentioned earlier, dear numbskull. With a blonde, I think you said. Ah, you women killers."

"Thanks for the food. Good-bye." Masters made no pretence that he regretted having to leave them. He gave Sir Wensley a formal nod, did not look at Kay at all, and went striding out of the Grill like a man freed surprisingly from a prison cell. He even jostled waiters in his haste.

"Temperamental," said Lord Midge. "Highly-strung. Mass of nerves. Poor young fellow."

"So you stole all his records, what?" said Sir Wensley. "Young hussy." He chuckled.

"Kay, precious," said Lord Midge. "Sir W is absolutely filthy with wealth and is a patron of assorted arts and sciences. Not the least of these interests, from your point of view, is a passion for aviation."

**D**O you love it, too?" asked Kay suddenly herself, suddenly real.

"I take a very keen interest, my dear."

"But second-hand. Very second-hand. The attendants on the Paris planes shudder when they see Sir W approaching. That does not affect you, however. Perhaps if you play your cards right he will let you do his flying for him."

So that was what was in the air? He was a possible backer. Kay, as much as any actress in that grill, needed backers. More than fame was needed to keep the props turning. The trade people were generous in the cause of advertisement, but they were not always enough. There were limits to what they would do. All this passed through her mind without altering her slightly mocking expression.

"I'm giving a little dinner-party in my rooms to-night," said Sir Wensley. "Just a foursome. Hadn't been able to think of an interesting enough fourth until this minute. What about it?"

"I'd love to come," said Kay, "if you don't think I'll be too dull."

It was early spring, but the ducks had already paired off. They stood on the edge of the water, a metallically bright drake and a small brown duck, a drake and a duck, a drake and a duck. Sometimes they indulged in little scuffles, duck with duck, or drake with drake, thrusts of bills and flutter of wings. The Serpentine, calm and polished, reflected the rosy colors of the sunset sky. Over the trees, which were still bare and dark, the white and red battlements of Park Lane towered. A few gulls lingered, wheeling whitely. Dogs romped on the grass and shattered the glassy water recovering thrown sticks.

"Well, Rex—"

He had been keeping an eye on a wet spaniel which was about to shake itself dry. He paused, looked about. Yes, Charmian. He had overtaken her without recognising her. She was alongside him, white hand extended in a checking movement.

"Why—!" he said, and paused. But he did not give her her name.

They stood a moment, quite close, considering each other. She was like a ghost and she made him feel like a ghost there in the gathering twilight by the shining water. She was still Charmian. The years had not changed her, or if they had they had changed him also, so



that to his eyes she remained the same. And she was as beautiful as he had always tried to forget. Her soft glance could still tangle and hold his gaze; her lips were as warm and full; her skin was as petal-smooth.

"And just the same Rex," she said. "I was thinking that about you," he said.

"Isn't it a pity? I should have changed. I should have improved. You wouldn't think all this long time I could remain just me."

"You are just you," he said. "Do look at that absurd duck standing on its head in the water. They're darlings, aren't they?"

"Yes." "Still not the great conversationalist, Rex. But there!—most men chatter too much these days. There's still room for the good, old-fashioned, strong silent man, darling. Just as well for you young men of the wheels. But you don't take enough advantage of it. You hate me, don't you, Rex?"

THEY had reached the end of the Serpentine. Rex paused on the narrow path under the bare trees. The lights of the town were twinkling now and the cars running round the outer edges of the park were bright like crawling glow-worms.

"I used to," Rex said. "I used to hate you like the devil."

"That's fine," she said. "Go on."

"You're only jibing now."

"Jibing, yes, but at you or me, Rex?"

"At me."

"You were always the dumbest lad," she said.

"But I'm glad we met this way. I've often wondered how it would be. I used to be afraid when I got on a bit and started going places where I might run across you. But I was afraid if I ran across you I might make a fool of myself."

"And you're sure you wouldn't now?"

"Sure."

"I don't see why you should hate me so much, Rex."

"Forever."

She stamped her foot a little. "Won't you ever grow up, Rex?" she said.

"Haven't you learnt yet that when a woman says to a man or a man says to a woman forever!—it's only in a manner of speaking."

"I know now," Rex said, "but I was different then. You meant such a lot to me."

"And now?"

He considered. "I am indifferent towards you."

"That's nice and cruel," she said. "Give me a cigarette, dear, will you?"

He produced a packet. She took one and he helped himself. He struck a match and she bent to it. The flame lit her face in its frame of fur with the kind warmth of candlelight. She looked up at him as he bowed over his cupped hands.

They walked on, the smoke trailing behind them, milky in the still, darkening air.

The tobacco tasted bitter. She flung the cigarette away.

"Really," she said, "it's I who should hate you. I gave you more than you ever gave me. You with your broken heart."

"But it was all real to me."

"I know," she said, softly now. "That was why it had any worth. Well, I've paid for it in a way."

"You paid?" she said.

"Of course. Wensley has done his

best to make a whip of scorpions out of you."

"You mean—he found out about us?"

"Found out! He knew all along."

"But—"

"He knows everything that's worth knowing. He knew you hated me in the end, knew it was all over for good. That was why he took you up."

Again he checked. For the first time he touched her with his hand, clasping her arm, halting her.

"Charmian," he said, "what do you mean?"

She gave a little laugh. "So you have remembered my name? Do you know that's the first time you've used it?—though you used to say it was the loveliest name in the world and made for me."

"What did you mean about took me up?" he insisted.

"Oh, that!" she said. "I took it for granted you knew. It was his idea of having a bit of fun at my expense. He didn't mind about us, really, but he welcomed the chance to give me a little flick with the whip. He has rather a quaint sense of the comic. He had every Press-cutting about you sent to me. I bet I could have books full of them fatter than your own. He just had them sent. He never said a word."

She smiled up at him. He stood still as a tree.

"You mean—?"

"I mean, of course, stupid, that Wensley was the patriotic Englishman who backed most of your fights through the flying school that trained you. Surely you knew?"

"No," said Rex. "I didn't know."

"Oh, you are funny, darling," she said.

"Come on. Let's go. My car's waiting just here at the end of the path. You won't be frightened any more if you have to meet me, will you, Rex?"

"No," he said.

The Rolls waited. After all the centuries of time that had passed Parker still sat at the wheel. He opened the door and looked straight ahead down the road. It was a custom of long standing.

"Can I drop you anywhere, Rex?" asked Charmian, muffling herself a little more closely in her beautiful furs.

"No thanks," Rex said mechanically.

"Good-bye, then, for the present, Rex."

"Good-bye," he said.

The door slammed, and the Rolls sailed away with the stately motion of a ship. Rex stood on the edge of the gutter for a long time.

Paragraph which appeared in the Press.  
AIRMAN'S WINDFALL

RECORD TOTE DIVIDEND  
WIN TO PAY FOR FLIGHT

("Daily Record" Special News)  
I am able to reveal (writes Lord Midge) that three of the winning tickets on the record daily Tote double, Roi II and Fastum, at Kempton Park on Saturday, were held by Mr. Rex Masters, the noted airman.

He thus wins the sum of £2982 for an outlay of thirty shillings.

When I asked him what he intended doing with the windfall he smiled and said, "I'm now going to finance my own attempt on the Atlantic east-west record. If I succeed there I may make an attempt on the Australian time."

It will be recalled that the Atlantic record and the record for the flight

from Australia, both of which Mr. Masters had held, were broken by Miss Kay Connolly, the brilliant young Australian woman pilot. The pair are very friendly rivals. Some weeks ago when I introduced them at a luncheon they admitted as much.

SYLVIE DARLING—  
wrote Kay shortly afterwards. I feel such a beast not having written to you since I had your news, but really life is very complicated these days. You've got to be on the go all the time and keep in the public eye and be seen about or no matter what you've done your forgotten. A lot of it wouldn't sound like work going to smart places and so on but when you've got to go then it turns into work if you know what I mean. I'm only telling you all this to explain why I didn't write earlier. It's not like working at Samuelson's where when you knocked off it was until next morning.

Now for my news as you always seem to be so interested. In spite of having clothes that would make your mouth water and going to all kinds of grand places I shall shortly be broke unless I can get some stunt or other going. That's the worst of this life. Even if you make more than shopgirls you have to spend so much more and there are long times when everything's going out and nothing coming in.

Thank heavens, a rich backer has shown up and he may be very useful. His name is Sir Wensley Ponsford and he's an M.P. with "pots" of money.

I think dear Rex is feeling the draught a bit. He had a big win at the races the other day and is spending it on paying for a flight of his own to beat my American record. He's as mad as a hornet that I should have broken both his and hates me like poison. Well, that's mutual. If he does break the time it won't do him much good anyway. Men pilots don't get much fuss made over them now no matter what they do.

There now that I have written at last it is quite a fine letter. Though I write by air mail don't think you've got to. You need the money for more important things particularly now. I do so hope it all goes all right. I enclose a little something to get something for new-born Kathie with. Do be sure and look after yourself. Write when you can because I always adore your letters. Love to Fred and K. and ever so much to your dear little self.

As ever,  
KATHIE

"YOU do drink like a fish, don't you, Smith?"

"Your lordship will have his joke, but I take a glass, your lordship."

"Then take this and take sundry glasses. I feel the forthcoming match is going to be of the type or description where a sneering marker lurking in the background is quite superfluous. I recommend the old-and-mild, Smith."

"Thank you, your lordship."

"You needn't rush panting back."

"No, your lordship. Thank you, your lordship."

"Well, Rex, I hope you're not lying to me about your lack of skill with the old cue."

"I'm not, Piggy. Honest. My highest break is ten, including three flukes."

"Sounds like easy meat. In my day I used to wield a pretty piece of timber."

"Because you've been a loafer. I've had to work."



"Work's a great thing. It's far easier to work than bring off a three-cushion cannon. Tell you what—I'll believe you. You can have a hundred in a couple."

"I'll need them."

"Are you only giving me a hundred in two?"

"Don't panic, Rexy. It may not happen again. But watch your leaves, me pocket Lindrum."

"How am I going to do that? I simply hit 'em and hope. There's three, anyway."

"And look what's on!"

"Five."

"Now the red's sitting."

"Curse."

"But cry a halt! Here's the beer. Thanks. Mud in your eye, Rexy."

"The best."

"So you broke the Atlantic record all right. Congratulations and cheers."

"About the only cheers I got."

"Didn't do you much good, then?"

"Waste of time and money."

"I could have told you that. You knew yourself before you ever started. Nothing but nasty jealousy against little Kay."

"I showed her."

"Expensive sort of gesture. Meantime Kay's been busy sowing where she will reap."

"Meaning?"

"In the fond heart of Sir Wensley."

"To the devil with him."

"Don't look so cross now. You know, I suppose, he's been a pretty good friend to you in the past?"

"I know all right."

"You'll probably have to do a lot of things on your own in future. All very well to curse out wealthy patrons, but they're hard to come by. And five are twenty. I'm afraid your nose is going to be put more out of joint in the future, duckie. Sir W. having transferred his interests will be able to help little Kay along in a big way. Thirty finishes. You may as well save yourself the trouble of setting any more records. With Sir W.'s dough behind her she'll fly you out of the skies."

"I'd like to see her."

"You know, Rexy, you're a common clog and dillard."

"Thanks."

"A MAN who can't see beyond the end of his nose. A moron with his alleged brains clogged up with old oil and cotton waste."

"Thanks again."

"That day I invited you to lunch at the Savoy I had a purpose."

"I gathered that. To make me mad."

"I was your best friend. I wanted to save you from yourself. A man's best friend is Lord Midge. Remember that. My mother taught it to me. I've found it absolutely true in my own case. One twenty-four plays thirty-one. Come, come, Jaddie."

"Darn. Take one away."

"They all help. But as I was saying I was actuated by the highest motives. You see, I knew Kay and you didn't dote on each other, and I thought if I could bring you together and persuade each of you that the other wasn't simply too obnoxious, you might stop cutting each other's throats and get together."

"Likely!"

"Always the easy one. Have a stab. It'd be the best thing for the pair of you if you'd have a little sense, all the same. Here you are the two finest pilots flying and yet you're always in competition. If

you'd only play as a team you'd scoop the pool and be saved endless trouble. The pair of you could take any machine anywhere at any time. You're only wasting energy as it is, and if there's one thing I hate seeing wasted more than another it's energy. You're coming with a run, Rexy, but it's a bit late."

"More like a limp."

"To resume. You get my point?"

"There's something in it, but it would never work."

"You'll have to do something about it, all the same. You admit this flying racket's not what it used to be. All you bird men and girls ought to nationalise. You couldn't have a better combine than Kay and you, believe you and me."

"We'd do the flying part all right, but what good would that be if we went and strangled each other?"

"You'd get used to working together, and the work'd be the thing. What sense is there in having to go out after that Australian record just because she holds it? What good will you do yourself or anything else?"

"Sorry. I didn't mean to put you."

"Take 'em all. They're needed. Furthermore, while you've been fooling about crossing the Atlantic in an hour or so less than she did, big things are afoot which will make all your past times look ridiculous."

"What kind of things?"

"Ever hear of the stratosphere?"

"I may have. No telling."

"That's next."

"So I've heard."

"But this is the genuine article. Sorry about the double baulk. But it's all practice. I always say, don't you? The plans are out and Hanwith's have started on the machine. On the q.t., as a matter of fact."

"Started building her?"

"Yes. Not a sort of Popular-Science-cum-Wellian affair all Heath Robinson wheels and gadgets and wonders, but just a mighty powerful machine specially adapted to really high flying with tons of power and lifting capacity. At least so I hear. She ought to do it in two hops."

"Ought she? That'd mean twenty-four hours or so."

"How'd you like to have to try and beat that record?"

"Not much."

"How'd you like to make it?"

"Heavens!"

"Of course, they'll need two pilots for a flight like that. Why not Kay and Rex?"

"Why drag her in?"

"Six to go. I only need ten, laddie. Spur yourself. Because she's dragged herself in already."

"Already?"

"Didn't I tell you she'd been better employed than dawdling about over Atlantic wastes in an antiquated machine rather like Bleriot's?"

"You mean old Ponsford's in on this, too?"

"To the neck. He'll probably get a peccage out of it. May be next Air Minister, if it comes to that. He's keeping it all up his sleeve for the great spectacular announcement."

"Then if he's in it I'm out, that's certain."

"You needn't be unless you want to cut your own throat. Why not make use of the old ass? Why not make use of Kay? Consider your own interests, man. Sir W. will probably want to precede the announcement by the revelation of how much he has already done for Britain in the air. For example, has he not by stealth given his native land her ace male pilot,

Rex Masters? (Cheers.) Who but a public-spirited citizen would have done that while at the same time hiding his light under a brace of bushels? See the idea?"

"Um. Give me the jigger, will you?"

"Here you are. You'd be better without it. Then, too, he'll want the very best pair he can get, to wit and to-whoo, our Rex and Kay, perfect for flying, perfect for publicity, perfect every way. You and Kay have got to do this together."

"But how can we?"

"And two's ten and billiards. Oh, heavens, marry the girl!"

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"THEY don't allow women in bars in Australia," Kay said.

"Heathen country."

"So in consequence I always get a bit of a thrill even now to be in a bar and sitting up on a high stool."

"It's a wonder to me they don't refuse to serve you as being under age, Kay, my pet. That's a hat of hats, and the coat's a sheer delight."

"They've got to be."

Kay considered herself in the mirror behind the bottles on the shelves. What she saw there gratified her. She did look a child, but a sophisticated and poised child.

"I've seen myself look worse, but I get awfully tired of my face, Piggy," she said.

"I don't," said Lord Midge. "You've got about the most useful face I know, my precious, speaking from an aching experience of ravishing beauties."

"Thanks, Piggy," Kay said. "You'll have to watch that you don't fall in love with me to-night. I'm going to wear a ravishing cream creation."

"Approved," said Lord Midge. "Cream for you definitely approved."

"Thanks. It's from Paris. Of course, I can't afford it, but then the comfort is it's not paid for yet."

"The same happy proviso applies to the tails I'll be wearing," said Lord Midge. "But you wouldn't be half the girl I think you are if you didn't afford a frock you couldn't afford for a night like to-night, Kay."

"It is going to be a big show, isn't it, Piggy?"

"The biggest show any pair of mere mechanics were ever given. Princes and Dukes, Lord Lonsdale and Sir Harry Preston—not to mention the notables. You're a lucky kid, Kay."

"I know," said Kay. "It reminds me of some verse I read once by an American woman. 'I've come a long way from the place I was born, Cows in the meadow and sheep in the corn.' I often find myself saying that when things get a bit too fantastic to be taken in. Sometimes, Piggy, it all seems like a dream."

"It must. You know, my child, your life's like a kind of fairy tale on wheels."

"I know it all right."

"Let's have a last one before we tear off in all directions and dress."

"Should we?"

"Of course."

"But there'll be lashings of champagne to compete with to-night."

"You should worry, Kay. You've a head like a man."

"Oh, Piggy," said Kay, suddenly earnest, "if you only knew how I wish I were a man."

"How I wish I were," sighed Lord Midge. He wagged his head reproachfully at his reflection.

"But I'm serious, Piggy. Truly. Give me a cigarette. Thanks. I want to be



a man, and be left alone in peace to do my job of work. Oh, men have all the luck."

"As for that," said Lord Midge, "there may be two opinions. Ask your co-pilot of the Bat. He has quite different ideas about being a mere male pilot."

"I know he has," Kay said, "but that's only because he's a selfish egotist."

"But the fact remains, Kay, that you shouldn't hate your job of being a woman. You've capitalised it mighty well. You might have been twice the pilot and worn trousers and in this effete modern world you'd have been much less noticeable. Again I invite you to consult your fellow-voyager in the stratosphere."

Lord Midge considered, brows creased. Then he flicked a finger and thumb. "You must get married."

"Married?" Kay said. She gaped at him.

"Married."

"You're cuckoo."

"Listen," said Lord Midge, with a slicing motion of his hand, "you're not telling me. I'm telling you, and you're going to listen and like it. Get me? I always do say, Mrs. Murgatroyd, that American is such a fine bullying language. Are you quite cowed?"

"I'll be quite silly if I go on having Alexanders and you go on talking rubbish."

"It isn't rubbish, duckie. It's plain common sense. You're to get married."

"But, Piggy, dear, I can only tell you again you're crazy."

"Nevertheless wed you must, and your engagement must be announced to-night."

Kay looked cross. "Oh, do stop it, Piggy," she said. "You're just talking nonsense. How many double Haigs have you had this afternoon?"

"SEVEN thousand and six," said Lord Midge. "The fact remains that the announcement of your engagement must be made to-night."

"And why to-night?"

"Hist!" said Lord Midge, laying his finger along his nose and glancing about in a conspiratorial fashion. "Here is the plot. At this great dinner attended by all and sundry Sir Wensley Ponsford, M.P., comes out into the open as the fairy godfather of British aviation. He is revealed at last as the patron saint of Rex Masters and as the benefactor of little Kay Connolly and the backer of the first stratosphere flight to Australia. He is, as it were, committed to the attack and almost certain to land a peerage which will be useful because his constituents can't be expected to put up forever with a gurgling gudgeon as their representative in the mother of Parliaments. After the speech by the Duke and so on there can be no going back. To crown this great occasion comes the announcement of your romantic engagement."

Kay laughed mockingly and taking out her compact powdered her nose.

"Most ingenious, I'm sure, Piggy, and dramatic, too."

"Also excellent publicity and a climax to a climax, angel."

"No doubt, but whom am I going to get engaged to?"

"Oh, I could shake you sometimes, child," Lord Midge said. "Whom could you possibly get engaged to except Rex Masters?"

"Rex Masters?"

"Your soul mate. Your twin eagle. It lifts this flight from a mere experi-

ment into the hearts of men and women the wide world over."

"It's simply the maddest thing I ever heard. I'm furious with you. I didn't think you'd be so beastly to me, Piggy."

"Kay, my precious, be calm. It's a brilliant idea. It's the perfect solution. What comes first in your life? Flying—your career. All right. Here is the one marriage which can help that on. Rex is a fanatic, as you are. He won't regard you as a wife but as a dangerous rival who's been absorbed into the firm. You can look on him in the same way. This is a time when unity is strength."

Kay had not risen from the gloves at Samuelson's by being the guileless child she looked. She had faced and learnt many things since that hour in the dusk on the Glenhumbly aerodrome. A light of intense concentration came into her brown eyes. She screwed up her face and sipped her drink thoughtfully.

"It's an idea, Piggy," she admitted. "On those terms. A business marriage. We can't go on beating each other's records world without end. But that's all very well. It takes two to make an engagement. Rex is about as fond of me as I am of him, and he hasn't got my sense."

"Oh, so far as Rex goes," Lord Midge said with an airy gesture, "you can leave that to me. I'm a good fixer. He takes quite a view of the idea."

"You mean to say—?" gasped Kay, horrified.

"He and I were having a game of pills 't'other day and I put it up to him. He was simply overwhelmed. He said, 'Why, I'd rather be dead than married to that little girl.'"

Kay knocked her empty glass over. Her eyes blazed. "Then you can tell him with my compliments—"

Lord Midge put his hand soothingly on her arm. "Hush, my chick," he said. "Hush and be still. This is a respectable bar. Language is not appreciated. Besides, I am no common district messenger to be darting hither and yon with any coarse opinions that may be thrust on me. I shall tell him nothing of the sort. On the contrary, indeed. 'Toujours la politesse,' as we say in Madrid. Also remember that other and more local saying that love is oft akin to hate, or words to that effect. Not that I suggest for a moment, my heart's desire, that love enters into this. It is a marriage of wisdom and convenience and profit and sagacity. What would love have to do with a marriage like of that?"

"All the same—" Kay began stormily.

"All the same it is now six o'clock and it's time you were simply darting away if you are going to arrive at your banquet as fresh and radiant as the Queen of the May."

"Good heavens, is it six?" asked Kay snatching up her bag.

"Time passes so in such good company," Lord Midge said.

"I must rush," said Kay.

"You must indeed. And, don't forget, I shall expect you to be ready and more ravishing than usual when I call for you at seven."

"I'll be ready all right."

"And in the meantime be thinking over what I've said. Rex will have to propose to you before the speeches start."

"You are a lunatic," laughed Kay, "but you're not the ass you look, as I'm always telling you. Now I must fly."

"Fly, by all means," said Lord Midge.

"Seven then."

"Seven."

Lord Midge paid for the drinks, tipped Johnnie again, heard of a sure winner for the following day and departed to his rooms in Jernyn Street. He always gave them the benefit of the plural, though they were only singular and up a dark and narrow stairway that smelt eternally of kippers. Lord Midge bathed and shaved, humming a little air. He had a fatherly affection for his two children of the great open spaces of the sky. They satisfied a kind of paternal urge in him which no one would have suspected. It seemed rather sad to him that they could have seen so much and learnt so little. He was tying his white bow when Rex came in.

"Why, my bonny," he said, "you look a picture."

"SOMEHOW I never feel comfortable in tails, Piggy," Rex said, fidgeting with his lapels. "Give me overalls, or grey flannel bags."

"Not the wear for the occasion," said Lord Midge. "Sorry, but not done. You are, as a matter of fact, quite a study of what the well-dressed men are wearing. I wish I had your figure and your Grecian beauty. Have a drink just to put some strength into you. Unless Parkes has drunk it all there's some in the decanter. Pour me one, too, with just a dash of soda. I need it. Haven't had a smell of the stuff all day. Got your modest little speech all pat?"

"You bet," said Rex. "With a chance like this I'm not lying down on the job."

Lord Midge put on his coat and fitted himself into it with a practised wriggle. He took the glass Rex offered him.

"I look towards you, Rexy," he said. "It must have galled you to have to take this job from old Sir W. knowing what you now know of his true reasons."

"Don't worry, Piggy—it did. But I hadn't any choice. It was the best break ever. I simply couldn't turn down the first stratosphere flight. It would have been madness."

"Raving madness."

"And I can't afford madness just now." "Who can?" asked Lord Midge. "Has it ever occurred to you that you might take your chance, solve a problem that's been teasing you, and play a trick on Sir W. just as ingenious as the one he played on you?"

"I'm afraid it hasn't, Piggy," Rex said.

"What's on your mind now?"

"Sir W.—villain that he is—has designs on Kay. He has fallen in love with her. He is even offering her marriage."

"He must be cracked," Rex said.

"Granted," Lord Midge said, "but that's where you and your revenge come in. And he won't be able to do a thing after the great 'do' to-night. He can't draw back then, and though he may smash his dentures it will avail him nought."

"It's time we were off, Piggy," Rex said.

"What are you raving about?"

"Pull yourself together, Rexy," Lord Midge said. "The socks must come up with a click. You've got to propose marriage to Kay Connolly within the next fifteen minutes."

"You're drunk," gasped Rex.

"Soberer than most judges of my acquaintance. Come on, let's go. We're picking up Kay. I'll explain to you in the taxi."

Lord Midge explained to Rex in the taxi.

The banquet was a business occasion, and so Kay was ready when Lord Midge came to her hotel room. The cream crea-



tion was perfect. It made her look like a brown forest sprite suddenly wrapped in luxury. There was a shine in her eyes and on her hair. The soft, plain line of cream moulded her neat hips. She seemed absurdly young to be Kay Connolly.

"Goodness," said Lord Midge, "you look a cough-drop heaven."

"All right?"

"Grand!" He stepped in. "Follow along, Rex," he invited, "and get an eyeful of the bride-to-be."

Rex came into the room, very tall and fair and handsome, shyly surly, ill-at-ease.

"Hullo," he said in his throat.

"Hullo," Kay said.

Each considered the other disdainfully.

"Well," said Lord Midge, "do your stuff, Rexy. Don't mind me."

"I gather he's been talking to you," Rex said.

"He has."

"What do you think of it?"

"It's the maddest thing I've ever heard of, but there's a lot to it. We could keep it on a strictly business basis easily enough."

"Nothing easier than that."

"And be divorced when it had served its purpose."

"We could at that."

"Well, what do you think?"

"You know I hate you?"

"No more than I hate you. That's why it's possible."

"All right. Will you marry me?"

"I'll marry you. We'll announce our engagement to-night."

"And be married before the flight."

"Of course."

"It's a go."

"A go."

"Isn't that perfect and just too utterly romantic for words?" Lord Midge said.

"Such a delicious proposal. And you don't even have to muss up her make-up by kissing her. Really I do think there's something to be said for these marriages by arrangement even though it's a horrid French custom. Don't you think we might have a quick one to celebrate this sentimental occasion? Let me ring the bell—let me ring the wedding-bells. Let me be the first to congratulate you both on a match obviously made in high heaven."

Kay looked smaller than ever, frightened.

"For Heaven's sake, Piggy," she said, "what's this mad thing you've rushed us into?"

"Sanity," said Lord Midge.

The next morning the following announcement appeared.

STRATOSPHERE FLIGHT

KNIGHTHOOD FOR AIRMAN

SIR W. PONSFORD RAISED TO

PEERAGE

Royal interest in the great attempt to fly to Australia through the stratosphere is shown by the announcement in the Birthday Honors List (which appears in full on page 7) that Rex Masters, the pilot, is to be knighted whilst Sir Wensley Ponsford, M.P., who, as recently revealed, is providing the financial backing for the venture, has been raised to the peerage.

Sir Rex Masters' engagement to Miss Kay Connolly was announced at the same time as the revelation of Sir Wensley's patriotic generosity, and this means that the King's recognition will be bestowed on two of Britain's most famous aviators, though it will be difficult for the public to think of Kay Connolly as Lady Masters.

A by-election will be necessary. Sir

Wensley Ponsford held Little Dimpton against the Socialists by a majority of two thousand at the last election as compared with eighteen thousand in 1931.

CHARMIAN had seldom been more amused, in public. As she turned to a mirror in the wall to repair with her lipstick damage done by the champagne she gave herself the briefest wink. Wedding receptions bored her as a rule, but this was the exception. It had a tart flavor which she could appreciate.

"Gilding the lily?"

Charman looked over her shoulder.

"Why, hullo, Piggy," she said. "How's the modern Peppy?"

"In his element, lovely lady."

"I should think so. Plenty to gossip about here."

"Such a happy occasion," said Lord Midge. "Why, three hundred guests were invited and four hundred have attended. In itself a spontaneous tribute to the popularity of the happy pair, for they could not all have had inside information that the fix was going to be drinkable."

"True, Piggy," Charman said, putting away her lipstick. "Such a romantic and striking pair, too, don't you think?"

"I'm sure dear Wensley must be proud of his famous proteges."

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knight's lady. Now I suppose it's too late."

"Too late for what, Piggy?"

"Oh, fun and games."

"Have you the impudence to stand there, Piggy, and suggest that a baroness should indulge in fun and games?"

"That was the suggestion."

"Get rid of this glass for me, will you, darling?" Charman said. "I must go and see if this Rex of yours is really as dumb as you make out."

"I shall be an engrossed observer."

"See you later, Piggy—perhaps," said Charman. She worked her way through the milling, drinking, chattering, shrill-voiced throng, exchanging a nod and a word here and there.

"Well, Rex," she said.

Rex forgot the bald-headed man to whom he was talking. He swung about, blushed a little, and looked down at smiling Charman in great unease.

"Hullo, Charman."

"Not, isn't it?"

"Awful din. Like a monkey-cage."

"Still, I wanted to shout a word at you. Congratulations and all that. Feeling happy, boy?"

"Yes. No, Lord. I don't know. I'm all dazed. It's been a day all right."

"I'll say. Was His Majesty nice?"

"I was a bit scared, but it went off all right."

"And how does it feel to be married?"

"Much the same. You see, this marriage isn't exactly—well—"

"You needn't explain to me. So you don't love her much?"

"I hate her, and she hates me."

"As I told you long and long ago it's a basis for marriage. But take the advice of an expert, Rex. Don't let hate get the better of you."

"You're always Charman," Rex said, looking down at her, still uneasy and puzzled, and still a little awed, as if she were the great lady and he the humble lad in overalls.

"And you'll always be Rex," said Charman. "Good luck in all that matters to you. I hope you make it. I'm rather sweet with you, aren't I? And very wise. Remember me to the Australians the day after to-morrow. Now I must rush off and talk to your bride. Seeing how much I had to do with all this I'm going to get all the fun out of it I can. The very best, Rex darling, and I'm glad the Rolls was heavy on petrol. Be seeing you."

She touched his arm and left him. Somebody else immediately claimed him, but Charman felt his thoughts go with her. Lord Midge gave her an appreciative waggle of his right hand held shoulder high. She twisted her red mouth a little at him, mockingly, and nodded to indicate whither she was away.

Kay was the centre of an animated group. The air was full of congratulations and wishes and questions about the flight. She wore a smart black costume and a grand little hat with wings suggested on either side. She was animated and excited but quite at ease. The occasion did not daunt her. She had risen more surely from behind that counter in the shop where she had worked somewhere in the wilderness than Rex had from his garage. Attractive, too. Charman decided that had she been a man she would have found Kay more interesting in some setting other than an aeroplane. The child's eyes were as brown and lovely as Charman's own, her mouth as inviting. Well, presumably if one was a fanatic about aviation one was a fanatic about aviation.

The crowd offered no difficulty to Char-



mian. She knew the tricks of thronged rooms and how to avoid a shower-bath of champagne. Without annoying or jostling a soul she inserted herself next to Kay.

"Oh, Kay, she said, bending to her, "I think you'll have to be getting away soon. It's a long drive to Mildenhall. Care to powder your nose?"

Kay looked up and her face lit warmly. "Thanks so much," she said. She made her apologies, and went with Charmian through the crowd. "Yes, I'll be back. Back in a moment."

"She'll be right back," Kay said with frankness when they reached the room. "Why?" said Charmian, patting her hair before a mirror. "Because somehow I wanted a word with you."

"And I with you."

"It's rather absurd that you and I should want a word with each other, isn't it?"

"Absurd, but fun. You see, we're both rather remarkable women and we know what we want and take it."

"There's something in that," Kay said. She rested on the back of a green chair. Charmian turned away from the mirror and sat on the edge of the dressing-table. They were alone in the green and white and glass box which smelt of powder and perfume.

"I think I like you," Lady Pensford, said Kay.

"Oh, call me Charmian for goodness sake, ass. I'm much more Charmian than Lady Pensford. You should like me. I'm the most likeable person I know. I like you, too, Kay."

"I'm glad somehow, Charmian."

"Somehow so am I. You hate him, don't you?"

"Who?"

"Rex."

"I do."

"Why, Kay?"

"Because he's mean and jealous and a man. I suppose, too, because I'm mean and jealous and a woman. Here am I, Lady Masters if you please, because they knighted him. And I could have gone on being myself, being Kay Connelly. Oh, I was a fool to listen to that Piggy Midge. It all happened so quickly. It was such a rush of excitement. I didn't realise what I was doing. I'm only beginning to realise now. I'm——"

The confidence went out of her. She gripped the back of the chair and looked as if she might cry.

"Good heavens, under it all you're as much a child as he is," said Charmian. "I think it's a very wise marriage. You've done a good thing, my pet. Why, to hear you talk anyone would think that marriage these days was as final as going into a convent. The pair of you are as well matched as Wenny and I in your different way."

"That's what Piggy said."

"He would, and he's right. That young man's nobody's fool. He's done a fine job of work for you. Be grateful."

"But—but Charmian, seriously, don't you think it's pretty awful to be married to someone you don't even like?"

"On the contrary," Charmian said, "it's fine for a woman with interests. The only thing is to see to it that marriage doesn't interfere with your interests. That's the beauty of your sort of marriage."

"I suppose it's all right," Kay said. She sounded and looked dubious and very tiny.

"There you have it in a nutshell. And now let's attend to this and that, and get back," said Charmian. She slipped her arm about Kay and gave her a squeeze.

"It's a great life, duckie, if you don't weaken," she said.

Rex was waiting for them close to the door. His mind was already at Mildenhall. He hardly noticed that they came in arm in arm, laughing together.

"Time we were off," he said briskly. "Car's waiting. They've put our things in."

The young man who had appointed himself master of ceremonies shouted. "Silence, please! Speech! Speech!"

The hubbub lulled. All eyes turned towards tall Rex and little Kay, such a thrilling bride and groom.

"Afraid there are no more speeches," Rex said. "We've got to get away straight off. There's the Bat to take a last look over, and the final preparations. Good-bye, all."

"Thanks, everyone," said Kay. "Good-bye, all. You'll hear from us day after to-morrow in Australia."

They stood for a moment, each with one hand raised, arms linked. Flashlight bulbs flared.

"We'll be out at Mildenhall to see you off in the morning," someone shouted.

"And drink your health."

The men who had clung closest to the buffet began to chant, "For They are Jolly Good Fellows."

WHATEVER will Sylvia say? ruminated Kay as the Stratosphere journeyed through space. She'll read about it all in the papers, and that'll stagger her. Particularly after my last letter. I should have cabled her, but somehow there wasn't a moment. Let me see. I hope this news doesn't upset her. Me flying in the stratosphere and married and all that. But it shouldn't upset her. It'll only be a thrill. It would upset her if she knew the truth, though. She'd be shocked. "Oh, Kathie, fancy marrying a man you aren't in love with. Why ever did you?" Dear little Sylvia with her Fred.

Be funny if I'd married Fred. I might have married Fred if it hadn't been for Nigel. I might have married Nigel if it hadn't been for Nigel. Suppose Nigel hadn't been the way Nigel was, and I'd married him?

It's funny for me to be up here on the greatest flight of all time and sitting thinking about men like some lonely little shopper in a back room with a slot gas-fire. Oh, it's funny. I'm a funny creature. I'm a woman. That's the trouble always. Listen to that big beast snoring. Here, I must take these phones off. I wondered what was making me mad. Snoring.

What have I done? I never intended to be married to him. I didn't! I didn't! It all just happened. It was that mad Piggy. He made it seem so simple and natural. And all that life back down there made it seem so simple and natural. People getting married because they liked hunting, or getting married the morning after they'd met for the first time at a cocktail party because somebody dared them to. It seemed different back down there. Like taking out a car licence. You went before a man and said you wanted a licence, and you got it, and you were married.

It was all part of the rush of life. Not like the old days at Samuelson's with Sylvia when we'd time and could think. You don't think leading my kind of life. You just keep going. You've got to go farther and faster. You mustn't stop. They're all going in their own way, all those big noses back down there, not like us little people. You get caught up in it. It's like the flights. Farther and faster.

I suppose if you were brought up to it it'd be easier, but I wasn't. And I didn't have much time for learning. My flying had to come first. I did learn that, though, didn't I, Nigel?

Nigel, here I am away up in the sky, nearer heaven than ever before. Supposing Nigel is somewhere and can see me now. It'd give him the shock of his life to see me way up here and married and all. It'd give him a shock to see what a famous flying-woman I'd become. I wonder would he mind about me being married? I don't suppose so. It'd make him feel I was kind of off his hands at last. All the same I did what I said I'd do, Nigel, when the sky killed you like I asked. Perhaps I shouldn't have asked that, but I did hate you so.

And Rex shouldn't have knighted him, and given me nothing. It was an insult to women, that's what it was. Oh, I know that Wenny fixed it that way with his darned old newspaper lord who fixed it.

Perhaps if I'd never met Nigel and just married Fred I'd have been happy the way Sylvia is with Fred. No, I wouldn't have. People are different. Anyway, I was never in love with Fred. Never pretended to be even in the Palais days. He was only the best of a bad bunch. Poor old Fred. How he used to hang around and moon around.

Oh, heavens, I'm sleepy. My head's going round like a top. Where the devil are those phones? Here, wake up, you big loafer. You've been snoring for hours. Wake up, will you, and take over. If you don't I'll go to sleep and you can see how you like a seven-mile nose-spin with your loving wife. All right, you brute, but you can take over just the same.

The Press was meanwhile following the flight with tremendous interest.

INDIA IN FOURTEEN HOURS  
ALL RECORDS SHATTERED  
STRATOSPHERE FLYING TRIUMPH  
HONEYMOONERS OFF AGAIN

Allahabad, Wednesday.  
At 6 p.m. (G.M.T.) Sir Rex and Lady Masters (Kay Connelly) arrived here to-day having flown non-stop from Mildenhall, England, in fourteen hours, thus shattering all records. They were accorded an ovation.

The plane was refuelled immediately and the co-pilots after some refreshment and a short rest took off again two hours later. Sir Rex was at the controls. Despite the great weight the Brunner-Wild Bat climbed splendidly, and was soon lost to sight. It is hoped that the remainder of the flight, which is to end in Sydney, will only occupy another fourteen hours. Both Sir Rex and Lady Connelly were delighted at the manner in which the machine had behaved.

"She has been magnificent and kept an altitude of over seven miles without any difficulty," said Sir Rex. "There was not a moment's trouble of any sort and the engines ran perfectly. Given the right machine, flying in the lower stratosphere is easier than at customary levels. There were no bumps and a greatly lessened air-resistance. As we were far above the clouds we had no difficulties such as fog to contend with. Taking off and landing presented the only awkward moments, owing to the size and weight of the machine. The lower stratosphere is undoubtedly the air-road of the future."

"The Higgins variable pitch air-screws were of the greatest assistance. All our compasses and instruments



worked well, and when we came down to a normal level we found we were only ten miles off our course and had no difficulty in locating the aerodrome.

"There was very little for us to do, and the chief trouble was keeping awake. We suffered somewhat from deafness and the great height was inclined to cause lassitude, but by regulating our supply of oxygen we were able to overcome this. Considerable moisture formed on the inside of the cabin, but otherwise we were as comfortable as if in an ordinary machine. Passengers of the future will doubtless read books, etc., as at such a height there is little to see. As we were not stopping anywhere we followed a modified great circle route, thus saving a considerable distance over the usual track of landing-planes.

"So far we are more than satisfied with the machine and her equipment and are deeply grateful to her designers and builders and to all those who have done so much to make the flight practicable, including Lord Ponsonby, whose financial assistance was essential."

Asked how she liked being the bride on the first stratosphere honeymoon, Lady Masters smiled and said, "We've hardly had time to realise we've left the wedding reception. It has been a great experience, however, and we are very happy to be sharing it together. It has always been our ambition to join forces in some great flight."

Both the pilots were looking weary, but Lady Masters still contrived to appear a petite and attractive figure.

So much had she become part of the Bat that since the starboard motor seized up and the space-devouring air-screw turned into a piece of dead and useless metal, Kay had felt numb down her right side, paralysed. Only a dull ache where before the vibration had pulsed so fiercely. The port motor roared louder in answer to the additional demand. Small spurts of flame shot from it. But they were still losing height for all that. No need for the oxygen masks now. A great mountain of black tropical thunder-cloud rose up to meet them.

"Damnation!" said Rex.

He was urging the Bat on with every ounce of his will, but the Bat was like Kay, all paralysed and numb on her right side. She could not fly so gallantly with half her muscles stricken into inertia.

"Poor thing," Kay said. "Oh, the poor thing." She was sorry for the Bat as she would have been for a wounded bird.

The cloud closed in about them, dark and sullen, and still the altimeter recorded that gradual loss of height.

"Looks like we'd better turn back for Darwin while we can," Rex's metallic voice said in her ears.

"Yes," she said. "But if we only could"

Sudden as lightning.

That was how it happened. From the heart of the angry cloud came a blinding flash which seemed to burn out Kay's eyes. The Bat roared and shivered. Thunder roared. For a space all was blackness and terror. Kay could not see nor could she form a thought. Again the plane quivered.

Then she heard Rex's voice in her ear—a vibrating, hammering shout.

"Struck! Wing's going! Leap!"

The ear-phones were snatched away.

He must have pulled the emergency lever that opened the side of the plane. The sky rushed in with a great roar. The sky seemed to snatch her from her seat. Yes, swift as lightning. Still, not a fraction of time for thought. She let the sky snatch her. There was no more Bat. Only the sky. Down the sky she fell twisted over, headlong. The release cord. She had to give that one sharp tug. Oh, she had to. Her hands fumbled and down and down she dived.

She had found the cord. She tugged.

And in a long swoop the parachute opened, blossoming like a great white lotus, like a cumulus cloud. Kay, who had been a throbbing stone falling through nothingness, found herself caught again, gripped and held, restored to contact with real things. The jerk of it racked her neck and shoulders. She opened her eyes and found she was not dead.

She was alive and there was silence.

Then through the silence, black and sudden, the Bat passed her, no longer sailing the sky as she did but a doomed thing smashing down. She dared not follow that fall. It was so final and awful, all the pride that had carried them so high, broken and finished. She closed her eyes again. She felt sick. She jerked crazily to and fro, a bulb on the stem of her great white lotus. It was strange to be sailing the sky with no machines to sweep you on, to be drifting like a bird on outspread wings.

Of course, they had failed. The great flight was a wash-out. They had crashed. All they had been going to prove would not be proved now, not by them, not now. Drifting aimlessly like a thistle-down, it was hard to think of death. She would not die, not yet, now that the parachute had opened. It held her in the sky. But they had failed. That was the thing. This time, though they had gone so fast and far, they would not reach their goal. They were failures for whom search parties would have to be sent out. People would be gathering already at Richmond Aerodrome, but Kay Connelly would not be there to step out of the machine to be photographed and interviewed and petted. Kay Connelly would be dead, or something.

Not dead, surely? Death did not come so graciously, so quietly, to flying people. It came with a smack and a crash. And here was she dancing on the air, swinging, drifting, like any of those ballerinas she had been taken to see, but much more light of foot.

The air was warmer now. The cloud was left behind.

Again she opened her eyes. The blue was all about, cloudless save for another puffy white cloud not far away yet infinitely remote. She blinked at it. Of course, that was Rex Masters, not dead either. How strange. They had known that if anything went wrong it was almost sure to mean death, and something had gone wrong yet they were both alive and thistle-downs with living roots. Poor Rex. He would be mad as she was. He would be cursing as she was. It was bitter for him to fall on this the chance of a lifetime.

Poor Rex.

Her eyes were full of tears anyway, from the drop, but they softened now and the tears were real. Sad about poor Rex and Kay who had gone so far and so fast, and just when they were going farther and faster than ever before became a couple of floating feathers with

no team of a thousand horses to help them on. Only these strange white clouds lowering them to the humility of the earth.

She swallowed hard, and her ears popped. Her head was swimming. To and fro she swung, more steadily now, like a pendulum. It was rather soothing. Peaceful after the roaring Bat that had gone diving down to destruction far below.

This was not at all the landing she had expected in her own, her native land. She supposed it was Australia. What if something had gone wrong with their compasses, and they had flown back into the heart of Asia? But that was silly. Australia waited down there to welcome its far-ranging daughter—to welcome her with a bump. But the bump would have been worse and final if the lotus had not flowered. It was wonderful what you could do and stay alive. People were killed by a bus crossing a London street. Yet here were she and Rex dropping from a height of eight miles, one way and another, and they'd probably live.

SHE waved to Rex far below but he did not see her. She kicked her legs at him. He did not notice. He was busy drifting down to life. He swung widely, this way and that. You'd never have thought he was that hateful man whom Pissy Midge four years ago said you should marry. He looked more like a man of straw, a stuffed man without a soul, a dummy swung from a height to see if it could be broken into bits.

But he wasn't. He was Rex.

She was glad about that. It was so quiet and lonely now that the engines had stopped roaring and all the world that was theirs had gone smashing to destruction, leaving them alone in the empty quiet of the sky.

Kay laughed in a little gust. They were record-breakers still. Probably this was the highest jump ever taken. Perhaps not, however. Those Americans were always doing extraordinary things with parachutes. And the Russians, too. But nobody before had ever flown in the stratosphere round half the world and then saved their necks by jumping. Not on their honeymoon, anyway.

"Hi, Rex," she called.

He did not hear her. He was gazing down intently. She did the same.

Below the world as she had seen it so often—the strange, uneventful, nondescript world viewed from the sky. It might have been Persia, or Russia, or the Sahara. It might have been America. It was yellow and grey, with here and there dwarf trees in clusters, outcrops of rock, no sea, nothing save sad-looking earth. No roads cut across it, no toy cars crawled, no Noah's ark cattle stood in the fields. There were no fields, no fences, no hedges. Only a vast expanse stretching in an empty disc to the sky's rim. In all that expanse no model of a town, no sign of life.

This was what she used to read about in the geography books at the Murrumbidgee State School. The Dead Heart of Australia. People said that was a bad description; a libel, they said. Well, it looked dead enough from up here.

But that didn't matter really. Saving some stroke of sheer misfortune she would reach the firm ground, and then they would come and find her. The search planes would come. She and Rex would light fires, and the search planes would come zooming out of all this wide sky, and they'd zoom down and perhaps Paddy



Rafferty or one of the boys she used to know would step out, all casual but delighted, and say, "What cheer? Thought you were going to show us something." And he'd sort of gulp because it would be a big thing for him to have found them and he'd be proud and pleased and thinking what a hero he'd be to his girl and how all the lads would envy him.

They'd climb into the cockpit behind him, and he'd be a bit shy having two such famous pilots as passengers, but he'd handle his antiquated craft well just the same.

And, oh, yes! before that he'd have given them some brandy to stop their tummies turning over.

He'd swear a bit, too, to hide how thrilled he was, and his eyes would pucker at the corners, and he'd say they'd had bad luck after doing so wonderfully, and then they'd climb into the cockpit behind him at last and be off to the cities and good food and leed drinks and soft beds and all the world glad to know that Kay Connolly wasn't killed after all.

The air struck hot and alive now, instead of chill and empty, as it had been away up there. The ground was quite near. Yellow sand and black rock. Rex had gone. She was all alone. No Noah's ark people below. Only emptiness, like that of the sky, but solid, and foreign to her, less kind than the emptiness of the sky which had been a kingdom where she ranged freely.

The empty land came rushing up to meet her fiercely and greedily. The lotus toppled over and withered on its twisted stems. She scrambled with her feet and made swimming motions with her arms. Her ears boomed, and her head spun. The warm brown sand jarred her body, and the lotus fell wearily over and crumpled away.

SO quiet, and the smell of hot earth. Where could she be? Kay lay dazed and let her wits come back. She must have fainted. That was strange. She had never fainted before. Nor had she ever been so utterly alone in such a great empty quiet. She was afraid to open her eyes. When she did that she would remember, and she did not want to remember. There were a lot of little noises in the quiet, but they were unhuman and only wove its net closer. Her body throbbed and ached like a great tooth. Oh, what had happened that she was too scared to remember?

Her eyes opened against her will. The sky was above her, blue and remote. She knew now. They had been up there in the Bat, but that was over. They had crashed; they had failed. She tried to sit up and something held her down. The parachute. Her fingers fumbled for the quick release. The harness fell from her. She looked about fearfully, timidly. She lay on warm grey sand in a small circular clearing hemmed in by low, blue-grey bushes. Behind her the parachute trailed limply across the bushes. Her hands and face were scratched, and she was bruised. That was what made her ache. She could see nothing beyond the encircling bushes. The little noises were the harping of insects, dry grating sounds. Her temples throbbed. The sun blazed hotly down.

Nothing else. Only the sense of utter isolation. In the loneliest height of the sky there had always been the roaring motors shouting that they were with you, your slaves, bearing you swiftly whither

you willed. Now she was a small, lost insect, lying in the sand while the other insects harped their brittle airs.

Panic swept through her, and she stumbled to her feet. Away to the north was the vast black mountain of the storm, but otherwise the sky was hot and pale. All about the plain stretched to the edge of the world, blue-grey with here and there outcrops of rock. Dominating this drab expanse a vast living column rose in oily black surges from a base of scarlet. Its twisting spirals climbed high and opened out into a dark canopy. She gazed at it in astonishment for a moment, before she realised that it was the funeral pyre of the Bat. Then she locked her hands together and swung them up and down with small, jerking movements. It was so awful to stand helpless there and see all that power and might burn in the burnt-up desert. What could she do? What could she do?

Her head still spun from the descent. Something was missing, there was something she had to look for, had to find. She closed her eyes for a moment, and her brows drew together whilst she concentrated on what it was she had to find.

"Rex!" she said. The word made a pop in the emptiness.

She opened her eyes again. They were wild now. She began to run with uncertain steps, but checked herself. This was Australia, this was the bush. If you ran blindly you got bushed and went round in circles and died of thirst and exhaustion. You took your clothes off and ran in circles until you dropped. That would never do. Steady now.

She compelled herself to pause and think and see. Her heart gave a great jump. There was his parachute trailed like hers across the scrub and not far away. She ran towards it, excitedly, almost gaily, for it was so lovely to have some purpose, an objective in all that numb, still world.

The distance was deceptive, but she ran on, panting for breath, hands outstretched. The heavy sand clogged her feet and poured into her shoes. Suppose Rex were dead? Then she'd be all alone and would go running in circles until she dropped and the crows would eat her body.

"Rex!" she panted. "Rex!" Scrub barred her way, but she fought through it towards that white beacon. Just when it seemed she would never get to it the distance suddenly closed up and she was kneeling on the sand by Rex. He was stretched out in the shade of a rock. He was very still. He was dead. Blood oozed from a wound on the side of his head. He must have struck the rock and been killed.

She gripped him with imploring hands. He wasn't dead. He was warm and alive; he breathed.

"Oh, Rex!"

His lips were parted and he sucked in the air, like a thirsty man drinking. She should have had water to give the thirsty man. Water to splash on his pale face, brandy to bring warmth back to his pale lips. But she had nothing for him, and they were in the desert. She sat on the sand beside him. His head looked uncomfortable. She lifted it into her lap, and wiped the blood from his face with her handkerchief. It was a silly little handkerchief. She marvelled that the bit of linen she had bought a day or so ago at Harrod's should have survived when all the might of the Bat had been destroyed.

"Don't die, Rex!" she begged. He looked very helpless and pitiful,

lying with his head on her lap. Defenceless and tired, and as powerless as a baby. Quite a different person from the Rex Masters the world knew and she hated. She released the parachute harness, opened the neck of his flying-suit and stroked the hair back from his brow where it had fallen in a golden wing. But she was careful about every gesture and did not disturb him. There did not seem to be anything else she could do save sit quiet and let him come round. She sat very quiet in the great quiet and looked down at him with an odd little smile about the corners of her mouth, as though she found something pathetically comical about his condition. But the truth was she was not thinking at all consciously. She was only wanting him to get better and speak and open his eyes and be with her, so that the burden of the desert loneliness would be shared.

AFTER a long space the dark lashes stirred and Rex opened his eyes. They were blue and empty of recognition, though they looked up at her. "Er, er, er, er," he said vaguely, and then settled down more comfortably as though grateful for the soft pillow of her lap. He stayed like that for a while, breathing quietly. Kay waited. Poor soul, she thought.

When next his eyes opened Rex was back behind them. He blinked several times.

"What the heck?" he said, looking at at her.

"Take it quietly, Rex."

It flooded back to him just as the blood rushed back into his face.

"The rock caught me a dong," he said. "I tried to fend off it. It was a good dong. Have I been out long?"

"A while," Kay said.

"A fine mess. She burnt, I suppose?"

"Yes. You can see all the smoke. Away over. But don't worry, Rex."

"Don't worry!" he said bitterly.

"Well, we're alive, and they'll come and rescue us presently."

"I'm glad you're sure of that."

"Oh, but they will."

"We'll see about that. Here, let me up. A fine mess we've made of it this time."

He took his head from her lap and scrambled awkwardly to his feet. "I feel awful."

She stood beside him, holding his elbow with her left hand and with her right mechanically brushing the sand off her suit. The pillar of smoke still rose, but less fiercely now.

"If only the search planes are out," said Rex, "the old Bat would be of help right to the death-knock. Funny that motor conking out like that. Can't make head or tail of it. If only it hadn't we'd have been miles above that lightning. Heavens, my head aches. Don't suppose the planes will be out yet. And Australia's the devil of a big place."

"I know," said Kay. She saw the map on the wall of the schoolroom at Murrumbidgee with Europe fitted comfortably in a portion of the wobbly outline of Australia. A big place.

The sun was in the western sky. Rex looked gloomily about, sucking his lower lip under his teeth. He said, "We certainly chose a fine place to crash. I don't see any shops about here. If they don't look lively we'll die of thirst and hunger."

"The great thing is, Rex, not to lose your head and go running round in circles."

"The less running we do the better."



"We've got to keep our wits about us if we're going to get out of this jam. We'll have to find water and light a signal fire. What lives in this awful dump of a country, anyway?"

"Nothing, I think," Kay said. "It's the desert part, you see. Not like the rest of Australia."

"Something must live here," Rex said. "Don't be a fool. There must be some animals we can kill and eat. Kangaroos or something. What are you talking about? Nothing. Why, there's a parrot sitting on that rock. It looks quite tame, too. If I had a stone—" He searched about hastily and found a fragment broken from the rock. But the parrot had flown away by the time he straightened up and he stood tossing the stone from hand to hand.

"What do you think we ought to do first?" Kay asked.

"I'm trying to think. We may as well make for what's left of the Bat. The smoke may have been seen and it's some kind of a landmark, anyway. Just as likely to be water there as anywhere else."

"Yes," Kay said. "I suppose that's so."

"Might be something handy left in the wreck. Before we go from here I'll cut a couple of strips of stuff that we can use as covering at night and put up as tents in the day if the sun's too hot." He took out his big pocket-knife. "Give me a hand, will you? You spread it out and I'll cut. If only I'd been carrying that revolver it would have come in handy now. As it is this knife's all we've got."

"I've my powder puff, and a few cigarettes and some matches."

"Thank the Lord. My gaspers were on the seat beside me. We'll save them for a bit. Need all our cigarettes and matches before we're through. Heavens, this stuff's tough."

He backed angrily at the silk.

"There's a telegraph line runs right down the centre of Australia," Kay remembered. "Sometimes when people are lost they do something to the wires, break them or something, and then the repair men go out to mend them and find the people."

"Grand," Rex said. "And which way do you think we ought to stroll to find that handy telegraph wire?"

"How do I know?"

"How do I? There's your piece. Be a nuisance lugging it along, but may come in handy. I've an idea this is the kind of place that's as hot as Hades when the sun's up and cold as charity at night. There aren't any dangerous animals in Australia, are there?"

"Only snakes."

"Funny to think in the old bus I flew over all this and never had to worry about what was below."

"Me, too. You don't worry, do you?—not when you're up there."

"That's the beauty of it. Heavens, it makes me mad. We'd have been almost in Sydney by this time. Such a little thing. And instead of three hundred miles an hour, crawling about here, and not even knowing which way to crawl."

"It is a bit of a come-down," Kay said and laughed briefly, without mirth.

"Come-down!" Rex said. He gathered up his strip of silk and furled it over his arm. "Let's get going. It's like the song. All dressed up and no place to go."

He began to tramp through the low scrub towards the wrecked plane. Kay tramped after him. The sand in her

shoes hurt. Her bruised body ached. The scratches on her face and hands had formed harsh dry lines on her skin. She walked flung forward a little, a pace or so behind Rex. Their heads and shoulders were bowed. From a plane they would have looked like those pictures of arctic explorers plodding over the snow.

"Many a day since I walked as far as this," she said.

"I'm pretty soft myself," Rex said.

"Taxi!" said Kay.

"Hurh! Hurh!"

They trudged on. It was so maddeningly slow and laborious. A yard meant more effort than a score of miles an hour or so ago. A large lizard braced itself up on its forefeet and darted a blue forked tongue at them.

"The blackfellows eat lizards and snakes," Kay said.

"Perhaps we'll have to try them, too."

Rex said. "These blackfellows? Are they wild?"

"They must be. Yes, they are. We used to learn about them at school. It's funny, all I know about this country I learnt when I was a kid at school in Murrumbidgee."

"I DIDN'T learn anything much about Australia," Rex said. "They ought to teach more about Australia in England."

"You don't seem to have learnt so much yourself."

"But people in England think Australia's all desert," Kay said. "It's a shame."

"What do you call this, anyway?" Rex asked.

"This bit certainly."

"It's a mighty big bit when you're down in the middle of it."

"I can't believe I've flown right across it and yet don't know any more than I learnt at school. I keep on talking about school. Isn't it queer? I suppose it's being back in Australia—on the ground you know."

"You can keep your beastly Australia so far as I'm concerned."

"It isn't beastly!"

"You mayn't think so—"

"Oh, don't let's brawl now," Kay said.

"We shouldn't be talking. My throat's dry already. Thirst sends you mad. Your tongue swells up and goes blue like that lizard's, I think."

"Well, shut up, then," Rex said. "Thirst."

But he hunched his shoulders higher even as he scoffed.

The dry, thin air was tainted now with a familiar smell. Oil, Kay sniffed.

For a long time she had been watching the sand, picking her path through the stunted bushes. She looked ahead past Rex. They were near the dwindling column. Its base showed as a great blackened disc on the sand. In the centre of the disc was a blackened, battered skeleton. Tears ran on Kay's cheeks. She tripped over a root, fell, picked herself up again, and ran a few yards to close up the distance Rex's strides had put between them, scurrying like a child who fears she is going to be left behind. The smell of burning and smoke and oil was strong and acrid now.

The sun was low above the horizon when they reached the spot. Side by side they stood in silence, considering the wreckage and twisted steel. The Bat had split as she struck. Broken instruments had been flung this way and that. A wheel lay like an abandoned hoop beyond the blackened disc. Near it a

thermos flask sat upright in the sand, as if placed for a picnic party.

"Look," Kay tried. "The thermos. If it's the right one it's still almost full of coffee."

She darted to it and snatched it up, shaking it as she did so. "It is the right one. Oh, it is. We've coffee."

"Something to go on with, anyway," Rex said. "We may as well camp here for the night. Take a look round in the morning. My head's splitting. Hope it's not concussion. Let's have a swig at the coffee, and we'll split a cigarette. This thing's as good as any fire we could light to-night. Maybe it'll glow for hours. Be dark in no time and Heavens, but I'm tired. Here, let's see just how much coffee there is."

"Go careful with it," Kay warned.

The sun went and bright stars appeared in the high, violet dome of the sky. A breeze came over the sand and little tongues of flame leapt up in the wreckage.

The coffee was lovely. Kay was so tired that she nodded over the half of the cigarette. They had come so fast and far; they had fallen so fast and far; they had crawled so laboriously across a mile or so of the earth. She wrapped the piece of the parachute about her, covering her face to shut out the emptiness, and slept on the sand by the guttering wreckage of the Bat.

The following is an extract from one of the numerous newspapers who were anxious about the lost flyers.

FEARS FOR FLYERS  
STRATOSPHERE PLANE OVERDUE  
WIDE SEARCH FOR REX AND KAY  
HAS TRAGEDY ENDED HONEYMOON?

Grave fears are felt for the safety of Sir Rex Masters and Lady Masters (Kay Connelly), who are now forty-eight hours overdue in Sydney. They were engaged on the first lower stratosphere flight to Australia, and were married on the day before they took off.

An alarming report has been wireless to Singapore by the captain of the British cargo-steamer, Thamesbridge. He reports that early yesterday morning, whilst a hundred miles west of Singapore, a bright light was seen to fall into the sea on the northern horizon. The probability is, of course, that the light was that of a meteorite or falling star, but the report has caused concern. The Thamesbridge steamed in the direction where the light disappeared, but at dawn nothing could be seen. It is believed that the plane would have been farther on its journey at the time.

All the flying boats based on Singapore are continuing their quest, and private and commercial planes are searching all along Malaysia. Shipping has been warned and destroyers and cruisers are patrolling in the Malay Archipelago, where the Dutch authorities are rendering every assistance. In Australia, defence and commercial planes are making an intensive search along the route from Darwin.

Whilst taking off from Darwin yesterday a private plane engaged in the search crashed and the pilot was killed.

The great height at which the stratosphere plane was flying and her terrific speed add to the difficulties. She was not seen after leaving Allahabad, and it is pointed out that any error which developed in her navigational instruments might put her hundreds of miles off her presumed track. Hope is by no means abandoned, however, as there are many islands and isolated places where a forced landing may have been successfully made.

Full reports of the search from various



bases are on page 7, and a special article by Lord Midge, "Winged Honeymoon," appears on page 10. Pictures on page 12.)

#### SYMPATHY FOR FLYERS' PARENTS KING SENDS CONDOLENCES

His Majesty the King has crissed messages of sympathy and condolence to be sent to the parents of Sir Rex Masters and Lady Masters (Kay Connolly), who were lost on an attempt at a first flight to Australia through the lower stratosphere.

Sir Rex's father is Mr. Albert Masters, who is the proprietor of a garage at Bidecup, Somerset. Mr. Connolly is a postal official at Murrumbidgee, Melbourne, Australia. The mothers of both the lost pilots are still alive.

THE naked figures about the other fire looked as if they had been cut from black cardboard. They formed a frieze of squatting figures in silhouette. Lean dogs scratched fleas. Frogs were croaking down in the creek, which was more a chain of puddles than a stream. A nightbird was crying somewhere on a lost, sad note. The moon had come back again and sailed the sky. The night was still and warmer than those that had gone before. Rex and Kay sat by their own fire in front of the shelter they had built in imitation of those stone-age people over there. It was a primitive affair of two forked sticks and a crosspiece on which rested the boughs of trees. The pile of wood Rex had gathered that day rose beside the fire. It seemed futile continuing to feed it all through the night, but what else was there to do?

"Perhaps we could stay here. There's water, as you say, and I believe I could knock over enough birds to keep body and soul together. I'm getting a better shot. Look at the way that stone winged the cockatoo to-day."

"But he got away."

"Still, I am better. I do believe we could keep alive now they've brought us to this water. There's no purpose in staggering on with them and trying to keep up until we bust, is there?"

"Lord knows I don't want to, Rex, and yet I've a beastly feeling that if we let them out of our sight, they'll promptly go trailing off into some township or something which is just round the corner. They'd never manage to mention it to us, and they'd never think of mentioning us as likely as not. I don't believe they're men and women at all. They're just apes. Or it's like being a ghost. They simply don't see us."

"It's rum all right," Rex said. "In the adventure books I used to read as a kid the hero was always able to make the Indian or whatever he might be understand by signs, and he picked up the language after the first day or so."

Rex suddenly snapped the knife to, thrust it into his pocket and threw the stick into the fire.

"Oh, heavens," he said. "I wish they'd find us. Won't they ever find us? Won't they ever?"

Kay leant over and patted his knee.

"Of course they will, darling," she said.

"Isn't it funny me calling you darling? Who'd ever have thought it? I've come a long way from the place I was born. In the soup like this we couldn't go on hating each other, could we?"

"That was a luxury, I suppose," he said. He grinned at her, looking like a school-boy despite a beard and long, tousled hair.

"In a way," said Kay, nodding. "Yes, in a way it was. All part of that crazy, hectic sort of life, Rex. We got caught

up in a whirl, didn't we, come to think, I mean from here, where it's quiet. We didn't know whether we were on our heads or our feet."

"We're on our feet all right these days."

"Now, listen to me, be serious. We weren't kind of trained to all that lime-light and stuff. We're simple people who can do things with motors and so on."

"That's what Charmian used to say."

"And she was right. We were both a bit cracked all the time, Rex, always going farther and faster, farther and faster. We were out of breath. We couldn't think. We'd forgotten how to think plain sort of things like we could, and yet we weren't fit to think the difficult things. See what I mean?"

He stretched out on his side, and supporting his head on his right hand looked up at her.

"There's something in it," he said.

"The devil of a lot. We seemed like Piggy and all the rest because we went about with them, but we weren't really with them, any more than we're with these abos. We'd never have been with them if we hadn't been stunt flyers."

"Any more than we'd have been with these abos, as you call 'em," Rex reminded her.

"And we really meant just about as much to them. We were—we were sort of modern gladiators. We risked our necks and gave them mild second-hand thrills, and were in the papers, and so they took us up and made a fuss over us and turned our silly heads."

Again Rex grinned at her. "You seem to have got yours straight again," he said.

"I believe I have," said Kay. "I feel I can talk to you now as if you were Sylvia. You're going to like Sylvia, I'm sure. She's darling in a real way, not like those people at the big parties."

"I'd give something to have the chance to meet her," Rex said.

"You'll meet her. I'm sure."

"I wish I was."

"But you're bound to. Now we're not going to die of thirst or hunger, now that we've a kind of a home of sorts, we can hang on here a long time. We're bound to be found some day."

"Well," Rex said, "if ever we are, I know one thing for sure."

"And what's that?"

"No more flying for poor silly Billy. This time I have learnt my lesson. Never no more, thank you kindly."

"Nor me either, Rex. I've had enough. Do you know what I think would be nice?"

"I think it'd be nice if we could scrape together enough money to buy a little hotel somewhere in the nice country, that runs between Sydney and Melbourne. There'd be sea and mountains, and the other people could do the rushing about. We'd just sit and work and they'd come to us. They would, too. They'd all want to have a look at Sir Rex and Lady Masters running an hotel. There'd be money in it."

"Be a good life all right," Rex said, licking his lips which were cracked and blistered.

"And I could run the cooking side. Wouldn't it be grand to be in a kitchen with lovely joints sizzling and gravy to mix and potatoes and cabbage and gallons of milk and a pot of tea whenever you wanted it?"

"It sounds fine," he said.

"And we'd sleep in a real bed."

"If there was sea I could fish," Rex said. "I've always wanted to do that."

I always lived away from the sea in Eng-

land. I've often thought fishing would be fun. I mean when I've been flying and seen the coast away down below, peaceful with the green sea resting like a bit of glass on the white sand that way it does. Well, that's a bet then. An hotel on whatever this Highway is, if ever we get back. That's a bet, Kathie."

"I like you calling me Kathie," she said.

"It suits you somehow better than Kay now I know you. 'Kay' sounds too much like a film star or someone. You're not at all like that underneath."

Kay indicated her dust-stained rags with a little gesture of her hands. "Nor on top for that matter," she said. "But that hotel would be nice, Rex. We could have our own oyster beds and there'd be green peas to eat. And pineapples. All sorts of lovely things. And we wouldn't have to rush about any more, or go to big parties with silly people who aren't our kind at all, not really, but we could just sit quiet and live and eat and sleep and be happy."

"Swell," Rex said. "We'd have a garage. Money in that as a sideline. Interesting, too. Kind of hobby. I'd teach these Australians how to tune up a bus."

"YOU'D be an Australian yourself before you knew what you were."

"Oh, Rex, do you really think we could scrape together enough money to buy our little hotel?"

"We'd have a mighty good shot. Our names ought to be all right for a few thousand. We've earned that, if only by this last show. Someone would back us for a steady business like an hotel, when we proved we wanted to settle down. We'll get this all doped out, Kathie. It's quite an idea. What about turning in? I'm tired."

"Oh, darling, if only we could get our little quiet, stay-put hotel."

"We'll see. The minute we're out of this."

"Be lovely."

Kay went on into their home which smelt sweetly of gumleaves drying on the boughs that were both wall and roof. The firelight streamed warmly in.

Later the whole world was thrilled to read the following news.

#### STOP PRESS

#### LOST FLYERS FOUND

#### KAY AND REX SAFE

A London-Australian mail plane, which lost course in sandstorm, reports Sir Rex and Lady Masters rescued Central Australia where they have been living with aborigines. Both well.

Copy of a cable received by Lord Ponsford.

Delighted your offer fly round world stratosphere stop kay thrilled stop leaving baby kays mother stop both sailing tuesday stop won't fail this time thanks rex masters.

Midge Daily Record London.

Cheers piggy kay.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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